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THE KANE RELIEF EXPEDITION.

THE two vessels of our expedition, the good barque *Release* of Boston, and propeller *Arctic* of Philadelphia, having on board together forty officers and men, sailed from the Brooklyn Navy Yard on the 31st of May, 1855—by a coincidence, which cost some effort to bring it about, precisely two years after the sailing of the party for which they were to seek. We were detained for a few days off the Quarantine, by bad weather; so that it was not until the 3rd of June that we passed the Narrows, and got fairly out to sea.

I am told that the weather, after this, was fine; but I only know that, when my sea-sickness first allowed me to walk the deck, all traces of fine weather had disappeared. The wind was fair, it is true; but we had a succession of cold fogs, broken by drizzling rains, till we got inside the Arctic circle. I remember, as we were crossing the banks of Newfoundland, in one of these dreary days, the barque nearly ran down a small fishing smack. The propeller, too, towing blindly after, for we were saving our coal, came down on the skipper just as he found breath to congratulate himself on escaping from our consort. We sheered off in time to save him; but the unlucky wight was so frightened, that, not knowing what might be coming next, he seized a long tin horn, and began blowing a recheat, to which his terror lent a singular shrillness. We heard him at it for half an hour afterwards,

still sounding one shriek after another. I have an indistinct impression, too, that, just at this time, the prospects of an impending dissolution seemed to me a very small matter to make so much noise about, and that I regarded his notes of alarm as most dastardly. I was not only sea-sick, but wet and chilly: indeed, we suffered more from cold, I am sure, in this damp weather, than afterwards in the dry, sparkling climate of the Frigid zone.

By the time I began to get about, we were well advanced to the north. The birds had begun to assume an Arctic character; the mother Carey's chickens gave place to their relations the molo-mokes, birds at least half a dozen times their size; strange white gulls flew screaming around us, which the men said were kittiwakes; and we passed numbers of large black and pearl-colored divers, which our progress did not seem to disturb from their repast on the floating sea-weed. The thermometer began to show quite a respectable degree of cold; but, as yet, we had seen no ice, which, by the way, gave no very encouraging prospect of an open season ahead.

The first ice we saw, was on a Sunday in June. It was a mere aggregation of loose floating fragments, and it amuses me to remember, how carefully we steered out of the way of every piece of it that was larger than a washing-tub. We learnt better afterwards.

I have seen our little steamer run back, and then butt away with a full head of steam at a projecting ice neck, eight feet thick and twenty yards wide, till the masts quivered, and not a man could keep his legs unassisted: but this was not yet. We saw another ice scene that very evening. It was an array of broken and water-washed masses, floating about as high out of the water as our poop deck; fantastic shapes, resembling a fleet of Cleopatra's barges, with canopies and couches, and all but their "adornings." We jostled through these and came to open sea again; but that night we had a real ice adventure.

The barque was towing us along with a short hawser, when she encountered a large body of ice, that stopped her way abruptly. We were in upon her before we were able to loose the hawser, or even put up the helm. We "staved in one of her quarter boats"—I adopt the graphic language of my companions—"stove in her port monkey rail just abaft the beam, and getting foul, carried away her flying jib-boom." The hawser, which held the two vessels together, was cut; we were carried in one direction; our consort borne past us to the other. We saw her, as she disappeared in the fog, drifting rapidly to the southward, in the midst of a great white raft, from which it was impossible for her to extricate herself. This was the ice! No mistake about it this time. Great fragments of it had fallen on our decks, as it reared itself above our bulwarks. Except upon the outer surface, it was as hard as the best specimens of a New England ice cart; perhaps a little emerald-colored, but perfectly clear and free from taint of salt.

The noise attendant on this performance was terrific, and, I may confess, that it disturbed our nerves while it lasted; but we battered and thumped at it with commendable spirit, till we succeeded in escaping into open water. Here the next day we were joined by our consort, looking, like ourselves, a little the worse for her night's "spreng," but not materially injured.

Schoolmaster experience advised us not to employ the tow-line after this lesson. Our vessels parted company, therefore, and orders were given us to make the best of our way to Lively, in the Danish island of Disco. As we had fair winds, and plenty of them, at first, all hands were elated with the prospect

of spending the 4th of July in port. In fact, we were so full of plans, at one time, for celebrating it in due form, that the crew could hardly be induced to turn into their bunks. The whole of the short twilight, which now separated our days, these great children were upon the forecastle, discussing schemes of frolic, and exchanging their small stores of learning about the character and habits of the Greenlanders.

But calm succeeded calm, one after another, and the 4th and the 5th of July found us still in Davis's strait, out of spirits and out of temper. We had wished not to use our coal before attaining our field of search; but on the 5th of July, to the great satisfaction of all on board, our engineer reported that the engine would be all the better for a little exercise. So, by noon, we had passed the Whale Fish Islands, and by nine o'clock in the evening were steaming gallantly up Lively harbor—our consort, the Release, having arrived just five hours before us.

Glad as we were to drop anchor, I must own that Lively, in a snow storm, with its gray rocks, and pitch-covered houses, all dripping with their own dirty sweat, is not a cheerful sight. Still, it is the capital of the Danish possessions in north Greenland, and contains 150 Esquimaux, and about double that number of dogs. These last came down to the beach in a body the night of our arrival, and howled a welcome at us through the snow all night.

It is here that, without a single associate beyond his immediate household, resides the Herr Inspector Olrik, a truly gallant and accomplished gentleman.—I am young, I live in the United States, who can tell what future may be in store for me? The inspector generalship of north Greenland, like the presidency of the United States, is an office neither to be sought for nor declined. But my mind is made up, fellow-citizens, that I shall never accept the office—I mean, of course, the inspectorship—so long as my party services can claim for me the dignity of light house-keeper on our Nantucket south shoal.

We left Lively on the 9th of July, having staid there three days, and, with a Danish pilot on board, directed our course north through the Waigat. We intended adding to our stock of fuel from the coal mines which Captain Inglefield found there, and which he do-

scribes as furnishing coal of excellent quality, and very easily worked. We, however, were unable to test this statement; for the fog was so thick that we could not find the place. We even lost sight of our consort with the pilot on board, and were obliged to shift for ourselves. I may remark in this place, without egotism, that I never was one of those fortunate mortals who master everything in six easy lessons; and, however great the temptation to impose upon one so completely at my mercy as the reader, I must admit that I know nothing whatever of the science of navigation, and, what is more, have no earthly desire to. This is my reason for not dilating fully now upon *the terrors of a lee shore*. Of course it is unpleasant for a person, desirous of taking a sail, to have his excursion interrupted by being blown violently against the land; the embarrassments of his position are also materially heightened, if a fine surf is at hand to break over his vessel as soon as she ceases to float. Now, if we add, that the sea and surf together are enough to tear his vessel to pieces, and that an Arctic fog makes "an ugly night to swim in," a well regulated mind may safely pronounce the situation unsatisfactory. Now, in the navigation of the Waigat, we had a narrow channel, a mere pot-pourri of ice and water, a head wind to beat up against, bergs all around us, and a fog so dense, that the man at the wheel could not see the man on the lookout.

The experienced reader would of course suggest signal guns. There was not, probably, along the whole desolate coast, or the icebergs that formed its frontier, a single living soul to hear them.

I think the Arctic was three days beating about among the bergs, running from one side to the other, before we got out of the scrape. On coming once more into Baffin's Bay, we were joined by the Release, and sailed in her company to Upernavik. The barque, although unable, like ourselves, to stop at Inglefield's coaling ground, had stopped at Havoc Island, and obtained some coal there; but, a gale coming up, and there being no anchorage, she had been obliged to leave without getting as much as she wished. What she did get was surface coal, and of inferior quality, no doubt, to that found lower down. It seemed to be imperfectly formed, was of a brown color, and filled with small

particles of what I took to be amber. The grain of the wood could be plainly distinguished through it, and, in some pieces, there were interesting marks of branches and of leaves.

On Sunday, the 15th of July, as our consort and ourselves were sailing along towards Upernavik, we saw two vessels on our port bow, apparently on the opposite tack from ourselves. No sooner did they see us, however, than they turned about and headed directly towards us. We said, at once, that they had news of Dr. Kane's party, and even dared to hope that they might have some of the missing ones themselves on board. Our expectations were heightened when, at about three miles distance from us, each vessel sent off a boat, for the purpose of reaching us sooner than the light and baffling winds would bear the larger crafts.

We were doomed to disappointment. The two ships turned out to be two whalers, the Lord Gambier and the Messenger, commanded by two brothers Simpson, of Aberdeen, I think, who, having nothing else to do, had run down to beg news of the civilized world, from which they had been absent two years. It was pleasant to see new faces and hear English spoken by other than our own over-familiar voices; and we were really glad to see them, in spite of our disappointment. We gave them plenty of newspapers, and the last intelligence from Sebastopol, then, as now, not quite taken; and, on their part, they told us that Melville Bay was so packed with ice, that all the whalers had turned back in despair; and that for us to attempt to do better, would be to confront danger to no purpose. As we were conversing thus, the wind freshened; and as neither they nor ourselves could afford to lose time, we shook hands and went each his way.

The next day we reached Upernavik. It was a cold, raw day, a heavy sea running, a cutting wind, and harsh, drifting snow. We did not come to anchor, and the vessels were kept beating about while the captains visited the village. I have said that I was not favorably impressed with Lievely; but it was the palace of art compared with this place, its howling dogs, and heaps of filth. Upernavik has no good anchorage. A whaler had been driven ashore there only two days before our arrival.

At first I thought there were only three houses in the village, besides the church, governor's mansion, and oil house; but I afterwards found that the various little burrows in the side of the hill, which we had taken for dog hutches, were the dwellings of professing Christians. Captain Hartstein and myself climbed up to the top of a high hill which overlooks the town, and from it could see Melville Bay, and the great pack stretching away like a vast prairie, covered with snow as far as the eye, aided by the best Chevalier glass, could reach. We thought we saw an opening, and the captain determined to try it. That afternoon we were fast in the pack. So much has been said of the ice up here, that it is hardly worth my while to describe it; suffice it to say, that if the winter traveler upon the Camden and Amboy, or Philadelphia and Baltimore rail-roads, will imagine the winter ice he crosses on the Delaware or Susquehannah rivers to be a few hundred miles in extent, and from six to eight feet in thickness under foot, with the ridges that the cakes make in piling one upon another, to be two or three times the height of a man's head, he will have quite a good idea of the summer ice in Melville Bay. The great pack is of almost limitless extent, and in general appearance, may, perhaps, best be likened to a rugged and snow-covered country, with icebergs for mountains, and with black looking rivers running through it. These last are technically called leads: they are constantly opening and closing again under the action of the winds and tides. Any unfortunate craft which may be sailing in a closing lead, is said to be "nipt."

I remember very well the first nip we experienced. It was a clear, calm morning, and I was sitting upon deck writing my journal, when I heard a sort of humming, like the swarming of bees. While we were conversing about it, it grew louder and louder. Soon it rose to a howl, and this, in its turn, gave place to a crashing and roaring sound, quite supernatural. At the same time, the vessel began to creak, and groan, and utter all manner of unseemly sympathetic noises, while the ice, which pressed against her sides, began to break off, falling over, one piece upon another, till the upper layer rose nearly as high as her bulwarks. The vessel now straining more and more, I looked for nothing but our

destruction, when suddenly, the pressure becoming still greater, she gave a spring and rose completely out of the water. After a while the ice separated, and we were let down again; but while the pressure lasted, there was not a door on the ship that would shut, the vessel was so keeled over that walking the deck was like going up and down a hill, while the pitch was squeezed from out the seams like mud-pudding between a child's fingers. I remember thinking, at the time, I should never forget this fearful adventure.

Yet the old hands predicted that this was but a trifle to what we should encounter; and so I found it. We scarcely ever passed two days, while we were in Melville Bay, without such a "nip" as this; while, sometimes, the ice would heap high above our bulwarks, and in such weight that there was danger of our being pressed under it instead of being wedged upwards. All hands were not more than enough to clear it away as it accumulated. Indeed, on one memorable night, we were all of us confident we must go down if the nip continued much longer. Several of our timbers gave way; but the noise they made in breaking was so completely drowned by the crashing of the ice, that none knew of the accident till next morning.

I have already said that Captain Hartstein was not convinced by the unfavorable reports of the discomfited whalers, but determined to push on, in spite of Melville Bay and its bugbears. We went up aloft and espied, from the mast-head, a small lead, which we were able to pursue for some distance into the heart of the pack. One afternoon, while anchored at the foot of this lead, our excellent engineer and myself took a boat and rowed over to a small island, which was near us, in hopes of finding some eggs. We hunted sedulously, regardless of fatigue—found no eggs—but started a large flock of eider—fired at them, and missed. We had a long pull back, amidst rain and sleet, to be welcomed by congratulations on our fisherman's luck. Even at this lapse of time, I find pleasure in remembering how soon our companions shared the luck they laughed at. Seal abound in these open leads, and, for a long while after this date, it was difficult to sleep at night, owing to the constant excited rushings to the cabin of volunteer sports

men for arms to slay them with. "Steward! steward! my rifle! Quick! right under the bows he is! Now—keep quiet—" Pop. "Missed. S.?" "Hit him, but he's sunk!" "Don't hit him again when he comes up—you'll hurt him!" We had plenty of this rude badinage, for, in all a month, we got but one single seal, and that a young one. We found his meat pretty good eating, though oily. Seal steaks, in fact, we became quite fond of, though the flavor was about as near to cod-liver oil as to venison. Decidedly the best game of Melville Bay, however, was the little auk, a bird about the size of our rail, and looking very much like a teal, with a sharp bill. We dispatched hundreds of these nightly; and so secure was the solitude of the region, that we were not accustomed to stop to pick up our wounded birds, or those which fell at any distance, but would collect them on our way home along the same lead, some hours afterwards. These poor little auks are hard to kill; and, at the close of an evening's sport, it was common to find large flocks of the wounded ones, unable to fly, herding together under the lee of the ice. Such was our compassionate fondness, that we would bear down and shoot them over again from mere pity. They are delicious eating. We eat them stuffed and roasted, in pot-pies, with pork, split and broiled, for breakfast, and in salmi. The salmi of auks' breasts is a dish worthy of Ude himself.

At the risk of being thought a gourmet, I must also mention the dovekie, a little bird, about the size of a teal, jet black, with two white epaulettes on its shoulders, and the most brilliant scarlet—not crimson—legs. He is generally to be found along the edges of leads, or at the foot of icebergs, where the shrimps assemble, on which he feeds. He is a diver (as, indeed, are all the water-fowl up here), and very hard to hit. Whatever your luck may be, the dovekie always dives; but if you have hit him, you see at once his little feet, in their red silk stockings, shining on the surface of the water. The bird tastes and looks very much like the teal. An Arctic, viz., a hungry man, can readily eat two for dinner.

The eider duck, the brant goose, and the greater auk, also deserve an honorable mention; but they all sink into insignificance before the incomparable ptarmigan. This bird, about

the size of a grouse, with meat having the delicate flavor of the partridge, combined with the utmost juiciness, is far superior to any other Arctic bird. It feeds on the delicate blossoms of the little willow. As it lives on the high ground, and never comes to the sea-shore, we shot none ourselves, but obtained them through the Esquimaux, who would gladly sell the result of a day's hunting for two or three ship's biscuit.

I was struck by the fact, that we never got them with the trail in; and remarking upon the fact to Mr. Orlík, the Danish Inspector at Lievei, he told me that an Esquimaux, on shooting one, always tore it open and devoured the entrails while still warm. "These are the delicacy to him; the rest of the bird he regards as offal, in comparison, and can afford to sell it to you cheap." "*De gustibus non est disputandum.*"

I hope that my brother sportsmen of these more temperate hunting-grounds are not too much overcome with envy at the well-filled game-bags of our party. From the days of Nimrod—so the Irish chronicles tell us, and who would ask better evidence of what sounds so true?—from the days of Nimrod, even until now, it has been our privilege, and we have exercised it as liberally as the quack doctors who share it with us, to publish only our successes. To be very honest, however, there are two sides to the story: it would take a volume to record our failures: laboriously stalked seals, bobbing down holes in the ice just as we came within rifle range, after crawling three quarters of a mile on knees and abdomen through the slush; bears, fired at and missed, no one could guess why, heavy-haunched fellows that distanced us ignominiously when we attempted to give chase to them:—and moving accidents by flood and field, in the shape of unnumbered cold duckings and well-laughed-at tumbles.

The navigation of Melville Bay is after its own kind and no other. Sometimes the nips would squeeze us like a shell-bark between a pair of nut-crackers: sometimes all hands were out on the ice, towing like the horses of a canal boat: sometimes we would make a hard mile a day by planting anchors in the ice ahead, and dragging ourselves up to them by the capstan; all hands at work, from the captain to the ship's cook. At other times we would get up steam, and,

except that we might have to butt our way through one or two projecting tongues of ice, we would have an uninterrupted run for twenty or thirty miles on a stretch.

All this time Captain Hartstein kept the deck with untiring energy, conning the ships, and selecting the most favorable leads himself. I don't think he slept during this period of our cruise more than three hours out of the twenty-four. His arm was in a sling, as he had received a severe injury in getting out coal in the Waigat, where, as usual with him, he was bent upon proving he could do more hard work than any two other men. At last he fell down the companion ladder and sprained his ankle, and some of his junior officers thought that now, at least, they would have a chance to show their skill in conning. But they reckoned without their host. To the surprise of everybody he limped on deck, ordered a rope to be tied round his body, and by the aid of a couple of sailors was hoisted to the mast-head, from which point he gave his orders as if nothing had happened. Perched up in a sort of tub, called the crow's nest, with a bowl of soup sent up to him to keep body and soul together, there he staid for thirty-six hours on a stretch, with the thermometer below the freezing point, rather than risk the torture of a second hoisting. I mention this fact, as it may serve to explain how it happened that, in a season of more than common severity, we not only made higher northing than any of the English expeditions on this coast, but afterwards had time to examine the whole west coast besides, trying in vain to push up to Beechy Island through the heavy ice of Lancaster Sound.

As we approached the end of the pack, the leads became wider and more continuous; after a time we began to see the open water beyond us; and in one day more we had succeeded in butting through the one or two obstructing ice-tongues, and were steaming it fairly out of the Great Pack, with our consort in tow after us. Up to this time we had only considered ourselves as on the way to our scene of labor as a searching expedition. Now at last we found ourselves on the ground; and leaving the barque to come on as best she might, we began our work at once. We ran so close along the shore that no cairn could possibly escape detection, at the

same time sending boat parties to examine every prominent headland and island. Cape Hatherton we found completely shut out from the southward by Lyttleton Island, which we searched carefully. As Dr. Kane, in his last letter from Upernavik, had named both Alexander and Hatherton as the probable sites of cairns, we were disappointed at not finding any. Boats' crews were afterwards sent ashore, who examined both of these capes carefully; but they could not find as much as the remains of a fire. It was discouraging, but we pushed on, still examining carefully as we went. We were now, it must be remembered, beyond the region of hydrographic surveys. The charts of Captain Inglefield, which, heretofore, in spite of some inaccuracies incident upon a running survey, had been of the greatest benefit to us, no longer served to guide, but only added to the bewilderment which our fluctuating compasses occasioned. These old servants were borne with for some time, but when Captain Hartstein, to test them, laid five on the deck, and found that no single pair pointed at all in the same direction, he packed them all off in disgust. We had little success in obtaining observations, in spite of the watchfulness of our master, Mr. Wm. I. Lovell, and our navigation up here was rather blind work. We were now past the point marked as Captain Inglefield's highest, and seeing no signs of the island which he named after Louis Napoleon, came to the conclusion that it must have been only a dirty iceberg which received that title.

Here it was—somewhere in the neighborhood of 79° N. Lat.—that Captain Hartstein, who was walking the deck, saw the first thing that bore any resemblance to a cairn. Three or four stones appeared rudely piled on the top of a rocky eminence, which we suppose to have been Pelham Point. I was one of the party sent to examine it. On landing, we found numerous small piles of stones arranged in squares and circles, but without any apparent object. We tore them down, but found nothing under them. In one place, however, something like paint oil had been spilled, from which we judged our stone-pilers to have been Europeans. This was enough to set us on the alert, when we reached the cairn first seen on the Point. It proved to be much smaller than it appeared from the vessel, and

was very rude in character; but under it were discovered four lucifer matches, two laid crosswise, the others pointing due north; also a Sharp's rifle bullet, and a small specimen bottle, carefully wrapped up in Canton flannel. The cork had a K cut on it, and inside the bottle, lying on another piece of Canton flannel, was a musquito covered by a roll of cartridge paper; this last, probably, torn from the bullet we had found. On opening the paper, we deciphered the words "Dr. Kane—53," evidently written with the point of the rifle bullet—no other direction or information than this: so we went back to the vessel. Captain Hartstein went ashore that evening in spite of his sprained ankle, and examined the spot himself. By his orders, parties scoured the land, or rather rocks, for miles round, but they found no further traces.

An impenetrable barrier of ice hindered us from proceeding further to the north; so our commander determined to turn back and examine the land to the southward, again.

We had a fair wind for running to the south, and Captain H. gave orders to bank the fires, and save our coal by setting sail.

Hardly had this order been obeyed, however, when the wind failed, and we found ourselves, midway between Capes Alexander and Hatherton, becalmed in open sea. Our impatience was but little soothed by the beauty of the afternoon (for it was always either morning or afternoon with us), and all hands were united in fault-finding, at its expense.

Just then, the watch on the fore-castle heard a strange sound on shore, resembling, as he thought, a human voice. He reported the fact to the officer of the deck, who was, at first, inclined to *pooh-pooh* him on principle; but, afterwards, noting it himself, came into the cabin, and called us all on deck to listen. For some time, all was silent; but, at last, the sound came again across the water—a long drawn D flat, with a fall dying upon A. Was it not a bear? Could it be a man? Another long silence; and then, upon a slight puff of wind, it came with a swell, and, this time, there was no questioning it. It was a regular English halloo! A boat was lowered, and, before it touched the water, was manned with volunteers. The captain took the tiller, and, in another moment, we were pulling for the shore.

As the distance from the vessel increased, and we had no fresh hail—still desecrating nothing in the quarter from which the sound had proceeded—we began again to discredit our senses; and the captain gave orders to the men to lie on their oars. But we no sooner did so, than the shout was repeated; and again we dashed onwards. Once again we rested; and again we were hailed, more loudly than before. "It was clear now that we were watched; we answered the hail with a cheer, the men threw their caps into the air, and shouting, "We've found them!—we've found them!" plied their oars with such renewed vigor, that, in a few minutes more, the hailing party was in sight. They—two men standing on a projecting ice point, where they had evidently stationed themselves against the white background, in order to be seen from a distance—were dancing around, hugging each other, and throwing somersets, in the extravagance of their joy. I felt for our commander afterwards: all this time he sat perfectly still in the stern of the boat, and we could only see how much he was moved, by the twitching of the corners of his mouth, as he made the effort to assume an unconcerned smile. The moment the figures came in sight, he raised his glass to his eyes; but, before he had time to look, turned to a brother of Dr. Kane's, who was in the boat, and saying, "Doctor, you are more interested here than I," handed him the glass. Dr. Kane looked, and at once recognized "the jump." They were only Esquimaux! It was a grievous disappointment; but Captain Hartstein thought it worth our while to speak with them: "If they had never seen a ship before, they would not be so bold."

They were bold, indeed. When, after two miles more rowing, we drew up to the shore under the point, they bounded into the boat without a sign of fear, slapping us on the back, crying out loud their brutish words, and taking seats right along side of us. They looked strong and fierce; but were, without exception, the filthiest human beings I ever saw. They intimidated, by signs, that there was a village of theirs inland, and they invited us by gestures—swaying their bodies backwards and forwards, to represent rowing, and pointing inland—to submit ourselves to their guidance. Captain Hartstein as-

sented, and, to the creatures' great delight, made signs to them to pilot us. While we were rowing in the direction they suggested, they inspected all our worldly goods and wearing apparel—most of which they appeared to appreciate best through the organ of taste. They evinced a marked preference for the savor of pocket handkerchief over that of tobacco, but, in the end, rejected both. They gave unmistakable evidence of having had intercourse with whites; for they knew the use of the spy-glass, and, on my raising my gun to shoot some auks, which were swimming in the bay, both of them stopped their ears with their fingers, and ran to the far end of the boat. As long as I live, I shall never forget the scenery through which they led us. Passing round an impending mountain crag, we discovered ourselves at once inside an enchanted bay, about three miles long, and a mile and a half wide, locked in on all sides by high rocks, and smooth as a mirror, which the wind had never breathed upon. In almost all Arctic scenery, one feels the absence of trees; but here their place was supplied by the varied cliffs which overhung the water on all sides, and were densely covered with green mosses. The water was perfectly clear and colorless; its surface reflected the moss and blue sky; but, far below, we could see weird-looking plantations of tall seaweed, waving backwards and forwards over the great white pebbles on the bottom.

The sun was sinking behind the hills, and the little auks, which were flying in myriads around their tops, looked like midges on one of our summer evenings. One of the men compared their distant cries to the sound of our night locusts at home.

We might readily have forgotten our disappointments, and dreamed ourselves away into fairy land, had it not been for the interruptions of our skin-covered friends, and the wonderfully numerous seals, with which it seemed a point of conscience to bob up their heads, stare at us, and plunge down again with a splash, indicative, I fear, of perturbation of mind.

On reaching the end of the bay, we touched a pebbly beach, about three quarters of a mile long, through the centre of which flowed a fresh water rivulet. This led us on to a fair meadow, upon the shore of a beautiful lake.

We paced three miles along its borders, over an endless carpet of gay poppies and other wild flowers, forming patterns upon the soft and pale green grass, and reached its source—a pinnaced glacier, from one of whose silver edges a cataract fell in an unbroken sheet, from a height of two hundred feet. I had never seen—I shall never see again—such a lovely ideal of fountain and water.

We now became conscious of the proximity of mankind. At the foot of the glacier, in disgusting contrast to all surrounding, stood seven small summer tents, black with crusted grease and dirt. Within, through the open doors, we could see babies and pups lying together, on piles of bird-skins. The tents, the people, the dogs, the vat for tanning skins, and the piles of dead birds and putrid seal meat, made a combination of stench, which we had smelt for a quarter of a mile before we came in sight of the village.

This was Etah. All the inhabitants, about thirty filthy and hideous men, women, and children, were assembled on a green mound in front of the village, to greet us, all of them crying, with one accord, "Hullo! Hullo!" and then, with a measured accent, "Dokto Kayen." Our surprise was not lessened by our next finding that their tents were of canvas, and not of skins, and that numerous articles, of unmistakably American manufacture, were in their possession. They had Goodyear's india-rubber coats, Guernsey shirts, tin cups, knives, and plenty of wood. When they saw us express astonishment at finding any new article, the natives would cry out, "Dokto Kayen geef;" and if we, on touching an American article, said "Dr. Kane," they would nod assent, and say, "Eiss," which we knew, by our experience of the more southern natives, was an Esquimaux attempt at yes. If, on the contrary, we touched anything of domestic manufacture, and then said Dr. Kane, they shook their heads, and said nahmee (no).

They did not hesitate to show us everything they possessed, though apparently much afraid lest we should take away their knives, watching us anxiously, as long as we were looking at them, and hiding them as soon as they were handed back. I wanted to copy the trade stamp of a knife; but, happening to lay it down for an instant, it was nowhere, afterwards, to be found. Their

knives and dogs were evidently more valued than any other of their possessions. They did not like us to touch the pups, and secreted them whenever opportunity offered.

None of the articles we found had any name upon them, except one large white linen shirt, which had the letters H. B. prettily worked on the border. The marking was recognized as Minorca work, and we thus identified the garment as the property of boatswain Henry Brooks, Dr. Kane's faithful henchman in both his Arctic voyages, who was known to have married his wife from Port Mahon.

We could not make much out of the natives, as they all jabbered their outlandish jargon into our ears at the same time. Yet our stay was protracted, and we only reached the vessel as Mr. Lovell, alarmed at our long absence, was about heading an armed party, to look for us.

The next day, Mr. Lovell was sent ashore with another boat's crew, and one of the former party, to act as guide. No guide was needed, however; for the Esquimaux were waiting for us on the shore, with their invariable salutation of *Hullo! Dokto Kayen*, *naligak* (chief). Mr. Lovell (the sailing master of the Arctic) suggested that our proper plan would be, to take one of the natives apart from the rest, and see if we could, by our Esquimaux vocabulary, or signs and drawings, squeeze any information out of him. Mayouk, a forward boy, of about seventeen, with a countenance expressive of much frankness, was selected, as our most promising subject. The sailors were ordered to amuse the others, and we set to work upon him.

I see that it would be unbearably tedious for me to enter into all the methods which we employed to procure the intelligence we were in quest of. Mayouk was very quick in understanding us, and equally ready in inventing modes of conveying intelligence. Lead pencil and paper were called into requisition. I took out my note book, drew a rough sketch of a brig, and showed it to him. He, at once, said "*Dokto Kayen*," and pointed to the north. I then drew a reversed sketch, and pointed south. But Mayouk, shaking his head, began to sway his body backward and forward, to imitate rowing, then said *Dokto Kayen* again, and pointed south. On this, I drew a whole fleet of

boats, and invited him to point out how many of these he referred to. He took the pencil from my hand, and altered the sterns of two, into sharp-pointed ones, and then held up two fingers, to indicate that there were two of such. I now drew carefully two whale boats: he made signs of approval, as much as to say, that was *the thing*; and incontinently squatting down, imitated the voice and gestures of a dog-driver, cracking an imaginary whip, and crying *hup-hup-hup*, at the top of his voice. After which performance, he laughed immoderately, and, again pointing south, said *Dokto Kayen*. I was not certain as to his meaning; but, on my drawing a picture of a dog-team, he went through the whole performance afresh, and showed the most extravagant signs of delight at being understood. We found out how many dog-sledges, and how many men there were of the Doctor's party, in the same manner. We examined several other natives separately, and they all told the same story; nor could we confuse them as to the number of men and boats; they were all clear on that head. Nineteen, they made it—neither more nor less. We tried our best to make them say that the boats had gone north, and the vessel south; but without success. Mayouk, on one occasion, being hard pressed, stopped his ears, so *ds*, at least, to secure himself from being supposed to assent to what he had not learning or language enough to controvert. At length, a bright thought struck him. He ran down to the beach, and got two white stones; laid them on the ground, and, pointing to the floating masses of ice in the bay, signified to us that these represented the ice. Next, he took a common clay pipe of Mr. Lovell's, and, pointing to the north, said, *vomiak sook*, or big ship, "*vomiak sook*, *Dokto Kayen*." He next pushed the pipe up between the pebbles, and then pressed them together, till the pipe was crushed. Lastly, he pointed to the south, and began imitating the rowing of a boat, the cracking of whips, and the *hup-hupping* of a dog-driver, vociferating at intervals, "*Dokto Kayen*, *he! he! he!*" We tried our best to find out how long it had been since the *Dokto Kayens* had left them—for it was evident that this was their name for the whole party; but we could not make them understand. They would

only tell us that their guests had been with them for some time. This they did by pointing to the south; and then following the track of the sun, till it reached the north; then, after stretching themselves out on the ground, and closing their eyes, as if in sleep, would again point to the south, rise up and go down to the lake, pretend to wash their faces. The gesture lay in pretence only, however, for they seemed to regard the washing of the Dokto Kayens as a remarkable religious observance. It certainly was not one which had been practically ingrafted into their own formulæ of good works. These unsophisticated children of the frost land never wash off dirt—for the simple reason that, of dirt, as such, they have no conception or idea. If their faces get so foul as to clog their nostrils, they open the air passages, just as they clear away the offal from the door of their tent, when it impedes their ingress and egress. On our explaining to a woman that we wished her to wash her face, she, at first, refused; but, being bribed with a paper of needles, she caught a bird, skinned it, and, spitting on its fresh bleeding skin, polished her face with it. My friend Mayouk had dirt on his face one quarter of an inch thick, when I first saw him. The next time I met him, I did not recognize him, and actually requested Mayouk himself to send Mayouk to me. Two of our sailors had caught him, and, in spite of his struggles, insisted on washing his face. He did not seem to appreciate the improvement it had made in his appearance; on the contrary, he was quite mortified, for he had become the laughing-stock of his fellows.

I would like to speak plainly of the personal habits of these people, if it were only for the benefit of a class of philosophers among us, who delight in chanting the vices of civilization, and dreaming of what man might be if he could only get back to a state of nature. But there are pictures, and life-like ones, that we cover with a curtain.

* * * * *

Improvvidence is another trait of these "fresh children of impulse." We were at their village as late as the 19th of August. Yet although the auks were flying round them in such quantities that one man could have been able to catch a thousand an hour, they had not enough

prepared for winter to last two days. They were all disgustingly fat, and always eating—perhaps an average ration of 18 lbs. per diem—yet they had lost seven by starvation during the last winter, though relieved, as far as we could make it out, by the Dokto Kayens.

They suffer dreadfully from cold, too, yet there is an abundance of excellent peat which they might dig during the summer. They know its value as fuel, and are simply too lazy to stack it. The little auk, which forms their principal food, may be said also to be their only fuel. Indeed it quite fills the place which the seal holds among the more southern Esquimaux. Their clothes are lined with its skins, they burn the fat, and, setting aside the livers and hearts, to be dried, and consumed as *bonbons* during the winter, they eat the meat and intestines cooked and raw, both cold and at blood heat. I remember one night a child woke up crying with cold feet. His mother reached out to one side of the tent, took up a pair of birds, killed them, skinned them, turned the skins inside out, and drew them, while still warm, on to his feet, to serve as stockings, pulling his little boots on over them.

They are very hospitable; the minute we arrived all hands began to catch birds, and prepare them for us. Tear-off the skins with their teeth, they stripped the breasts to be cooked, and presented us with the juicy entrails and remaining portions to eat raw, and stay our appetites. The viands did not look inviting to us who had witnessed their preparation; but they appeared so hurt at our refusing to eat, that we had to explain, that it was not cooked, but raw birds we wanted. This was satisfactory. They set out at once to catch some for us; and in a few moments, three of them were on their way down to our boat, loaded with birds.

Their way of catching them is peculiar. They have small scoop nets, attached to long poles, not unlike those used for catching entomological specimens. A man will take one of these, and having stripped off his jumper, and tied its sleeves so that he may use it as a sack, will lay himself down on the hill side and net the birds, three or four at a time, as they fly over, cramming them into his jumper as fast as caught. When he has got enough, he proceeds deliberately to kill them, taking them out one

by one, and biting their heads; or, if he does not wish to take their lives at once, merely locking their wings. We saw piles of auks lying about the village in this condition.

They have no regular hours for meals or sleep, but each sleeps, wakes, and eats, as best pleases him. I don't know anything which impressed one more forcibly with the disgusting nearness of man to the brutes, than to see a human being thus wake from sleep, stretch out his hand, seize a bird, and, after devouring it raw like a wolf, turn over and go to sleep again. And yet they are not wanting in courtesy of quite an elevated character. Mrs. Mitek, the wife of a chief, apologized to me for her seeming want of hospitality on one occasion; and explained to me by most expressive signs, and no inconsiderable exposure of her person, that she hoped she was about to present the house of Mitek with an heir. She was as fortunate as she hoped; for I saw her, not quite an hour after, walking about with a "fine boy," both parties looking as unconcerned as if nothing unusual had happened to either. The small animal was the image of his father, and was dressed in a costume similar in cut and color to that of the great chief—boots, breeches, and jumper, all complete—the only difference being, that the skin of the white fox was substituted for that of the bear.

They always take off their clothes on going in to sleep; and men, women, and children all lie cuddled up together to keep themselves warm. If you come on them, suddenly, in this plight, they are not the least abashed, but will politely offer to make room for you to join the group. It is well, however, to accept these hospitalities with some reserve; Burns had not slept in an Etah hut, or he would never have sung of that *solitary* "beastie" on the lady's bonnet.

I was unable to decide whether the conversation of these Esquimaux corresponded with their habits. But I may as well caution civilized navigators to have a care of their language in strange lands, seeing how liable they are to be registered as authorities. I was shocked exceedingly by certain words of friend Mayouk, which he referred, like everything else, to "Dokto Kayen." It comforted me, afterwards, to find that this name had been adopted as the designation of the entire Grinnell party,

with a view to the chance of a rescue expedition.

This excellent precaution, however, caused us some painful misapprehensions in other respects; one of the natives, for instance, placed his hands on his stomach and laid down, groaning as if in pain: he then imitated the driving of dogs, and pointing to the south, said "Dokto Kayen." We interpreted this pantomime to signify the mortal illness of the doctor, and, indeed, we found afterwards that the story was true, except as to person. It was poor Ohlsen, who had been wounded on the painful sledge journey of Kane's party, and died shortly after they left this place.

I was three times ashore at Etah; the last time was with Capt. H., who wished to hear for himself. I brought Mayouk to him, and put him through a cross-examination, which he stood in a manner that was perfectly satisfactory; he even showed the captain a bill which overlooked the bay, and explained by signs, that, when Doctor Kane's party left, he went up to the top and watched them going to the south, till they disappeared behind a point, when he came down again crying.

Though all the natives had told us that Dr. Kane's party had gone southwards after leaving their settlement, still we were far from certain that they had continued their progress in that direction, and Captain Hartstein was for some time in doubt as to the course which we ought to pursue—whether we should return at once to Upernavik by our old track, or run across the bay and examine its western coast. He finally determined on the latter, believing that, if Dr. Kane and his party had gone down the eastern coast, they would by this time either have been lost in Melville Bay, or safely arrived at Upernavik; while, on the contrary, if they had tried to reach the English fleet in Lancaster Sound, being ignorant of its desertion, they might be there now in a starving condition.

We reached Cape Alexander without any incident worthy of note, and, after searching its barren rocks to no purpose, built a cairn and in it deposited the record of our want of success. We next ran down to Sutherland Island, took up our now useless flagstaff, and tore down the cairn we had placed there on our way up. There was a poor little white fox watching us from the rocks above,

while we were at work, evidently wondering what it all meant. He came so close that we could have knocked him down with a boat hook, but we let him alone; we were not short of provisions, and had no time to convert him into a specimen.

We pushed on through rain and fog to Hackluyt Island, where we found our comrades of the Release and spent a few hurried hours in their company.

The red snow, that Dr. Kane has described in his narrative, was abundant here, and wherever between the ledges of the rock there was a chance for soil, a tiny little horse radish sprang up ambitiously through the frost, with leaves no bigger than your thumb-nail. The miniature plant, flower, root and all might have filled a very moderate teacup.

It is hardly worth while to tell of our efforts to find Captain Inglefield's Esquimaux settlement in Whale Sound. It was the old story of fog and drizzle, ice and sleet. We gave it up, and, taking the Release in tow, bent our course for Lancaster Sound.

We had on board the monumental tablet which Lady Franklin had sent to be erected at Beechy Island, the last known anchorage of poor Sir John's missing party. Our captain seemed resolved on executing her commission, and it was well understood on board, that, if we could only get within a hundred miles of the spot, a sledge party would be dispatched over the ice to reach it. But the ice, the everlasting ice! We were more than two hundred miles off when it caught us. It was heavier than any we had seen even in Melville Bay. For some days it held us like flies in amber, in spite of sails with now and then a puff to fill them, and all the steam that Newell could raise in his boiler. It was, indeed, a mercy that a gale caught us at last, or we might have been there still. We drove before it, the ice keeping us company as if loth to lose us, and finding that we could not reach Cape Isabella, made a detour to Possession Bay. As we neared Possession Bay, I had an opportunity of accompanying a boat's crew to examine a small inlet which was in sight, a little to the north. We ran in as close as seemed prudent with the steamer, and rowed the rest of the way. It looked as if it might be half a mile off; it turned out to be at least six

miles and a bittock. It was not the first time that the height of the coast and clearness of the atmosphere had deceived us. I remember once a party set out, dragging a boat with them, to reach some islands apparently about four miles off. They tramped over the snow for fifteen miles, and, after crossing several wide leads, found themselves as far off as ever. They got back to the vessel about midnight thoroughly exhausted. Our little pull was a trifle in comparison; for we found at the end of our six miles or so, that the bay was no bay at all. Still, we clambered round the glaciers and ploughed our way through an odd Arctic formation of veritable quicksand all over the neighboring shore. We found bear tracks in plenty, but no signs of men. When we got back to our boat, we found by the tracks in the fresh fallen snow that a she bear and her cub had been paying us a visit. They had left, however, and, as they had disturbed nothing, we did not feel bound to follow them, especially as in our hurry we had left all our rifles on shipboard, behind us. From a weary and fruitless examination of Possession Bay, our course of search was to its neighbor, Pond's Bay. We were steaming along, towing the barque after us, and looking at the splendid effect of the moonlight on the snow-capped mountains of black rock which form the shore between the two bays, when we were startled by a hail from the shore. We stopped the engine, and in a few moments a couple of swarthy looking Esquimaux started from behind an inlet, in the rocks, and sprang from their kayacks upon our deck. Captain H., thinking that there might be a village in the neighborhood, took a whale-boat, and making signs to the kosky to guide us, pushed for the shore, our Esquimaux friends keeping ahead of us without any apparent difficulty. But either there was no village and our visitors were merely out on a hunt, or else they did not wish to entertain company; for they would not land, but ran up and down the coast at a rate which kept our five oarsmen on the stretch. It was clear we could make nothing out of them and we determined to return.

We had heard for some time a loud chattering noise, something between the cawing of crows and the clacking of ducks. It seemed but a little further down the coast, and the captain turned

the boat's head towards it. A few minutes' rowing brought us to the spot, and we were well rewarded for our trouble. It was a great settlement of the larger auks. We had seen these birds before singly or in small flocks; but here they were literally in millions. The little auks of Etah compared with them like a flock of sheep with a herd of buffalos. Such a scrambling and screaming as when they rose, I never heard. The noise was deafening. For about a mile and a half, the cliffs, as they stood up almost perpendicularly from the water's edge, were coated with them. It was as if snow had been falling on the ledges. The black rock was fairly hidden by their white breasts. Thousands of them, unable to find footing, were flying round and round, sometimes settling on top of those that had alighted, and toppling them off to fight and flutter among the rest. You may form some idea of their number, when I tell you that a boat from the barque, the next morning, brought back, in a few hours, over seven hundred, though one-half their shots were lost by the birds falling on the ledges of the rocks.

A little further down the coast, we found the mouth of a large cavern, into which we pushed our boat. Its rugged walls of trap rose almost perpendicularly for about three hundred feet, and then sloping inwards formed a noble Gothic roof. We could not determine how far back it extended; for a small iceberg had floated in before us and barred the passage. Captain H. climbed over it, but it was so dark inside that he could see nothing. The light of a full moon, reflected upon the roof, just allowed us to see that we had trespassed upon the homestead of a myriad of gulls, who were careering in affright above us. Their shrill cries, as they whirled around, the noise of the sea breaking against the cliffs, and the sound of our own voices, were all echoed over and over again, as if striving in vain to escape into distance. A piece of rock or ice, falling from some hundred feet above into the water with a loud splash, warned us that our situation, though romantic, was not safe; so we put back to the vessel. It was daybreak when we got on board.

Pond's Bay, as it is called, seemed to all of us nothing else but an extension of Admiralty Inlet. We kept along its north coast for thirty-five miles, and

could see, perhaps, forty miles further, but without finding its westernmost shore. A visit to an Esquimaux village, some twenty miles up the bay, was the only incident. The men, with a single exception, were out on their hunting parties, but the women were there, as communicative in their unknown dialect as any we had met of the grosser sex. They were certainly no beauties, and their costume was a little extravagant even for the Esquimaux fashions, as we had seen them. They had their faces tattooed with lampblack, in a set of dotted lines, radiating from the corners of the mouth, and their very long wide boots were hitched, awkwardly enough, by a loop to the waistband of their seal skin trousers.

They appeared to be of a superior race to the Greenland natives. They were larger and stronger, their kayacks were better built, and they had much more roomy tents. They were well disposed to trade boots and breeches, and even dogs, for our currency of knives and needles; and we managed, before we left them, to make some valuable additions to our stock of dogs. We found some meat cans about the settlement; but they were evidently of English manufacture.

The north side of Pond's Bay was so steep and precipitous that we resolved to try the south. But this was even worse, and where by any chance the rocks did not fall perpendicularly to the sea, glaciers supplied their places. Yet there are some spots even here where Esquimaux manage to live. We saw three kayacks which rapidly gained on us, though we were under steam, and finally came on board. I speak literally; for their owners, after running round us two or three times to see if we were favorably disposed, climbed upon our decks dragging their boats after them.

They were good-natured looking fellows, ugly as all their neighbors, but strongly built. They appeared to go upon the principle of small favors thankfully received, large ones more so; for they would take anything, from jackknives down to pipes and tobacco. This last luxury was a puzzle to them. One man tried hard to smoke a pipe, and succeeded, with some desperate grimaces, in taking two or three whiffs before he absolutely sickened. Still, he put the pipe and some tobacco in

his bag for future experiment. They were very much frightened at first by the steam whistle, but finding that it did not hurt them, and what surprised them still more, that they, too, could make it sound, they were delighted with it, and, like a parcel of children, divided their attentions between it and the signal bell of the engine. The engine itself, with its huge fires, was a more grave subject of wonder. But the wonder of all was a looking-glass. Fascinated, though scared, they made mouths at it and in it, screaming and jumping with wild delight, or starting back in alarm, and then bravely coming near enough to touch it. We had long colloquies with them, and succeeded, no doubt, in making them understand our pantomime, as well as we understood theirs, but we had few thoughts in common, and parted, perhaps, without any very high estimate of each other's intelligence.

The whole of Pond's Bay showed one dreary, inhospitable coast line. We were all of us glad when our commander gave the order to make for the eastern coast of Baffin's Bay.

We had an eight-knot breeze, and were not more than 200 miles from Upernavik. There was every chance of the wind continuing, so that we confidently expected to reach that port in the course of the week. We thought we were to the southward of the pack; and the heavy sea, which made us all sea-sick after our long exemption from rough water, strengthened this conviction. But we were mistaken. The very next day it was before us, an impenetrable barrier. There was no help for it; we had to run further to the south—how much further it was hardly worth while to guess. It was no very difficult matter, you would think, to run along the edge of the ice till we came to the end of it, and then run across. But this ice had all the irregularities of a coast; large inlets and bays running into it, and capes projecting just where you do not expect to meet them; and over and over again, after running for a whole day, just as we were sure we had reached its southern boundary, we would find ourselves in a cul-de-sac, with the ice on both sides of us. Sometimes, too, in these cases, when we had consented to retrace our steps, the ice would close round us, as if to prove that it, also, had a will of its own; and it would only be

by great exertion, and with much loss of time, that we could succeed in regaining the open water. It was a weary sameness day after day, disappointment after disappointment, this transit of the pack; yet it was full of hard work, and had danger enough to be quite satisfactory for the time. Sometimes we were hemmed in, and sometimes we were unable to move; and then again we would congratulate each other that, in spite of all forebodings, we were again in motion. Then would come a squeezing or a thump, and again we were getting ahead; and then another vast progeny of floe and broken field would gather round us, and insist on our stopping to take their greeting. At last we came to a dead halt. We were fairly in the pack—it was before us, behind us, and on both sides of us.

Day after day passed, and we found we were drifting to the south, fairly glued in. There are only two incidents that I speak of in or about this pleasant little travel. One was just as it began. It was a meeting with an ancient whaler—the Eclipse of Peterhead—with a jolly old Captain Gray, who insisted on all hands making a trial of a regular Scotchman's hospitality, and tossed half a dozen hams after us into the boat, when we refused to take the half of his cabin stores. The other was the gale that ended it. It was less pleasant at the time; but, like some other things that I have met with in this world, its effects were better than its promise. What a night it was! the barque ran into an iceberg, and came very near being lost. She fired thirteen guns for assistance, but the crashing and grinding was so tremendous that, though we were not three-quarters of a mile off, and the wind was blowing directly towards us, we did not hear one of them. I never shall forget the melancholy figure she presented on joining us next morning. We felt quite a glow of sympathy for the poor Release, till Capt. Hartstein's hailing our steamer with the information that our cutwater looked like a prize-fighter's nose. We then remembered that we, too, had a night of it.

After this gale we had little or no more trouble with the ice; one or two trifling detentions of a few days brought us to the open water. We had drifted so far to the south that Lievely was nearer than Upernavik, and Capt. H. determined to put in there. We had a

heavy gale the night after we left the ice, but so glad were we all to get clear of it, that I heard no complaints about rough weather. It cleared away beautifully towards morning, and we were all on the deck admiring the clear water, and the fantastic shapes of the water-washed icebergs. All hands were in high spirits; the gale had blown in the right direction, and in a few hours we should be in Lively. The rocks of its land-locked harbor were already in sight. We were discussing our news by anticipation, when the man in the crow's nest cried out: "A brig in the harbor!" and the next minute, before we had time to congratulate each other on the chance of sending letters home, that she had hoisted American colors—a delicate compliment, we thought, on the part of our friends, the Danes. I believe our captain was about to return it, when, to our surprise, she hoisted another flag, the veritable one which had gone out with the *Advance*, bearing the name of Mr. Henry Grinnell. At the same moment two boats were seen rounding the point, and pulling towards us. Did they contain our lost friends? Yes; the sailors had settled that. "Those are Yankees, sir; no Danes ever feathered their oars that way," said an old whaler to me. For those who had friends among the missing party, the few minutes that followed were of bitter anxiety; for the men in the boats were long-bearded and weather-beaten; they had strange, wild costumes; there was no possibility of recognition. Dr. Kane, standing upright in the stern of the first boat, with his spy-glass slung round his neck, was the first identified; then the big form of Mr. Brooks; in another moment all hands of them were on board of us. It was curious to watch the effects of the excitement in different people, the intense quietude of some, the boisterous delight of others; how one man would become intensely loquacious, another would do nothing but laugh, and a third would creep away to some out-of-the-way corner, as if he were afraid of showing how he felt. How hungry they all were for news, and how eagerly they tore open the home letters—most of them, poor fellows, had pleasant tidings, and all were prepared to make the best of bad ones. We were in the harbor, with a fleet of kayacks dancing in welcome around and behind us, before the greet-

ings were half ended, for they repeated themselves over and over again. Our old friend, Mr. Olrik, was with the new comers, and as happy as the rest. His hospitality, when we reached the shore, was absolutely boundless; and his house and table were always at our service. Altogether, I never passed three more delightful days than those last days at Lively. Balls every night; feasts and junketings every day; and, pleasantest of all, those dear home-like tea-tables, with shining tea urn and clear, white sugar, round which we sat, waiting for the water to boil, and talking of Russia and the Czar, and the world outside the Circle; while Mrs. Olrik would look up from her worsted work, and the children pressed round me to see the horses and dogs I was drawing for them. It was enough to make one forget his red flannel shirt and rough Arctic rig: Melville Bay and the pack seemed fables. The Danish doctor, too, arrived from Fiskerness, a very intelligent gentleman, and we talked away bravely to him in bad Latin. He brought us a present of reindeer meat—a new dish for some of us, tasting like a cross between Virginia mountain mutton and our Pennsylvania red deer.

But our stay in Lively ended. The propeller got up steam, and, taking our barque and the Danish brig *Marianne* in tow, steamed out of the harbor. All the inhabitants of the town were on the shore to see the last of us. Our visit had been as memorable an incident to them as to ourselves. Where ten dollars is a large marriage dower, Jack's liberality of expenditure seemed absolutely royal. There were moistened eyes among them, for they are essentially kind-hearted; and even the roar of our cannon, in answer to the Danish salute, though it resounded splendidly among the hills, was scarcely heeded, as they stood with folded arms watching us disappear in the distance. We carried Mr. Olrik quite out to sea before we bade him good-by; and it was not until the next morning that the *Marianne* cast loose.

We reached home without any incident worthy of note, except that the Esquimaux dogs we had on board did nothing but howl during the whole voyage—an amiable peculiarity, which still characterizes the single specimen of which I am at present the happy possessor. There he goes—I hear him now.

ON A PICTURE OF BEATRICE IN PARADISE.

IS that his Beatrice? Ah, no,
 Nor mine—'tis but the painter's own;
 I only see a face of snow,
 Where spiritual pride alone
 Predominates. A scornful tone
 Seems ready to salute mine ear:
 Good artist, thou hast never known
 My poet's dream—it is not here.

He, in his Vision, called Divine,
 Of earthly things in heavenly light,
 Saw the first radiant angel shine,
 Whose wings made Eden look more bright,
 He to the fountain-head and height
 Of passion went, a willing thrall;
 He knew love's weakness and its might—
 He knew that love was lord of all.

This man had grown in camps and courts,
 And much had learnt in learned schools—
 Some knowledge gained amid his sports,
 Some wisdom he had found in fools:
 Say, muse! before my fancy cools,
 How much he knew—apart from books?
 O, more than Buonarrotti's tools
 Could carve in stone, he read in looks!

And he felt beauty as the air
 Feels the vibration of a blast
 Blown from a trumpet—every hair
 Stirred in the man—like one aghast
 He stood, whenever beauty past;
 He felt the presence from above;
 Love made him tremble to the last,
 And beauty always woke his love.

No love in these forbidding eyes,
 That distant shine with haughty fire,
 No beauty in that scornful guise
 That kills the impulse of desire:
 Alas! a flame without a fire!
 Cold, almost cruel in their gaze
 Those large orbs look—no love is there—
 They see their God without amaze,
 And on heaven's splendor calmly stare!

There was an artisan whose name
 Was of Perugia; him I mean
 Whose duteous pupil after came
 To sit on glory's height serene:
 He painted once a Magdalene—
 A mournful thing, of little grace:*
 But to my thinking, she is queen
 To this, for all her handsome face!

* A picture of the Magdalen, by Perugino, in the Pitti Palace, not so full of beauty as of meekness, grief, and pity.

THE APPLE-TREE TABLE;

OR, ORIGINAL SPIRITUAL MANIFESTATIONS.

WHEN I first saw the table, dingy and dusty, in the furthest corner of the old hopper-shaped garret, and set out with broken, be-crested old purple vials and flasks, and a ghostly, dismantled old quarto, it seemed just such a necromantic little old table as might have belonged to Friar Bacon. Two plain features it had, significant of conjurations and charms—the circle and tripod; the slab being round, supported by a twisted little pillar, which, about a foot from the bottom, sprawled out into three crooked legs, terminating in three cloven feet. A very satanic-looking little old table, indeed.

In order to convey a better idea of it, some account may as well be given of the place it came from. A very old garret of a very old house in an old-fashioned quarter of one of the oldest towns in America. This garret had been closed for years. It was thought to be haunted; a rumor, I confess, which, however absurd (in my opinion), I did not, at the time of purchasing, very vehemently contradict; since, not improbably, it tended to place the property the more conveniently within my means.

It was, therefore, from no dread of the reputed goblins aloft, that, for five years after first taking up my residence in the house, I never entered the garret. There was no special inducement. The roof was well slated, and thoroughly tight. The company that insured the house, waived all visitation of the garret; why, then, should the owner be over-anxious about it?—particularly, as he had no use for it, the house having ample room below. Then the key of the stair-door leading to it was lost. The lock was a huge, old-fashioned one. To open it, a smith would have to be called; an unnecessary trouble, I thought. Besides, though I had taken some care to keep my two daughters in ignorance of the rumor above-mentioned, still, they had, by some means, got an inkling of it, and were well enough pleased to see the entrance to the haunted ground closed. It might have remained so for a still longer time, had it not been for my accidentally discovering, in a corner of our glen-like, old, terraced garden, a

large and curious key, very old and rusty, which I, at once, concluded must belong to the garret-door—a supposition which, upon trial, proved correct. Now, the possession of a key to anything, at once provokes a desire to unlock and explore; and this, too, from a mere instinct of gratification, irrespective of any particular benefit to accrue.

Behold me, then, turning the rusty old key, and going up, alone, into the haunted garret.

It embraced the entire area of the mansion. Its ceiling was formed by the roof, showing the rafters and boards on which the slates were laid. The roof shedding the water four ways from a high point in the centre, the space beneath was much like that of a general's marquee—only midway broken by a labyrinth of timbers, for braces, from which waved innumerable cobwebs, that, of a summer's noon, shone like Bagdad tissues and gauzes. On every hand, some strange insect was seen, flying, or running, or creeping, on rafter and floor.

Under the apex of the roof was a rude, narrow, decrepit step-ladder, something like a Gothic pulpit-stairway, leading to a pulpit-like platform, from which a still narrower ladder—a sort of Jacob's ladder—led some ways higher to the lofty scuttle. The slide of this scuttle was about two feet square, all in one piece, furnishing a massive frame for a single small pane of glass, inserted into it like a bull's-eye. The light of the garret came from this sole source, filtered through a dense curtain of cobwebs. Indeed, the whole stairs, and platform, and ladder, were festooned, and carpeted, and canopied with cobwebs; which, in funeral accumulations, hung, too, from the groined, murky ceiling, like the Carolina moss in the cypress forest. In these cobwebs, swung, as in aerial catacombs, myriads of all tribes of mummied insects.

Climbing the stairs to the platform, and pausing there, to recover my breath, a curious scene was presented. The sun was about half-way up. Piercing the little sky-light, it slopingly bored a rainbowed tunnel clear across the darkness of the garret. Here, mil-

lions of butterfly moles were swarming. Against the sky-light itself, with a cymbal-like buzzing, thousands of insects clustered in a golden mob.

Wishing to shed a clearer light through the place, I sought to withdraw the scuttle-slide. But no sign of latch or hasp was visible. Only after long peering, did I discover a little padlock, imbedded, like an oyster at the bottom of the sea, amid matted masses of weedy webs, chrysalides, and insectivorous eggs. Brushing these away, I found it locked. With a crooked nail, I tried to pick the lock, when scores of small ants and flies, half-torpid, crawled forth from the key-hole, and, feeling the warmth of the sun in the pane, began frisking around me. Others appeared. Presently, I was overrun by them. As if incensed at this invasion of their retreat, countless bands darted up from below, beating about my head, like hornets. At last, with a sudden jerk, I burst open the scuttle. And ah! what a change. As from the gloom of the grave and the companionship of worms, man shall at last rapturously rise into the living greenness and glory immortal, so, from my cobwebbed old garret, I thrust forth my head into the balmy air, and found myself hailed by the verdant tops of great trees, growing in the little garden below—trees, whose leaves soared high above my topmost slate.

Refreshed by this outlook, I turned inward to behold the garret, now unwontedly lit up. Such humped masses of obsolete furniture. An old *escritoire*, from whose pigeon-holes sprang mice, and from whose secret drawers came subterranean squeakings, as from chipmunks' holes in the woods; and broken-down old chairs, with strange carvings, which seemed fit to seat a conclave of conjurors. And a rusty, iron-bound chest, lidless, and packed full of mildewed old documents; one of which, with a faded red ink-blot at the end, looked as if it might have been the original bond that Doctor Faust gave to Mephistopheles. And, finally, in the least lighted corner of all, where was a profuse litter of indescribable old rubbish—among which was a broken telescope, and a celestial globe staved in—stood the little old table, one hoofed foot, like that of the Evil One, dimly revealed through the cobwebs. What a thick dust, half paste, had settled upon the

old vials and flasks; how their once liquid contents had caked, and how strangely looked the mouldy old book in the middle—Cotton Mather's "*Magnolia*."

Table and book I removed below, and had the dislocations of the one and the tatters of the other repaired. I resolved to surround this sad little hermit of a table, so long banished from genial neighborhood, with all the kindly influences of warm urns, warm fires, and warm hearts; little dreaming what all this warm nursing would hatch.

I was pleased by the discovery, that the table was not of the ordinary mahogany, but of apple-tree wood, which age had darkened nearly to walnut. It struck me as being quite an appropriate piece of furniture for our cedar-parlor—so called, from its being, after the old fashion, wainscoted with that wood. The table's round slab, or *orb*, was so contrived as to be readily changed from a horizontal to a perpendicular position; so that, when not in use, it could be snugly placed in a corner. For myself, wife, and two daughters, I thought it would make a nice little breakfast and tea-table. It was just the thing for a whist table, too. And I also pleased myself with the idea, that it would make a famous reading-table.

In these fancies, my wife, for one, took little interest. She disrelished the idea of so unfashionable and indigent-looking a stranger as the table intruding into the polished society of more prosperous furniture. But when, after seeking its fortune at the cabinet-maker's, the table came home, varnished over, bright as a guinea, no one exceeded my wife in a gracious reception of it. It was advanced to an honorable position in the cedar-parlor.

But, as for my daughter Julia, she never got over her strange emotions upon first accidentally encountering the table. Unfortunately, it was just as I was in the act of bringing it down from the garret. Holding it by the slab, I was carrying it before me, one cobwebbed hoof thrust out, which weird object, at a turn of the stairs, suddenly touched my girl, as she was ascending; whereupon, turning, and seeing no living creature—for I was quite hidden behind my shield—seeing nothing, indeed, but the apparition of the Evil One's foot, as it seemed, she cried out, and there is no

knowing what might have followed, had I not immediately spoken.

From the impression thus produced, my poor girl, of a very nervous temperament, was long recovering. Superstitiously grieved at my violating the forbidden solitude above, she associated in her mind the cloven-footed table with the reputed goblins there. She besought me to give up the idea of domesticating the table. Nor did her sister fail to add her entreaties. Between my girls there was a constitutional sympathy. But my matter-of-fact wife had now declared in the table's favor. She was not wanting in firmness and energy. To her, the prejudices of Julia and Anna were simply ridiculous. It was her maternal duty, she thought, to drive such weakness away. By degrees, the girls, at breakfast and tea, were induced to sit down with us at the table. Continual proximity was not without effect. By and by, they would sit pretty tranquilly, though Julia, as much as possible, avoided glancing at the hoofed feet, and, when at this I smiled, she would look at me seriously—as much as to say, Ah, papa, you, too, may yet do the same. She prophesied that, in connection with the table, something strange would yet happen. But I would only smile the more, while my wife indignantly chided.

Meantime, I took particular satisfaction in my table, as a night reading-table. At a ladies' fair, I bought me a beautifully worked reading-cushion, and, with elbow leaning thereon, and hand shading my eyes from the light, spent many a long hour—nobody by, but the queer old book I had brought down from the garret.

All went well, till the incident now about to be given—an incident, be it remembered, which, like every other in this narration, happened long before the time of the "Fox girls."

It was late on a Saturday night in December. In the little old cedar-parlor, before the little old apple-tree table, I was sitting up, as usual, alone. I had made more than one effort to get up and go to bed; but I could not. I was, in fact, under a sort of fascination. Somehow, too, certain reasonable opinions of mine seemed not so reasonable as before. I felt nervous. The truth was, that though, in my previous night-readings, Cotton Mather had but amused me, upon this particular night he terrified me. A thousand times I had laughed

at such stories. Old wives' fables, I thought, however entertaining. But now, how different. They began to put on the aspect of reality. Now, for the first, time it struck me that this was no romantic Mrs. Radcliffe, who had written the "Magnolia;" but a practical, hard-working, earnest, upright man, a learned doctor, too, as well as a good Christian and orthodox clergyman. What possible motive could such a man have to deceive? His style had all the plainness and unpoetic boldness of truth. In the most straightforward way, he laid before me detailed accounts of New England witchcraft, each important item corroborated by respectable townsfolk, and, of not a few of the most surprising, he himself had been eye-witness. Cotton Mather testified whereof he had seen. But, is it possible? I asked myself. Then I remembered that Dr. Johnson, the matter-of-fact compiler of a dictionary, had been a believer in ghosts, besides many other sound, worthy men. Yielding to the fascination, I read deeper and deeper into the night. At last, I found myself starting at the least chance sound, and yet wishing that it were not so very still.

A tumbler of warm punch stood by my side, with which beverage, in a moderate way, I was accustomed to treat myself every Saturday night; a habit, however, against which my good wife had long remonstrated; predicting that, unless I gave it up, I would yet die a miserable sot. Indeed, I may here mention that, on the Sunday mornings following my Saturday nights, I had to be exceedingly cautious how I gave way to the slightest impatience at any accidental annoyance; because such impatience was sure to be quoted against me as evidence of the melancholy consequences of over-night indulgence. As for my wife, she, never sipping punch, could yield to any little passing peevishness as much as she pleased.

But, upon the night in question, I found myself wishing that, instead of my usual mild mixture, I had concocted some potent draught. I felt the need of stimulus. I wanted something to hearten me against Cotton Mather—doleful, ghostly, ghastly Cotton Mather. I grew more and more nervous. Nothing but fascination kept me from fleeing the room. The candles burnt low, with long snuffs, and huge winding-sheets.

But I durst not raise the snuffers to them. It would make too much noise. And yet, previously, I had been wishing for noise. I read on and on. My hair began to have a sensation. My eyes felt strained; they pained me. I was conscious of it. I knew I was injuring them. I knew I should rue this abuse of them next day; but I read on and on. I could not help it. The skinny hand was on me.

All at once—Hark!

My hair felt like growing grass.

A faint sort of inward rapping or rasping—a strange, inexplicable sound, mixed with a slight kind of wood-pecking or ticking.

Tick! Tick!

Yes, it was a faint sort of ticking.

I looked up at my great Strasbourg clock in one corner. It was not that. The clock had stopped.

Tick! Tick!

Was it my watch?

According to her usual practice at night, my wife had, upon retiring, carried my watch off to our chamber to hang it up on its nail.

I listened with all my ears.

Tick! Tick!

Was it a death-tick in the wainscot?

With a tremulous step I went all round the room, holding my ear to the wainscot.

No; it came not from the wainscot.

Tick! Tick!

I shook myself. I was ashamed of my fright.

Tick! Tick!

It grew in precision and audibleness.

I retreated from the wainscot. It seemed advancing to meet me.

I looked round and round, but saw nothing, only one cloven foot of the little apple-tree table.

Bless me, said I to myself, with a sudden revulsion, it must be very late; isn't that my wife calling me? Yes, yes; I must to bed. I suppose all is locked up. No need to go the rounds.

The fascination had departed, though the fear had increased. With trembling hands, putting Cotton Mather out of sight, I soon found myself, candle-stick in hand, in my chamber, with a peculiar rearward feeling, such as some truant dog may feel. In my eagerness to get well into the chamber, I stumbled against a chair.

"Do try and make less noise, my dear," said my wife from the bed.

"You have been taking too much of that punch, I fear. That sad habit grows on you. Ah, that I should ever see you thus staggering at night into your chamber."

"Wife, wife," hoarsely whispered I, "there is—is something tick—ticking in the cedar-parlor."

"Poor old man—quite out of his mind—I knew it would be so. Come to bed; come and sleep it off."

"Wife, wife!"

"Do, do come to bed. I forgive you. I won't remind you of it to-morrow. But you must give up the punch-drinking, my dear. It quite gets the better of you."

"Don't exasperate me," I cried now, truly beside myself; "I will quit the house!"

"No; no! not in that state. Come to bed, my dear. I won't say another word."

The next morning, upon waking, my wife said nothing about the past night's affair, and, feeling no little embarrassment myself, especially at having been thrown into such a panic, I also was silent. Consequently, my wife must still have ascribed my singular conduct to a mind disordered, not by ghosts, but by punch. For my own part, as I lay in bed watching the sun in the panes, I began to think that much midnight reading of Cotton Mather was not good for man; that it had a morbid influence upon the nerves, and gave rise to hallucinations. I resolved to put Cotton Mather permanently aside. That done, I had no fear of any return of the ticking. Indeed, I began to think that what seemed the ticking in the room, was nothing but a sort of buzzing in my ear.

As is her wont, my wife having preceded me in rising, I made a deliberate and agreeable toilet. Aware that most disorders of the mind have their origin in the state of the body, I made vigorous use of the flesh-brush, and bathed my head with New England rum, a specific once recommended to me as good for buzzing in the ear. Wrapped in my dressing gown, with cravat nicely adjusted, and finger-nails neatly trimmed, I complacently descended to the little cedar-parlor to breakfast.

What was my amazement to find my wife on her knees, rummaging about the carpet nigh the little apple-tree table, on which the morning meal was laid,

while my daughters, Julia and Anna, were running about the apartment distracted.

"Oh, papa, papa!" cried Julia, hurrying up to me, "I knew it would be so. The table, the table!"

"Spirits! spirits!" cried Anna, standing far away from it, with pointed finger.

"Silence!" cried my wife. "How can I hear it, if you make such a noise? Be still. Come here, husband; was this the ticking you spoke of? Why don't you move? Was this it? Here, kneel down and listen to it. Tick, tick, tick!—don't you hear it now?"

"I do, I do," cried I, while my daughters besought us both to come away from the spot.

Tick, tick, tick!

Right from under the snowy cloth, and the cheerful urn, and the smoking milk-toast, the unaccountable ticking was heard.

"Ain't there a fire in the next room, Julia," said I, "let us breakfast there, my dear," turning to my wife—"let us go—leave the table—tell Biddy to remove the things."

And so saying I was moving towards the door in high self-possession, when my wife interrupted me.

"Before I quit this room, I will see into this ticking," she said with energy; "It is something that can be found out, depend upon it. I don't believe in spirits, especially at breakfast-time. Biddy! Biddy! Here, carry these things back to the kitchen," handing the urn. Then, sweeping off the cloth, the little table lay bare to the eye.

"It's the table, the table!" cried Julia.

"Nonsense," said my wife. "Who ever heard of a ticking table? It's on the floor. Biddy! Julia! Anna! move everything out of the room—table and all. Where are the tack-hammers?"

"Heavens, mamma—you are not going to take up the carpet?" screamed Julia.

"Here's the hammers, marm," said Biddy, advancing tremblingly.

"Hand them to me, then," cried my wife; for poor Biddy was, at long gun-distance, holding them out as if her mistress had the plague.

"Now, husband, do you take up that side of the carpet, and I will this." Down on her knees she then dropped, while I followed suit.

The carpet being removed, and the ear applied to the naked floor, not the slightest ticking could be heard.

"The table—after all, it is the table," cried my wife. "Biddy, bring it back."

"Oh no, marm, not I, please, marm," sobbed Biddy.

"Foolish creature!—Husband, do you bring it."

"My dear," said I, "we have plenty of other tables; why be so particular?"

"Where is that table?" cried my wife, contemptuously, regardless of my gentle remonstrance.

"In the wood-house, marm. I put it away as far as ever I could, marm," sobbed Biddy.

"Shall I go to the wood-house for it, or will you?" said my wife, addressing me in a frightful, business-like manner.

Immediately I darted out of the door, and found the little apple-tree table, upside down, in one of my chip-bins. I hurriedly returned with it, and once more my wife examined it attentively. Tick, tick, tick! Yes, it was the table.

"Please, marm," said Biddy, now entering the room, with hat and shawl—"please, marm, will you pay me my wages?"

"Take your hat and shawl off directly," said my wife; "set this table again."

"Set it," roared I, in a passion, "set it, or I'll go for the police."

"Heavens! heavens!" cried my daughters, in one breath. "What will become of us!—Spirits! Spirits!"

"Will you set the table?" cried I, advancing upon Biddy.

"I will, I will—yes, marm—yes, master—I will, I will. Spirits!—Holy Virgin!"

"Now, husband," said my wife, "I am convinced that, whatever it is that causes this ticking, neither the ticking nor the table can hurt us; for we are all good Christians, I hope. I am determined to find out the cause of it, too, which time and patience will bring to light. I shall breakfast on no other table but this, so long as we live in this house. So, sit down, now that all things are ready again, and let us quietly breakfast. My dears," turning to Julia and Anna, "go to your room, and return composed. Let me have no more of this childishness."

Upon occasion my wife was mistress in her house.

During the meal, in vain was conversation started again and again; in vain my wife said something brisk to infuse into others an animation akin to her own. Julia and Anna, with heads bowed over their tea-cups, were still listening for the tick. I confess, too, that their example was catching. But, for the time, nothing was heard. Either the ticking had died quite away, or else, slight as it was, the increasing uproar of the street, with the general hum of day, so contrasted with the repose of night and early morning, smothered the sound. At the lurking inquietude of her companions, my wife was indignant; the more so, as she seemed to glory in her own exemption from panic. When breakfast was cleared away she took my watch, and, placing it on the table, addressed the supposed spirits in it, with a jocosely defiant air: "There, tick away, let us see who can tick loudest!"

All that day, while abroad, I thought of the mysterious table. Could Cotton Mather speak true? Were there spirits? And would spirits haunt a tea-table? Would the Evil One dare show his cloven foot in the bosom of an innocent family? I shuddered when I thought that I myself, against the solemn warnings of my daughters, had willfully introduced the cloven foot there. Yea, three cloven feet. But, towards noon, this sort of feeling began to wear off. The continual rubbing against so many practical people in the street, brushed such chimeras away from me. I remembered that I had not acquitted myself very intrepidly either on the previous night or in the morning. I resolved to regain the good opinion of my wife.

To evince my hardihood the more signally, when tea was dismissed, and the three rubbers of whist had been played, and no ticking had been heard—which the more encouraged me—I took my pipe, and, saying that bed-time had arrived for the rest, drew my chair towards the fire, and, removing my slippers, placed my feet on the fender, looking as calm and composed as old Democritus in the tombs of Abdera, when one midnight the mischievous little boys of the town tried to frighten that sturdy philosopher with spurious ghosts.

And I thought to myself, that the worthy old gentleman had set a good

example to all times in his conduct on that occasion. For, when at the dead hour, intent on his studies, he heard the strange sounds, he did not so much as move his eyes from his page, only simply said: "Boys, little boys, go home. This is no place for you. You will catch cold here." The philosophy of which words lies here: that they imply the foregone conclusion, that any possible investigation of any possible spiritual phenomena was absurd; that upon the first face of such things, the mind of a sane man instinctively affirmed them a humbug, unworthy the least attention; more especially if such phenomena appear in tombs, since tombs are peculiarly the place of silence, lifelessness, and solitude; for which cause, by the way, the old man, as upon the occasion in question, made the tombs of Abdera his place of study.

Presently I was alone, and all was hushed. I laid down my pipe, not feeling exactly tranquil enough now thoroughly to enjoy it. Taking up one of the newspapers, I began, in a nervous, hurried sort of way, to read by the light of a candle placed on a small stand drawn close to the fire. As for the apple-tree table, having lately concluded that it was rather too low for a reading-table, I thought best not to use it as such that night. But it stood not very distant in the middle of the room.

Try as I would, I could not succeed much at reading. Somehow I seemed all ear and no eye; a condition of intense auricular suspense. But ere long it was broken.

Tick! tick! tick!

Though it was not the first time I had heard that sound; nay, though I had made it my particular business on this occasion to wait for that sound, nevertheless, when it came, it seemed unexpected, as if a cannon had boomed through the window.

Tick! tick! tick!

I sat stock still for a time, thoroughly to master, if possible, my first discomposure. Then rising, I looked pretty steadily at the table; went up to it pretty steadily; took hold of it pretty steadily; but let it go pretty quickly; then paced up and down, stopping every moment or two, with ear pricked to listen. Meantime, within me, the contest between panic and philosophy remained not wholly decided.

Tick! tick! tick!

With appalling distinctness the ticking now rose on the night.

My pulse fluttered—my heart beat. I hardly know what might not have followed, had not Democritus just then come to the rescue. For shame, said I to myself, what is the use of so fine an example of philosophy, if it cannot be followed! Straightway I resolved to imitate it, even to the old sage's occupation and attitude.

Resuming my chair and paper, with back presented to the table, I remained thus for a time, as if buried in study; when, the ticking still continuing, I drewled out, in as indifferent and dryly jocose a way as I could; "Come, come, Tick, my boy, fun enough for to-night."

Tick! tick! tick!

There seemed a sort of jeering defiance in the ticking now. It seemed to exult over the poor affected part I was playing. But much as the taunt stung me, it only stung me into persistence. I resolved not to abate one whit in my mode of address.

"Come, come, you make more and more noise, Tick, my boy; too much of a joke—time to have done."

No sooner said than the ticking ceased. Never was responsive obedience more exact. For the life of me, I could not help turning round upon the table, as one would upon some reasonable being, when—could I believe my senses? I saw something moving, or wriggling, or squirming upon the slab of the table. It shone like a glow-worm. Unconsciously, I grasped the poker that stood at hand. But bethinking me how absurd to attack a glow-worm with a poker, I put it down. How long I sat spell-bound and staring there, with my body presented one way and my face another, I cannot say; but at length I rose, and, buttoning my coat up and down, made a sudden intrepid forced march full upon the table. And there, near the centre of the slab, as I live, I saw an irregular little hole, or, rather, short nibbled sort of crack, from which (like a butterfly escaping its chrysalis) the sparkling object, whatever it might be, was struggling. Its motion was the motion of life. I stood becharmed. Are there, indeed, spirits, thought I; and is this one? No; I must be dreaming. I turned my glance off to the red fire on the hearth, then back to the pale lustre on the table. What I saw was no optical illusion, but

a real marvel. The tremor was increasing, when, once again, Democritus befriended me. Supernatural coruscation as it appeared, I strove to look at the strange object in a purely scientific way. Thus viewed, it appeared some new sort of small shining beetle or bug, and, I thought, not without something of a hum to it, too.

I still watched it, and with still increasing self-possession. Sparkling and wriggling, it still continued its throes. In another moment it was just on the point of escaping its prison. A thought struck me. Running for a tumbler, I clapped it over the insect just in time to secure it.

After watching it a while longer under the tumbler, I left all as it was, and, tolerably composed, retired.

Now, for the soul of me, I could not, at that time, comprehend the phenomenon. A live bug come out of a dead table? A fire-fly bug come out of a piece of ancient lumber, for one knows not how many years stored away in an old garret? Was ever such a thing heard of, or even dreamed of? How got the bug there? Never mind. I bethought me of Democritus, and resolved to keep cool. At all events, the mystery of the ticking was explained. It was simply the sound of the gnawing and filing, and tapping of the bug, in eating its way out. It was satisfactory to think, that there was an end forever to the ticking. I resolved not to let the occasion pass without reaping some credit from it.

"Wife," said I, next morning, "you will not be troubled with any more ticking in our table. I have put a stop to all that."

"Indeed, husband," said she, with some incredulity.

"Yes, wife," returned I, perhaps a little vain-gloriously. "I have put a quietus upon that ticking. Depend upon it, the ticking will trouble you no more."

In vain she besought me to explain myself. I would not gratify her; being willing to balance any previous trepidation I might have betrayed, by leaving room now for the imputation of some heroic feat whereby I had silenced the ticking. It was a sort of innocent deceit by implication, quite harmless, and, I thought, of utility.

But when I went to breakfast, I saw my wife kneeling at the table again, and

my girls looking ten times more frightened than ever.

"Why did you tell me that boastful tale," said my wife, indignantly. "You might have known how easily it would be found out. See this crack, too; and here is the ticking again, plainer than ever."

"Impossible," I exclaimed; but upon applying my ear, sure enough, tick! tick! tick! The ticking was there.

Recovering myself the best way I might, I demanded the bug.

"Bug?" screamed Julia. "Good heavens, papa!"

"I hope, sir, you have been bringing no bugs into this house," said my wife, severely.

"The bug, the bug!" I cried; "the bug under the tumbler."

"Bugs in tumblers!" cried the girls; "not our tumblers, papa? You have not been putting bugs into our tumblers? Oh, what does—what *does* it all mean?"

"Do you see this hole, this crack here?" said I, putting my finger on the spot.

"That I do," said my wife, with high displeasure. "And how did it come there? What have you been doing to the table?"

"Do you see this crack?" repeated I, intensely.

"Yes, yes," said Julia; "that was what frightened me so; it looks so like witch-work."

"Spirits! spirits!" cried Anna.

"Silence!" said my wife. "Go on, sir, and tell us what you know of the crack."

"Wife and daughters," said I, solemnly, "out of that crack, or hole, while I was sitting all alone here last night, a wonderful—"

Here, involuntarily, I paused, fascinated by the expectant attitudes and bursting eyes of Julia and Anna.

"What, what?" cried Julia.

"A bug, Julia."

"A bug?" cried my wife. "A bug come out of this table? And what did you do with it?"

"Clapped it under a tumbler."

"Biddy! Biddy!" cried my wife, going to the door. "Did you see a tumbler here on this table when you swept the room?"

"Sure I did, marm, and a 'bomnable bug under it."

"And what did you do with it?" demanded I.

"Put the bug in the fire, sir, and rinsed out the tumbler ever so many times, marm."

"Where is that tumbler?" cried Anna. "I hope you scratched it—marked it some way. I'll never drink out of that tumbler; never put it before me, Biddy. A bug—a bug! Oh, Julia! oh, mamma! I feel it crawling all over me, even now. Haunted table!"

"Spirits! spirits!" cried Julia,

"My daughters," said their mother, with authority in her eyes, "go to your chamber till you can behave more like reasonable creatures. Is it a bug—a bug that can frighten you out of what little wits you ever had. Leave the room. I am astonished. I am pained by such childish conduct."

"Now tell me," said she, addressing me, as soon as they had withdrawn, "now tell me truly, did a bug really come out of this crack in the table?"

"Wife, it is even so."

"Did you see it come out?"

"I did."

She looked earnestly at the crack, leaning over it.

"Are you sure?" said she, looking up, but still bent over.

"Sure, sure."

She was silent. I began to think that the mystery of the thing began to tell even upon her. Yes, thought I, I shall presently see my wife shaking and shuddering, and, who knows, calling in some old dominie to exorcise the table, and drive out the spirits.

"I'll tell you what we'll do," said she suddenly, and not without excitement.

"What, wife?" said I, all eagerness, expecting some mystical proposition; "what, wife?"

"We will rub this table all over with that celebrated 'roach powder' I've heard of."

"Good gracious! Then you don't think it's spirits?"

"Spirits?"

The emphasis of scornful incredulity was worthy of Democritus himself.

"But this ticking—this ticking?" said I.

"I'll whip that out of it."

"Come, come wife," said I, "you are going too far the other way, now. Neither roach powder nor whipping will cure this table. It's a queer table, wife; there's no blinking it."

"I'll have it rubbed, though," she replied, "well rubbed;" and calling

Biddy, she bade her get wax and brush, and give the table a vigorous manipulation. That done, the cloth was again laid, and we sat down to our morning meal; but my daughters did not make their appearance. Julia and Anna took no breakfast that day.

When the cloth was removed, in a business-like way, my wife went to work with a dark colored cement, and hermetically closed the little hole in the table.

My daughters looking pale, I insisted upon taking them out for a walk that morning, when the following conversation ensued:

"My worst presentiments about that table are being verified, papa," said Julia; "not for nothing was that intimation of the cloven foot on my shoulder."

"Nonsense," said I. "Let us go into Mrs. Brown's, and have an ice-cream."

The spirit of Democritus was stronger on me now. By a curious coincidence, it strengthened with the strength of the sunlight.

"But is it not miraculous," said Anna, "how a bug should come out of a table?"

"Not at all, my daughter. It is a very common thing for bugs to come out of wood. You yourself must have seen them coming out of the ends of the billets on the hearth."

"Ah, but that wood is almost fresh from the woodland. But the table is at least a hundred years old."

"What of that?" said I, gayly. "Have not live toads been found in the hearts of dead rocks, as old as creation?"

"Say what you will, papa, I feel it is spirits," said Julia. "Do, do now, my dear papa, have that haunted table removed from the house."

"Nonsense," said I.

By another curious coincidence, the more they felt frightened, the more I felt brave.

Evening came.

"This ticking," said my wife; "do you think that another bug will come of this continued ticking?"

Curiously enough, that had not occurred to me before. I had not thought of there being twins of bugs. But now, who knew; there might be even triplets.

I resolved to take precautions, and, if there was to be a second bug, infalli-

bly secure it. During the evening, the ticking was again heard. About ten o'clock I clapped a tumbler over the spot, as near as I could judge of it by my ear. Then we all retired, and locking the door of the cedar-parlor, I put the key in my pocket.

In the morning, nothing was to be seen, but the ticking was heard. The trepidation of my daughters returned. They wanted to call in the neighbors. But to this my wife was vigorously opposed. We should be the laughing-stock of the whole town. So it was agreed that nothing should be disclosed. Biddy received strict charges; and, to make sure, was not allowed that week to go to confession, lest she should tell the priest.

I stayed home all that day, every hour or two bending over the table, both eye and ear. Towards night, I thought the ticking grew more distinct, and seemed divided from my ear by a thinner and thinner partition of the wood. I thought, too, that I perceived a faint heaving up, or bulging of the wood, in the place where I had placed the tumbler. To put an end to the suspense, my wife proposed taking a knife and cutting into the wood there; but I had a less impatient plan; namely, that she and I should sit up with the table that night, as, from present symptoms, the bug would probably make its appearance before morning. For myself, I was curious to see the first advent of the thing—the first dazzle of the chick as it clipped the shell.

The idea struck my wife not unfavorably. She insisted that both Julia and Anna should be of the party, in order that the evidence of their senses should disabuse their minds of all nursery nonsense. For that spirits should tick, and that spirits should take unto themselves the form of bugs, was, to my wife, the most foolish of all foolish imaginations. True, she could not account for the thing; but she had all confidence that it could be, and would yet be, somehow explained, and that to her entire satisfaction. Without knowing it herself, my wife was a female Democritus. For my own part, my present feelings were of a mixed sort. In a strange and not unpleasing way, I gently oscillated between Democritus and Cotton Mather. But to my wife and daughters I assumed to be pure Democritus—a jeerer at all tea-table spirits whatever.

So, laying in a good supply of candles and crackers, all four of us sat up with the table, and at the same time sat round it. For a while my wife and I carried on an animated conversation. But my daughters were silent. Then my wife and I would have had a rubber of whist, but my daughters could not be prevailed upon to join. So we played whist with two dummies; literally, my wife won the rubber, and, fatigued with victory, put away the cards.

Half past eleven o'clock. No sign of the bug. The candles began to burn dim. My wife was just in the act of snuffing them, when a sudden, violent, hollow, resounding, rumbling, thumping was heard.

Julia and Anna sprang to their feet.

"All well!" cried a voice from the street. It was the watchman, first ringing down his club on the pavement, and then following it up with this highly satisfactory verbal announcement.

"All well! Do you hear that, my girls?" said I, gayly.

Indeed it was astonishing how brave as Bruce I felt in company with three women, and two of them half frightened out of their wits.

I rose for my pipe, and took a philosophic smoke.

Democritus forever, thought I.

In profound silence, I sat smoking, when lo!—pop! pop! pop!—right under the table, a terrible popping.

This time we all four sprang up, and my pipe was broken.

"Good heavens! what's that?"

"Spirits! spirits!" cried Julia.

"Oh, oh, oh!" cried Anna.

"Shame," said my wife, "it's that new bottled cider, in the cellar, going off. I told Biddy to wire the bottles to-day."

I shall here transcribe from memoranda, kept during part of the night.

"One o'clock. No sign of the bug.

Ticking continues. Wife getting sleepy.

"Two o'clock. No sign of the bug.

Ticking intermittent. Wife fast asleep.

"Three o'clock. No sign of the bug.

Ticking pretty steady. Julia and Anna getting sleepy.

"Four o'clock. No sign of the bug.

Ticking regular, but not spirited.

Wife, Julia, and Anna, all fast asleep in their chairs.

"Five o'clock. No sign of the bug.

Ticking faint. Myself feeling drowsy.

The rest still asleep."

So far the journal.

—Rap! rap! rap!

A terrific, portentous rapping against a door.

Startled from our dreams, we started to our feet.

Rap! rap! rap!

Julia and Anna shrieked.

I cowered in the corner.

"You fools!" cried my wife, "it's the baker with the bread."

Six o'clock.

She went to throw back the shutters, but ere it was done, a cry came from Julia. There, half in and half out its crack, there wriggled the bug, flashing in the room's general dimness, like a fiery opal.

Had this bug had a tiny sword by its side—a Damascus sword—and a tiny necklace round its neck—a diamond necklace—and a tiny gun in its claw—a brass gun—and a tiny manuscript in his mouth—a Chaldee manuscript—Julia and Anna could not have stood more charmed.

In truth, it was a beautiful bug—a Jew jeweler's bug—a bug like a sparkle of a glorious sunset.

Julia and Anna had never dreamed of such a bug. To them, bug had been a word synonymous with hideousness. But this was a seraphical bug; or, rather, all it had of the bug was the B, for it was beautiful as a butterfly.

Julia and Anna gazed and gazed. They were no more alarmed. They were delighted.

"But how got this strange, pretty creature into the table?" cried Julia.

"Spirits can get anywhere," replied Anna.

"Pshaw!" said my wife.

"Do you hear any more ticking?" said I.

They all applied their ears, but heard nothing.

"Well, then, wife and daughters, now that it is all over, this very morning I will go and make inquiries about it."

"Oh, do, papa," cried Julia, "do go and consult Madame Pazzi, the conjur-ess."

"Better go and consult Professor Johnson, the naturalist," said my wife.

"Bravo, Mrs. Democritus!" said I.

"Professor Johnson is the man."

By good fortune I found the professor in. Informing him briefly of the incident, he manifested a cool, collected sort of interest, and gravely accom-

panied me home. The table was produced, the two openings pointed out, the bug displayed, and the details of the affair set forth; my wife and daughters being present.

"And now, Professor," said I, "what do you think of it?"

Putting on his spectacles, the learned professor looked hard at the table, and gently scraped with his pen-knife into the holes, but said nothing.

"Is it not an unusual thing, this?" anxiously asked Anna.

"Very unusual, Miss."

At which Julia and Anna exchanged significant glances.

"But is it not wonderful, very wonderful?" demanded Julia.

"Very wonderful, Miss."

My daughters exchanged still more significant glances, and Julia, emboldened, again spoke.

"And must you not admit, sir, that it is the work of—of—of sp——?"

"Spirits? No," was the crusty rejoinder.

"My daughters," said I, mildly, "you should remember that this is not Madame Pazzi, the conjureess, you put your questions to, but the eminent naturalist, Professor Johnson. And now, professor," I added, "be pleased to explain. Enlighten our ignorance."

Without repeating all that the learned gentleman said—for, indeed, though lucid, he was a little prosy—let the following summary of his explication suffice.

The incident was not wholly without example. The wood of the table was apple-tree, a sort of tree much fancied by various insects. The bugs had come from eggs laid inside the bark of the living tree in the orchard. By careful examination of the position of the hole from which the last bug had emerged, in relation to the cortical layers of the slab, and then allowing for the inch and a half along the grain, ere the bug had eaten its way entirely out, and then computing the whole number of cortical layers in the slab, with a reasonable conjecture for the number cut off from the outside, it appeared that the egg must

have been laid in the tree some ninety years, more or less, before the tree could have been felled. But between the felling of the tree and the present time, how long might that be? It was a very old-fashioned table. Allow eighty years for the age of the table, which would make one hundred and fifty years that the bug had laid in the egg. Such, at least, was Professor Johnson's computation.

"Now, Julia," said I, "after that scientific statement of the case (though, I confess, I don't exactly understand it), where are your spirits? It is very wonderful as it is, but where are your spirits?"

"Where, indeed?" said my wife.

"Why, now, she did not *really* associate this purely natural phenomenon with any crude, spiritual hypothesis, did she?" observed the learned professor, with a slight sneer.

"Say what you will," said Julia, holding up, in the covered tumbler, the glorious, lustrous, flashing, live opal, "say what you will, if this beauteous creature be not a spirit, it yet teaches a spiritual lesson. For if, after one hundred and fifty years' entombment, a mere insect comes forth at last into light, itself an effulgence, shall there be no glorified resurrection for the spirit of man? Spirits! spirits!" she exclaimed, with rapture, "I still believe in spirits, only now I believe in them with delight, when before I but thought of them with terror."

The mysterious insect did not long enjoy its radiant life; it expired the next day. But my girls have preserved it. Embalmed in a silver vinaigrette, it lies on the little apple-tree table in the pier of the cedar-parlor.

And whatever lady doubts this story, my daughters will be happy to show her both the bug and the table, and point out to her, in the repaired slab of the latter, the two sealing-wax drops designating the exact place of the two holes made by the two bugs, something in the same way in which are marked the spots where the cannon balls struck Brattle street church.

NATHAN HALE.*

A CENTURY since (June 6, 1755), in the quaint old town of Coventry, Connecticut, there was rejoicing in a sober, Puritan household, for the blessed gift of a new-born child. In the stern, disciplinary faith of Richard and Elizabeth Hale, the sweet attractions of infancy were theoretically overshadowed by the imputations of Genevan theology; but, in the mother's heart of Elizabeth, there was an instinct of undying love for the helpless innocent, which was truer to the great claims of humanity than any frozen creed. In that frail child, there were unfolded germs of promise to which maternal devotion was never blind. As he grew and developed into the bright, active boy, though one of twelve children, he was loved and recognized, trained and furnished for the battle of life with affectionate forethought, and, perhaps, with the tenderness of presentiment. None can tell how deeply the quiet scenery, the firmly rounded hills, the beautiful miniature lake, and the cold, solemn winters of Coventry, sank into the slowly-forming character of this frolicsome and spirited lad. All these influences of nature must, however, have had their effect in nurturing that firm undergrowth of sentiment and soul, whence generous deeds were to bud forth spontaneously, as organic unfoldings of the maturer man. He was not yet twelve years old when his mother died. But in his excellent grandmother, as in another Lois, there was a faith unfeigned which shed its blessed influence over the critical formation-period of his youth. A second marriage of his father gave him a second mother, to whom he became very much attached. In his father's calm and orderly life, he had daily before his eyes an habitual example of devotion to duty.

When a thoroughly effective man is to be formed, the hills and vales, the homes and schools, the discipline and daily life of rural New England may well be invoked. The blendings of labor and training, of endurance and indulgence, of action and reflective repose, have a special faculty for gene-

rating firm will, high purpose, obedient strength, and personal force. Nathan Hale's education was of the genuine New England type. A manly spirit had been lodged, by birth, in his breast: education gave to this an outward and fitting expression. His vivacity of character guarded him from the worst result of New England training, by making it impossible that he should ever become a phlegmatic, calculating lump of inert proprieties. He was too merry a rogue to don a premature long face. He had too much native sense to be always sensible. Quick to learn and ambitious of scholarly honors, young Hale drank in classic lore from his pastor, Dr. Joseph Huntington, who chanced to be a truly able man. At the age of sixteen he was duly admitted to the privileges of venerable old Yale. He there won special praises from good President Dwight, whose saintly muse touched the elegiac strain in commemoration of the sad death of our hero, "in duty firm, in danger calm," "to friends unchanging and sincere to heaven." Various collegiate *vestigia* show Hale to have been a marked young man. He was distinguished for scholarship and conduct. Not mere dummy conformity, but wide-awake, active good conduct. A prodigious leap, whose traces were long preserved at Yale, showed that he, like Washington, was possessed of rare bodily power. He was active in founding the Yale Linonian Society, and was not behindhand in debates. In 1773, he left college with many friends, a good reputation, and an ambition chastened, but exalted. Furnished with a diploma, he set about teaching in his turn, according to New England usage. In East Haddam, a town so secluded that he, jestingly, declared it "inaccessible, either by friends, acquaintance, or letters," he passed the winter of 1773-4, wielding that sceptre to which our young republicans are, with one accord, compelled to bow. How pleasant the memories he there left, is thus testified: "Everybody loved him; he was so sprightly, intel-

* *Life of Captain Nathan Hale, the Martyr Spy of the Revolution.* By I. W. STUART. Hartford: F. A. Brown, 1856. 8vo. pp. 232.

ligent, and kind, and withal, so handsome." In the spring he left the shadow of Mount Tom, to take charge of the Union Grammar School, at New London. There, for £70 per annum, he indoctrinated thirty-two select boys with Latin and English wisdom, besides teaching twenty young ladies in a morning school. Teaching is a severe ordeal. It tries a man's metal. To succeed entirely is a rare result, and it betokens either a special faculty for this vocation, or a goodly share of genuine manliness. Hale succeeded to admiration. "The scholars, young and old, were attached to him. They loved him for his tact and amiability. He was wholly without severity, and had a wonderful control over the boys." These were the sons of "the first gentlemen of New London;" just the best judges of reality, and the severest critics of shams. Boys respect a man who can "jump from the bottom of one empty hoghead over and down into a second," and from this to the bottom of a third, and thence "over and out like a cat." The athletic, genial, humorous, affectionate man will win the love of boys in spite of a head full of learning, and a heart full of earnest principles of duty. Hale's New London experience proved this. Let us hope the art survives him.

His heart, also, held a more tender devotion. When in college, he became engaged to one whom his father's second marriage had brought beneath his native roof. Alice Adams was a sister by adoption, but by his heart's adoption she was more than sister. The events of a long life, the transformations of four score and eight years passed over her head. In life's extremity, when shadows came and went, and earth was receding dimly, the first loved name was the last word on her lips. Peaceful be her eternal life, and not wanting meet compensations for every silent suffering which one great sorrow wove into her earthly pilgrimage!

The time was now at hand when learning and love could no more bear sway. Words which were deeds had inaugurated deeds which were to become enduring watchwords. The colonial heart was on fire with its swelling Marseillaise, boldly resounding to one firm purpose. The clock of the ages had, at Lexington, struck an epoch, and the era of political liberty was

inaugurated. There was then need of men of action, bold doers and patient endurars; for much was to be done and more was to be suffered. The contest was to be long, strenuous, and doubtful; but it was one to which true, far-seeing patriotism gave its most solemn consecration. Defeat could not fail to bring the shame and misery of downright degradation and deliberate vassalage. Success would, at the least, preserve, unimpaired, the spirit of manhood, and the freedom of individual endeavor. What more it might bring was then unknown, even to the sagacious architects of our present political fabric. The sacrifice of personal ease and fortune to the patriotic call, was quickly resolved by the well-esteemed and accomplished young teacher of New London. He had but to continue his quiet calling, and his outward prosperity was assured. He chose the nobler part with a calm zeal which gave assurance of the man. A stripling in years, he had a man's strong heart and purposes. As a man, he was esteemed, and as one worthy of special confidence, he was commissioned. In addressing a meeting, which the news of Lexington had assembled, Hale said: "Let us march immediately, and never lay down our arms until we obtain our independence!" To his father, he wrote that "a sense of duty urged him to sacrifice everything for his country." Having been appointed a lieutenant in the seventh Connecticut regiment, under Colonel Webb, he resigned his charge of the select school with strong mutual regrets, and embraced, as he hoped, "for good reasons," this "opportunity for more extended public service." He soon became captain, and after some sea-coast guard duty, at New London, marched his company, in September, 1775, to join the main army around Boston. The siege of that city was in progress, and though Hale's position was, at times, "more perilous than any other in the camp," the policy of masterly inactivity prevailed, and, except some slight skirmishes of outposts, no direct conflict fell to his lot. But the opportunity of distinction was not wholly denied. As a disciplinarian, he was so successful that his company became a model for others. He acted out the views thus recorded in his diary: "It is of the utmost importance that an officer should be anxious to

know his duty; but of greater, that he should carefully perform what he does know. The present irregular state of the army is owing to a capital neglect in both of these" particulars.

It was a time of trial to patriotic hearts when the enlistments of our improvised army began to expire. The unwillingness of the men to reenlist was a sign of ill-omen. They had, unfortunately, real grievances of which to complain. A scanty supply of ill-served provisions, a remissness in the pay department, and an undisciplined camp administration, are evils which soon extinguish patriotic enthusiasm. In November, 1775, our army bade fair to vanish by expiring enlistments. It was a disease of organization so profound as only to be checked with extreme difficulty. Among those who helped to cheer and rouse both officers and men, and to urge the claims of patriotism against this threatening abandonment, Hale was conspicuous. His note book contains this entry: "Promised the men, if they would tarry another month, they should have my wages for that time." He did more; for he actually borrowed the amount so promised, as an advance on the credit of his pay. Congress having re-organized the army, Hale was retained as a captain in the Continental line. The desire freely manifested to enlist in his company, was a flattering proof of his peculiar fitness for command.

Boston being purged of invaders, New York became the centre of hostilities. Hale's company participated in the general transfer of the continental troops. Having spent about three weeks on Long Island, his company was stationed about a mile above the city, and then again changed to Long Island. In June, the full complement of ninety men would seem to have been enlisted in Hale's company. He wrote truly: "It is a critical period." Numbers of "unnatural monsters," in the colony of New York, and "in the western part of Connecticut, would have been glad to imbrue their hands in their country's blood." A force of about twenty-five thousand open foes was to be withstood. No waters were secure about the threatened island. A dashing exploit, which Hale conceived and executed, must have been a pleasant "crumb of comfort" within the American lines. He succeeded in surprising

and capturing a British sloop, laden with supplies, and anchored in the East river, under the protection of H. B. M. ship-of-war, *Asia*, of sixty-four guns. With a little selected boat party, he proceeded, under cover of the night, to row a barge alongside the sloop. Silently and unobserved, they reached her. She was instantly boarded, and "away she came, with Captain Hale at the helm, and the British tars in the hold." On reaching the wharf, "Hale distributed the prize goods to feed the hungry and clothe the naked of our own army."

The battle of Long Island was approaching, and near the close of August, its premonitions maintained constant vigilance and solicitude. It came, big with disaster, and left gloom and despair in the American camp. The masterly retreat from Long Island had given a momentary security. Though not directly engaged, Hale was on Long Island, and had every means of knowing and feeling the extent of threatening dangers. Our army was scattered along the entire length of New York Island. From the Battery to Kingsbridge, our troops, not exceeding fourteen thousand effectives, were posted. They were dispirited, ill supplied, poorly and unpunctually paid, sickly, badly housed, and threatened by impending winter. Desertions, individually and in masses, became alarmingly frequent; while insubordination, impertunity, and laxity of discipline, unblushingly prevailed. The British were decidedly superior in numbers, training, equipment and commissariat. They had the entire command of the water. The American position was extremely insecure. To protect the city, was a great object, but this endangered the entire army. Had the main British force been thrown across the East river, at or above Throg's point, and then closed down on the city from the north, it is hard to conceive what could have saved our army or our cause. Commanding both rivers and driving in, post after post, of the American line thus turned, the combined army and navy of the assailants would have so completely surrounded the Americans as to have made a surrender almost inevitable. This was a threatening danger, and one only to be guarded against by having such a knowledge of the enemy's intentions as to thwart such a purpose, by timely

retreat. To evacuate New York before it was strictly necessary, would have been to yield an important advantage. To cover it until the army could no longer be extricated, would have been the extreme of bad generalship. Safely to navigate between such a Scylla and such a Charybdis, was too much to expect even of Washington, without clear indications of his antagonist's designs.

How was this intelligence to be procured? In some way it must be obtained, or New York must at once be so far abandoned as to secure a retreat for the army. It was a momentous stake, and unusual measures of precaution were demanded. What would Gen. Howe next attempt? The solution of this question would give the key to Washington's policy and operations. He had no power to take the initiative, except by a complete abandonment of New York Island, and even then, he could only initiate measures of a defensive character or of petty attack. To Howe, all avenues were open. He could sail up the East river or North river at will with forces sufficient to hem in our army. He could attack New York directly, or could cross over from Long Island at whatever point might be thought advantageous. What would he do? Washington wrote: "We cannot learn, nor have we been able to procure the least information of late." In this dilemma, was he to stake all on holding his present lines? Ought he to evacuate the city or the whole island, or ought he to urge on such works of defense as could be hastily constructed? All turned on procuring precisely that information which he had hitherto failed to obtain, and which Howe was most carefully keeping to himself. It was a case in which no mere mercenary could be of service. No deserters' stories could be trusted. It demanded nothing less than that the trained intelligence of a truly military eye should closely scrutinize all the arrangements of the hostile camp, and thence deduce the purposes underlying these dispositions. It was impossible to make a forced reconnaissance, or indeed any open reconnaissance worthy of trust. In a council of his officers, Washington announced it as his conclusion, that in some way the enemy's camp must be penetrated, and in this view the council fully coincided. The selection of some person competent to discharge this deli-

cate and dangerous mission, was confided to Col. Knowlton. It was clear that no common soldier or rash adventurer would do. Skill, judgment, coolness, and professional training, were required. No officer could be ordered or detailed to undertake the function of a spy. Were it an open reconnaissance of any sort, so that the dress and character of an officer could be preserved, a simple order would have served the purpose. But the function of a spy, declared infamous by the military code, could not be imposed by authority. If assumed at all, it must be as a volunteer service.

Knowlton, therefore, appealed to the assembled officers of his own regiment, and some others, and, in the name of Washington, invited a volunteer for this service. A long, sad silence was the response. The vision of ignominious death; a shrinking from what usage has branded with disgrace; the dangerous, doubtful nature of the proposed service, whence no glory could be won; these were too powerful pleaders to be vanquished by any patriotic impulse. At a late moment, Hale had entered, pale with recent sickness, and he it was who broke the sad thralldom of this trying hour, by the deep response: "I will undertake it." A general voice of remonstrance from his friends protested against his assuming a duty so dangerous to life, so ignominious in quality. They said that he was wanted for other and less ambiguous service. They stoutly forbade this abnegation of all his promised distinction, this assumption of a character forbidden by the military code.

For simplicity and directness, for profound allegiance to patriotic promptings, and for transparent excellence of ruling motive, the answer of Hale may claim companionship with the noblest utterances of historic heroism. "With warmth and decision," yet with a mature appreciation, little betokening the wonted rashness of a youth, numbering only twenty-one years of life discipline, Hale thus vindicated his course:

"I think I owe to my country the accomplishment of an object so important and so much desired by the commander of her armies—and I know no other mode of obtaining the information, than by assuming a disguise, and passing into the enemy's camp. I am fully sensible of the consequences

of discovery and capture in such a situation. But for a year I have been attached to the army, and have not rendered any material service, while receiving a compensation for which I make no return. Yet I am not influenced by the expectation of promotion or pecuniary reward. I wish to be useful, and every kind of service, necessary for the public good, becomes honorable by being necessary. If the exigencies of my country demand a peculiar service, its claims to the performance of that service are imperious."

He reported to Washington, and received from him full and particular instructions. He was to penetrate the enemy's camp, learn all the details of his positions and defenses, and observe all the indications which could unveil the mystery of his contemplated movements. He proceeded by land up the Sound as far as Norwalk, where he engaged an armed sloop to carry him across to Huntington Bay, and to be on the look-out for his return. He assumed the dress and character of a schoolmaster, in which he could deport himself with due fidelity. He left behind him all tokens of his real station, and only took his college diploma, as an auxiliary to his assumed character. He landed before daybreak at "the Cedars," on Great Neck. From this time till his capture, but little is known of his movements. He penetrated the enemy's lines, made drawings of his works, with descriptive Latin notes, and, indeed, fully succeeded in the main object of his mission. After his departure, Howe had landed at Kip's Bay, and Clinton had thrown a cordon across New York Island, "between the seventh and eighth milestone." Hale succeeded in crossing to New York, examining the newly-assumed stations, and again crossing to Long Island. He made his way back to "the Cedars," where his expected boat was to receive him. This not being there, it would appear that he ventured into a tory rendezvous called "Mother Clitch's tavern," where one story says he was recognized by a person who conveyed the intelligence to the British guard-ship, Halifax, lying near by. A barge approached which he unfortunately mistook for the one he was expecting. He walked down deliberately to meet it, when his mistake was made apparent by the crew suddenly standing up, levelling their mus-

kets at him, and ordering him to "surrender or die." They were so near at hand that any escape seemed hopeless, and he could only resign himself to his fate. His real character seems not to have been known; but the military plans and descriptive notes, found in his pumps, pretty clearly indicated the truth. All the circumstances seemed suspicious. Capt. Quarre of the Halifax, when the boat brought Hale on board, became convinced he was a spy, and dispatched him with the evidences of his assumed character, in a boat of the Halifax, to New York. He afterwards, with a touch of generosity, then too rare in the British service, expressed his regrets, "that so fine a fellow should have fallen into his hands."

The twenty-first of September, 1776, was a day to be remembered in New York. From Whitehall to Barclay street, a conflagration raged along both sides of Broadway, in which 493 houses, or about one-third of the city, was laid in ashes. The College green and a change of wind only arrested the swift destruction. On the same day, the dignified, harsh, cold, and courtly Howe had his head-quarters in the Beekman house (now standing at the corner of Fifty-first street and First Avenue), on the East river, about three and a quarter miles from the Park. The conflagration, checked but not subdued, still clouded the air, when a generous youth, of high intelligence, kindly manners, and noble character, was brought into the presence of this stern dignitary. That youth was charged with being a spy, and the allegation was substantiated by some military sketches and notes, found on his person. In this court of last resort, Hale dropped all disguises, and at once proclaimed himself an American officer, and a spy. He attempted no plea of extenuation, he promised no transfer of allegiance, he besought no pardoning clemency. He waited calmly, and with no unmanly fears, the too evident sentence which was to snap his brittle thread of life. Howe kept him not long in waiting, but at once wrote a brief precept, giving to William Cunningham, Provost Marshal of the Royal Army, the care and custody of the body of Nathan Hale, Captain in the rebel army, this day convicted as a spy, and directing him to see that he be hung by the neck until dead, "to-morrow morning at daybreak."

Submitting ourselves to the guidance of the most authentic evidences, we must suppose that Hale was removed at once, for his one remaining night, to the old Provost, which is the present Hall of Records, in the Park. It is difficult to conceive a night of greater distress, or more thronged with memories, endurances, and anticipations. Never was prison presided over by a more insatiate monster than this Cunningham. All the surroundings were of the most forbidding aspect. The coming morning was to conduct the prisoner, through unspeakable contumely, to the portals of eternity. He calmly asked, that his hands might be loosed, and that a light and writing materials might be supplied, to enable him, for the last time, to write to his parents and friends. Cunningham denied the request! Hale asked for the use of a Bible, and even this was savagely refused. Thank God, there was one there with enough the heart and feelings of a man, to be roused to energetic remonstrance by such malignant inhumanity. The lieutenant of Hale's guard earnestly and successfully besought that these requests should be granted. In the silent hours, so swiftly bearing him on to the verge of his dear and happy life, the strong soul of the martyr was permitted to write for loved eyes its parting message. On came the swift and fatal morning, and with it came the diabolical Cunningham, greedy to luxuriate in another's woe. Hale handed him the letters he had written; Cunningham at once read them, and, growing furious at their high spirit, tore them to pieces before the writer's eyes. He afterwards gave as his reason, "that the rebels should never know they had a man who could die with so much firmness."

Of course, reader, you are accustomed to do shopping now and then at Stewart's marble palace, and to ache with comedy at inimitable Burton's. You are familiar with the ceaseless ebb and flow of the human tide which overwhelms that crowded precinct. Had you stood where Burton now rules the kingdom of mirth, on the early morn of September 22d, 1776, you would have seen a tragedy such as no tears could have washed from your memory. You would have seen a human brother who, having endured his Gethsemane, there suffered on his Calvary. You would have seen his youthful face transfigured

with the calm peace of a triumphant martyr. A life, suffused with religious sensibilities, and blooming with holy love, then and there culminated. You would have seen, too, a being utterly depraved and reprobate. Had Satan come to earth to act as hangman, he would have had too much taste and gentility to have appeared as Cunningham. This monster had mixed arsenic in the flour for his prisoners, to save or steal their rations. He delighted, from sheer malice, to threaten the excellent Dr. Mathew with a speedy hanging. He murdered his prisoners near the prison yard, "five or six of them of a night," till "certain women in the neighborhood, pained by the cries for mercy which they heard, went to the Commander-in-Chief and made the case known." To call his prisoners "dogs," "rebel spawn," and to drive them to their "kennels," was the recreation of the Provost Marshal of the Royal Army. Confronted by this representative of His Majesty, cheered by no voice of friendship or even of sympathy, beset by the emblems and ministers of ignominious death, Hale stood on the fatal spot. The ritual of disgrace had been performed, and a single refinement of malice was all that even Cunningham's ingenuity had in reserve—he demanded "a dying speech and confession." Humanity had begun to assert itself in the crowd of curious gazers, for pity was swelling up in many hearts, and finding expression in stifled sobs. Firm and calm, glowing with purification and self-sacrifice, Hale seemed to gather up his soul from out his body, as, with solemn emphasis, he gave answer to this last demand of malignity:—"I only regret that I have but one life to lose for my country."

One more responsive surge of diabolic fury, and a heroic spirit confronts the unveiled mysteries of eternity. Perhaps when you again shop at Stewart's, or laugh at Burton's, you may ask, "Where rest the bones of this brave man?" Alas! we cannot tell! Perhaps they are under that comic stage; for near there they were probably buried.

Honest Tunis Bogart, a witness of Hale's execution, said: "I have never been able to efface the scene of horror from my mind—it rises up to my imagination always." Ashur Wright, who was Hale's personal attendant, was so

completely overwhelmed by his fate, that his understanding reeled from its throne, never to be fully reinstated. There was such lamentation among relatives, friends, and brother officers, as betokened how dear this young hero had grown. The memory of the man has been reverently cherished in quiet places. The admiration of a later generation has hewn a granite monument to his memory, which stands in his native town, silent and sad, among ancestral graves. A faithful and loving biographer has now reared a monument, which will carry to many young hearts the unction of patriotic devotion. Thanks and our special acknowledgment to this well-timed chronicler. The name of Hale is not destined to be forgotten while patriotism is esteemed a virtue.

Perhaps there are some who think Hale was really dishonored because he was hung as a spy. To any such we would say, that the measure of infamy shifts incessantly from age to age. No unit of conventional dishonor is fixed or lasting. The very insignia of infamy in one age, become the honored regalia of another. The cross, reserved for ignominious malefactors in old Judea, is now the chosen emblem of all that is exalted and soul-inspiring throughout Christendom. Not a few of the noblest escutcheons ought to bear as decorations the gallows, the guillotine, the garrote, or some of the innumerable instruments of tortured and dishonored death. The externals of attainting manifestation will have ever less and less value, except as they may aid to interpret the endurance of suffering souls. It may, perhaps, be a true rule, that no imputed ignominy will survive as such which is not still ignominy when tested by the most exalted Christian standards.

So far as human conventionalities could achieve an unsanctified purpose, Nathan Hale died an ignominious death, and was consigned to infamy. But his name is not a word of infamy, and all the power of British arms cannot make it so. His high, actuating motives rise in solemn majesty before us, and make

the gallows—the rogue's march, the mean persecution of insults, and all the machinery of disgrace—significant only of surrounding baseness, and of his own internal strength. His death *proved* what his life had only indicated. It showed in him a true heroic greatness, which could, in calm dignity, endure to die wronged and unasserted. The common pathway to glory is trodden with comparative ease; but to go down to the grave, high-spirited but insulted, technically infamous, unfriended in the last great agony, with an all-absorbing patriotism, baffled and anxious, and burning for assurance of his country's ultimate triumph—thus to have done and borne in unfaltering dignity, was the ultimate criterion and evidence of a genuine nobility of nature. Had this sharp ordeal been spared, the man's strong, true spirit might have remained ever unrecognized.

A certain share of infamy attaches to Howe, on account of the barbarities of Hale's execution. He could and should have known that Cunningham was a devil, unfit for any earthly trust. He should, too, have observed the due formality of a court-martial, and he certainly should have taken care to have the sentence executed in decency. War, however mitigated by humane observances, has enough of atrocity without superadding any brutalities of slovenly trials and cannibal concomitants to its stern sentences. Howe is deeply blame-worthy for his lack of humanity, and for his unrestrained indulgence of such monsters as this Provost Marshal. No military distinction can atone for the stigma of wickedness which our common humanity affixes to one who even omits to cultivate the humanities of war. Howe stands convicted of a tolerance of demoniac cruelty, not only in this case, but in the prison ships, and in his general administration. There is something even more damning in being an ungenerous enemy than in being an ungenerous friend. This condemnation rests firmly on the name of Howe.

SCAMPAVIAS.

PART III.—A NIGHT AT NAPLES.

THE frigate picked up her anchors out of the waters of the Gulf of Spezia, and, with dallying summer breezes, we stood along the coast towards southern Italy.

Leaving Elba and Monte Christo on our right—the spot so graphically painted as the scene of the hobgoblin exploits of the count of that name, by his veracious biographer, M. Dumas—and, with a distant view of the Tiber and Campagna of Rome, we slowly sailed over the flat, warm sea, until one night the sluggish ship stood still, within the gigantic breakwater of Ischia, at the mouth of the Bay of Naples.

The moon came timidly up over the steep cliffs of Capri, and shed her soft, white light upon the magnificent panorama of land and water around us. The frigate lay becalmed, scarcely moving an inch from beneath the terraced shade of the high peaks of Ischia. The solid hull was too deep below the surface, her taper masts and canvas were too high in the heavens, and both were too rapt in beholding the scene around and the wonders below the bay, to give heed to the furtive fluttering airs, laden with the perfume of orange blossoms, which came stealthily off from the land.

From the castle-crowned rock of Procida to Baia, the curving sweep of the bay begins; and the city, with its dense masses of white buildings, rises in amphitheatre-like ranges, until capped by the gloomy fortress of St. Elmo; then beyond is the great dome of Vesuvius—a thin puff of white smoke, toying and eddying around the crater, occasionally lurid with flame from the seething, red, molten lava within the volcano's broad and burning flanks; while on the eye insensibly wanders towards the east, where the sharp-cut peaks stand guard above Castellamare and Sorrento, until the panorama is nearly closed by the bluff cape and the gap of blue sea which separates it from the precipitous island of Capri.

And now out here, in the lovely Italian night, in this paradise of the poets and painters, let us hold a *conseil de mer* upon our campaigns for the future.

"My good sir," I would begin by observing, or, "Bless your heart, miss, I

pray you not to come all the way here to be worried and oppressed out of your natural good sense by striving to see all the world at one peep; or to take a flying vault over one wonder, or the top of another, solely because legions of other trifling, wonder-loving people have accomplished the feat before you. Don't allow your precious wits to be confused, because the great rhymers and sculptors, from the times of the old Athenians, the Homers, and Phidiases, down to our day, have written sublime verse, or carved in marble, or portrayed on canvas, miracles and master-pieces of song and art; or because Corinne has charmed this one, or Consuelo turned the head of that one, with their meretricious, insidious immorality; or because Rogers has warbled sweet descriptions, and Starke—may Heaven be merciful to that old lady, now that she is at rest in the Campo Santo—and Murray, the insatiable—for whom there is no future rest—have exhausted the entire heathen mythology, mixed up with the price of washing and beefsteaks, merely to convince, nay, bully you, as to how, when, and where you must go, look, or eat, so as properly to appreciate what, in their opinions, constitute the beauties of Italy. Oh! no, my hearers. I beseech you to jog gently about, like self-dependent mortals, relying upon the faculties Providence has vouchsafed you; tarry or journey by the highways or goat-paths; repose or fatigue yourself; eat rarioli; suck oranges; smell flowers; drink sour wine or sweet, as best agrees with your constitution; pitch all guides and cicerones to the Diavolo—which will only forestall their fate a little—and then, having cleared your skirts of the vermin, and the film from your eyes, you may live like a prince—indeed, far better than most of the race—enjoy the delights which nature spreads, broadcast, before you—have health, pleasure, and good cheer, all by following the bent of your own inclinations."

And now, my friends, if you like, we will go on shore, and take an inside look at Naples.

In the morning, the sea-breeze wafted us to the anchorage abreast the arsenal.

It is not, by the way, a position where King Bomba prefers to gaze upon ships of war, since their guns stare full in at his palace windows.

In less than an hour, a peripatetic artist in a boat had painted the frigate in colored chalks, with a back-ground, comprising the most awful eruption of Vesuvius ever beheld since the days of Pliny. Punch and Judy were screeching and wrangling in the most agonizing tones on either side of us. A boat-load of charlatans and ballet-tumblers, of both sexes, were jabbering under the stern. A small imp, without any visible legs, beneath the cabin windows, was making music by hammering away with his knuckles on his lower jaw, keeping up a snap-accompaniment to a whistling-chorus. Crowds of itinerant venders of precious relics, coral ornaments, lavas, and piles of daubs of pictures, were thick as bees around the ship, all striving to get up a little code of friendly signals with the officers on deck, or sentries at the gangways, so as to be admitted on board.

I went on shore in the cool of the afternoon; wound my way towards the Villa Reale, and entered the Vittoria Hotel. This albergo was, in former times, and is now, the grandest in Naples. I myself, once upon a time, picked up within the precincts of this establishment a handkerchief, belonging to that good old Dowager Queen Adelaide; which, in itself, was enough to stamp the respectability of the house. Upon the strength of this knowledge, I had advised some of my un-Italianized messmates to bivouac there, and thus give the frigate a good name.

The polite porter showed me up several *pianos* of stairs, until I had gained an altitude about as high as our main-top-gallant-yard, when I was ushered into a pretty saloon, and welcomed by my friends. They were at table, enjoying themselves greatly, after the long Mediterranean sea voyage we had endured, of four days.

The dinner was excellent; the very chickens seemed happy even in death. Small vegetables were coming and going, until, at last, all made way for the fruit.

Apricots, with their downy cheeks half hidden in the green leaves of their purple neighbors, the figs; cherries were heaped up in rich, luscious, red masses; a pyramid of oranges rose

above all; while in every vacant space there stood ruby or pale wine in flasks—Falernian, Ischia, and the *petit Bordeaux* of Capri. Cigar-smoke curled gracefully over this little feast, and it was a picture of downright enjoyment. I was shown through the suit of apartments, too; admired the finely-gilded and painted walls and ceilings; the richly marble-tiled floors; the damasked-curtained beds; the magnificent furniture and the pictures; and then I hung over the lofty balconies, and let my eyes drink in the animated loveliness of the bay.

In a little while, carriages were announced, and, attended by a horde of boy beggars, we formed the queue, with the beau monde of the city, and whirled dustily along the Chiaja for the evening drive. We went through the long, stifling tunnel of Posillippo; rolled on by the road to Baia; took a couple of turns again on the Chiaja, and then descended for a walk in the Royal Garden, designed by Murat. We were all blinded and powdered by dust, and that of the nastiest and most disagreeable kind; and we were wearied by the throngs of podgy priests, who darkened the sidewalks, like daws in a rookery. After a saunter beneath the dense and pretty avenues, around the marble fountains and statues, we took an ice at an *al fresco* café, and I then bade adieu to my companions. I deem it, however, candid to mention, that, on the following day, a mutual acquaintance called upon them at the Grand Hotel, and discovered that they had levanted in a body, soon after breakfast, and later in the day were found to be taking a frugal repast, at an obscure caravanserai near the mole, having been, it was premised, thoroughly cleaned out during their brief sojourn at the Vittoria.

During our stay at Naples, I had the honor of making the acquaintance of Count Bambozzi. I may here remark, that the general ruck of Neapolitan nobility is not a society much to be sought after. As a class, they are numerous, and, not uncommonly, needy. I call to mind, many years ago, a gentleman of this description, who, after informing me that he was a cousin to the Prince of Syracuse, the half brother of the king, received some considerable attention on board the ship I was in. On visiting and inspecting the galley, he inquired where the stalwart old negro cook

stationed at the coppers, came from, and being told from New York, he was anxious to know if the entire population of that commercial emporium were of the same color. Being assured that they were, he declared he had not the heart to leave the vessel without taking away some slight token in remembrance of our country. I communicated this condescension, on the part of the prince, to the captain, who very innocently requested me to present him with a dollar. But not having the exact change about me, I substituted a cheap edition of the prayer-book, which his highness, on leaving, did not seem to be immoderately pleased with.

My friend the count, however, was a person of altogether a different stamp. He was an intimate of the royal family. The king played billiards with him frequently, and he had imported a case of American biscuit for the royal children. In fact, the queen could not get on without him. He was a large, handsome man, drove superb English horses, and was, besides, a general of cavalry, and a distinguished soldier, to boot. At least he assured me he was; and from the extremely rigid cut of his hair, I had no reason to doubt the assertion, since his locks defied anything less than a pair of forceps to get hold with. He was, also, a very gentlemanly person, though, perhaps, a trifle too cordial in manner.

The count invited Dr. Bristles and myself to his house, and accordingly we went. Disembarking at the old mole, by treaty, we hired a one-horse vettura. The cocchiere said he knew where the count lived, and, therefore, declined to read the address. We had doubts in our own mind, that the early rudiments of the driver's education had been omitted; but still we mounted the open four-wheeled vehicle, the whip cracked, and, after a few frightful struggles, the wheels began to revolve. The poor white beast had hardly two legs to trust his body with, and one was a stump, without the merest hope of a flexible joint in it.

To our dismay, too, we found that the jehu was driving quite in the wrong direction; and as he refused to listen to our entreaties to change his course, we pulled him with a jerk over backwards, so that we might get an upside down view of his face, and thus hold speech with him. This effort unfortu-

nately arrested the progress of the vehicle, and before the cocchiere had recovered his equilibrium, his nag, while toiling painfully up a smooth narrow street, and trying to scratch his way over the pavement, at last gave a few bewildering staggers, dropped heavily down, and gave up the ghost. It was a clear case, as Bristles observed, of "Death of the pale horse;" so we jumped out of the chaise, threw the driver a carlino, and, gaining the Strada Toledo, after due deliberation, we selected a tolerable brute and vehicle, and set off again. A drive of two or three miles, by the road of La Toria and Capo de Monti, brought us to our destination. We found the establishment of the count new, spacious, and elegant. His well-bred horses stood quietly hitched to bronze rings in the court-yard.

The saloons were blazing in splendor, and the owner received us with politeness. We found him to be a great amateur of new inventions and improvement in fire-arms; and one of the apartments was fitted up as a *musée d'artillerie*. There was not a metallic contrivance in the way of daggers, guns, or pistols, from the days of the Phœnicians, that our friend had not a specimen of. Among them was a stand of Colt's revolvers, and other recent inventions, all made under the count's own eye in the royal arsenal. Bristles had already effected an advanced lodgment in the citadel of the count's affections, by presenting him a villainous-looking pistol, with an enormous bowie-knife attachment, the size and shape of a meat-cleaver. Not to be outdone, I talked of importing a patent rifle, that would fire upon everybody for an entire campaign, without the trouble of loading. We passed an hour very agreeably, examining weapons and shooting at a mark, and then made our adieu to our hospitable entertainer.

On a succeeding visit to Naples, I am sorry to say, that the noble count cut us dead. Whether it was owing to our remissness in procuring the patent rifle, that he might copy the invention, as he had the revolvers; or that we did not send for a new eight-inch shell gun or boat howitzer; or whether his friend the king, and the royal family had frowned upon his intimacy with the transatlantic Saxons, we did not learn. All we know is, that his cruel treatment caused us infinite sorrow.

We chose a different route on our return, and drove along by the shores of the bay. Had we not had ocular proof that every other street and lane in Naples had been as densely crowded with vehicles, we should have sworn that every one of them had been launched upon the Strada Marina. So, too, had we not known that the desperate racing going on there, was a matter of daily occurrence, we should have supposed the thing had been expressly got up for our amusement.

Fortunately our nag was driven by a human being, and one who, without indulging in the sport, delighted in contemplating it from a distance. He accordingly rolled us to a safe position by the roadside. Here we remained in comparative security, within ear-shot of a very screechy and cruelly buffeted Punch and Judy; but we had ample scope to regard the furious devotees of the race who went spinning by us.

There are never congregated anywhere else such outlandish, nimble-tumble coaches, low-wheeled vans, battered chaises, and vetturas, carts, donkey-wagons, and, in fact, every imaginable contrivance for land locomotion. All of them were literally crammed, too, and where room was not found inside, children, babies, and baskets were either slung under the axles, or the drivers themselves would be balanced on one leg from behind somewhere, snapping their thongs and urging their beasts, by jerk or wrench, to hurry on over the hard smooth pavement and distance their competitors. On they flew with furious, headlong speed, utterly regardless of personal property, cracking their whips over the smoking steeds, who seemed quite as wild in their career as their masters, dashing from side to side of the broad Strada, straining, plunging, running, slipping, smashing, shouting, singing, and laughing. In all my equine experience, I never saw such a pell-mell imbroglio of bipeds, quadrupeds, vehicles, and beasts—such a really excitable, insane throng anywhere.

Bristles and I were only too glad to quietly thread the mazes of these racers without mishap, and reach the open space near the mole, where, tailing on to a more quiet crew, we trotted slowly on to Santa Lucia.

Here we got down, and dismissed our vetturino. We quarreled with him,

as a matter of course; but this was to be expected, and we were not in the least disturbed by his moans, being persuaded that he would respect us the more for resisting extortion.

Twilight had faded entirely, and as the lamps were beginning to twinkle along the quay of Santa Lucia, we strolled in that direction. Whoever visits Naples, should not omit a survey of all the shelly wonders which surround the famous fishermen of Santa Lucia.

Along the seaside of the broad causeway, against the heavy stone copings, are arranged the upright stands of these bronzed old fishers. There is not one of them who could not stand, without a blush, for a study for Masaniello, or yet for San Antonio himself. Look at them! Did you ever see such a corps of bony-flipped, salt-water, corrugated old faces—every furrow and wrinkle in their weather-beaten cheeks cut as deep and clear as the waves off Cape Horn. Those skinny throats and amphibious legs, too, with their impervious raiment, looking, for all the world, like quilted brown seaweed! They are, indeed, the bean ideals of fishermen. Their names are legibly painted over the sectional boxes—names, too, of historical renown.—Antonio Doria, Giacopo Machiavel, Giovanni di Bologna, Giuseppe Rinaldo, and half a score more of the like nobility, all waiting, with a sharp little knife in their palms, for customers.

But, by Saint Barnabas! what a variety of shell-fish! Oysters of goodly size, as clean and salty-looking as possible; delicately-fluted clams; snails—red ones and green ones; muscles—similar to pretty pearl-handled penknives; then other nameless monsters, with long stickers, like miniature black porcupines—and all these tempting treasures tastily arranged in square, shallow baskets. Whenever the vendors wished to call attention to their activity or freshness, they would give the cases a smart rap, when all the shells from their cosy sea-weed beds, with a simultaneous and spasmodic start, would open their mouths, run out their feelers, and make a knowing and impatient wriggle, before resuming their previous silent and observant manner.

We lounged about for some time, wrapt in admiration of these case-hardened luxuries—vacillating between a desire to swallow a few, and fears of consequences.

Our doubts, however, were put an end to, by the approach of a pretty woman, from a carriage hard by, who, without a moment's hesitation, seized a pair of the pearl-handled razor-fish, and cracking the transparent cases with her pearly-enameled teeth, the muscle put out his tongue, as if entranced at the fate of slipping so sweetly into the lady's mouth, and was seen no more. We waited no longer—our fears were dispelled—and stepping up to a merry old scamp, we shouted, "*Cos' avete?*" "*Ah, Signori! tutti frutti di mare!*"—all the fruits of the sea—he replied, and forthwith he caught up a nice-looking oyster, inserted his sharp little blade at the hinge, the bivalves parted; a small, embryo fisherman stood ready with a minute pot of pepper and half a lemon, with both of which condiments he gave a dash and a squeeze, and we thus began in earnest. First an oyster, then a clam, now a snail, and again a muscle, until we had well nigh sucked down the entire stock of bivalvous crustacea. Carefully counting the empty shells, after a long and oft-repeated negotiation, we succeeded, with infinite pleasure, in canceling our pecuniary obligation. This, however, was effected in great good-humor on both sides; when shaking the bony hand of our entertainer, we moved away to the opposite side of the strada. We looked into the wine shops, took a sip of eau-de-vie, so disguised as to be unintelligible to King Alcohol himself, and then returned to our lounge among the Pescatori.

By this time, the whole street, from the angle of the Arsenal to Castelluovo, was profusely illuminated, and crowds of people were strolling about, inhaling the fresh sea air from the bay, while the round, yellow moon flooded a broad rippling road over the water, from Sorrento.

Presently we came to a broad flight of marble steps, and seeing the populace descend, we followed, not expecting, however, to be repaid for our explorations by aught else save the naked quay, with the clusters of boats and bathing-sheds lying in the vicinity. On descending, our surprise was great to find a broad, well-paved space, pitched with painted tents and awnings, small, neatly-spread tables standing about, while arched casemates ran under the street above, brilliantly lighted, and making as

charming an al-fresco restaurant as one would care to behold.

On the brink of the quay were more of our friends the fishermen, with their *ostriconi* as appetizingly displayed as ever, while scale-fish, too, were shining and gleaming in their dying struggles, just out of the nets. Opposite, by the tables, were the cooks, with kettles of steaming macaroni, pyramids of grated cheese, platters of oil, and all prepared to reel off any amount of miles of "pipe-stems made easy" the company might desire. There were tidy old women, too, rushing about, to attract the notice of wayfarers to their viands and salads; while charcoal fires burned ruddily within the casemates, where the broiling and frying was carried on unceasingly, for the guests without.

In a trice, we resolved to sup; and selecting a jolly, good-natured old lady, we arranged the preliminaries at her tent. In the first place, we summoned Antonio Tasso (who, by the way, talked as if the whole world were deaf as stones), and after carefully examining his fish, we chose a beautiful mullet, whose tail was just quivering with its latest flap.

After driving a bargain with Antonio, we carried off our prize, and consigned it to the coals of our own Signora. Then we had clear and precise stipulations with this last-named personage, with respect to the exact cost of every article we might consume. The bread was to be so much; the salad to be dressed with good oil and salt; there were a brace of tomatoes, at so many *grani*; and, lastly, there was to be a bottle of famous *capri bianco*—no sweet wine, according to the proverb, "*Guardate d'aceto di vin dolce*," but good sound juice, squeezed ever so many years ago, and pressed for the lips of Bacchus!

The treaty being thus concluded, down we sat at table, adjoining a party of Swiss officers of the guard, with their wives and sweethearts beside them. We were not annoyed by beggars; for our hostess had placed a small boy and a sharp, to keep watch over us; and the lazaroni merely licked their chops at a respectable distance; while, at the same time, a quartette of juvenile damsels were permitted to make music on harps and lutes in the background.

Presently our mullet came, smoking hot, and was laid crispy brown on the

board; then the bread; then the cool, brittle salad, with the tomatoes; and, finally, the rare old bottle of capri. The Signora and Antonio Tasso shrieked in ecstacy, as we uttered sentiments of satisfaction at the sight of our supper. the venerable white-capped cook came out from the casemate, with a pair of devil's tormentors in one hand and a casserole in the other, merely to admire us. The small, bright youth, attached as skirmisher to the establishment, warded off the beggars with decision and energy. Meanwhile a trio of imps telegraphed in the distance for the bones of our mullet, making rapid pantomime by tossing their fingers down their wide-open mouths, in anticipation of those fragments, while at the same time they capered and danced to the chorus of "macaroni! macaroni!"

Even the man with the white apron, who was ladling out of a huge earthen pot pickled star-fish, paused a moment to gaze upon us, and exclaim: "*I Signori Inglesi!*" And the pretty, fat woman, with the smart Swiss officers, scattered bright smiles upon us, while she coquetishly pulled her lover's mustache, and sucked a razor-fish.

Ah! all was delightfully *al-fresco* and Italian; and could we have convinced our stout friend Antonio Tasso that we stood no more in need of his *ostriconi*, we should have been in a state of perfect beatification.

But the amiable Antonio was a logician, and extremely incredulous upon that point; and tripping up to our table every few seconds, and running through the entire gamut of his stock in trade, would implore us to name a fish, and "whillup," it would swim down our throats like oil; and he threw back his head, and went through the motion, by way of accompaniment.

Nevertheless, we got on bravely with the repast set before us, and, on finishing, it was by the severest effort of self-denial that we were prevented from rushing straight away to bargain for another mullet. For a miracle, too, our rotund hostess never grumbled at the price originally drawn up in the protocol, and since the amount was not unreasonable, we gave a *buona mano* to the vigilant custode of the lazaroni, with a copper trifle to the aged cook.

Then the young vultures, who had been dancing like demons, for an hour, pounced upon the crumbs of bread,

morsels of salad and fish, while the indefatigable Antonio drained the last drops of the capri, and caroled forth a note of thanksgiving, interspersed with an earnest exhortation for the bystanders to taste his *ostriconi*.

The hostess patted us on the back, as we affectionately embraced her at parting, and hoped, by all the saints, *I Signori* would come and test her good cheer again.

Buckling on our swords, we resumed our tour. After the hearty supper and generous wine, we felt charitably inclined, and accordingly we selected a poor blind cripple, with a brace of famished blind children at his side. To feed this party, we found a difficult matter; for on leading them to the cauldrons of macaroni, before the dispenser thereof could fill and hand a platter, the myriads of starving creatures around would snatch and devour it like magic. As a last resort, we barricaded the blind group in an angle by a casemate, where they were enabled to swallow their portions in peace.

After this affair was settled, we concluded to part with Santa Lucia, having decided, on mature reflection, that we had acquired a taste for low life. Ascending the broad stairs, attended by the impish trio of urchins, we bent our footsteps towards the mole.

The hour was late, but yet the streets and piazzas were thronged, and no languor was visible under the influence of the soft, refreshing Italian night. It is in the summer's night, long after the orange-heated glow of sunset has passed, that all Italy wakes fairly into life.

We sauntered lazily on, stopping at intervals to rest on the balustrade over the Arsenal, or on the rim of a fountain, or to listen to the delightful music in the front of the palace; to sip a drop of cool lemonade in that execrable Café Europa; and to pause for a long gaze at the noble equestrian statues, which stand at the northern gateway of the palace. All the while, our ballet-boys, little *gamins* as they were, marched, danced, skipped, or sang snatches from operas, invariably ending their vocal performances with the *tarantella*.

In due course, we reached the port, and were hailed by the usual salutations of scores of boatmen: "Takee bote, sare; go bode." "Here de man-y-warr-bote, official," and so forth.

We chose an individual from the gang, but when on the point of giving some slight recompense to our "corps de ballet," our intentions seemed to be divined; for, like a shower, there fell upon us a troop of young vagabonds, who sprang so suddenly from the shade of the piers and walls, and resembled so closely our own especial imps, that we were utterly unable to distinguish them from their companions.

We were in a quandary; and not caring to distribute largesse to the whole community, while the din and shrill clamor waxed alarming, we were

on the point of retreating to the boat, when a happy thought occurred to us. Commanding silence for an instant, we trilled forth a quick note of the *taran-tella*, which being immediately taken up by our own little chorus, leaping and chanting to the music, we seized them by the arms, and were thus enabled to indulge them with a few coppers.

Then paddling through the fleets of merchant vessels which filled the port, we gained a cool offing in the bay, mounted to the deck of the frigate, and so betook ourselves deep down to our oaken parlors in the cock-pit

THE ICONOCLAST.

A THOUSAND years shall come and go,
A thousand years of night and day,
And man, through all their changing show,
His tragic drama still shall play.

Ruled by some fond ideal's power,
Cheated by passion or despair,
Still shall he waste life's trembling hour,
In worship vain, and useless prayer.

Ah! where are they who rose in might,
Who fired the temple and the shrine,
And hurled, through earth's chaotic night,
The helpless gods it deemed divine?

Cease, longing soul, thy vain desire!
What idol, in its stainless prime,
But falls, untouched of axe or fire,
Before the steady eyes of Time.

He looks, and lo! our altars fall,
The shrine reveals its gilded clay,
With decent hands we spread the pall,
And, cold with wisdom, glide away.

Oh! where were courage, faith, and truth,
If man went wandering all his day,
In golden clouds of love and youth,
Nor knew that both his steps betray?

Come, Time, while here we sit and wait,
Be faithful, spoiler, to thy trust!
No death can further desolate
The soul that knows its god was dust.

RUSKIN'S WRITINGS.*

THE publication of this third volume, containing Part Fourth of *Modern Painters*, furnishes us an occasion for some remarks upon the works of Mr. Ruskin. He stands confessedly at the head of all English writers, on certain branches of art; and despite his idiosyncrasies, which are often glaring, his offensive conceit, and a want of philosophic genius, remarkable in a person otherwise so well endowed, he deserves his position. No Englishman, that we can call to mind, has written so much and so worthily of art as he has; no one, indeed, that we know, is comparable to him, either for the extent of his knowledge in this peculiar range, or for the vividness and value of his influence. Lord Lindsay, who has made the history of art a speciality, is not more minutely acquainted with it than Ruskin is; nor is Mrs. Jamison, though a woman more susceptible to all its finer poetic feelings; nor is Eastlake, though President of the Royal Academy, a nicer judge of its technical excellence. In fact, if the whole truth were told, we might roll a great many critical "single gentlemen into one," without forming a compound equal to Ruskin; for insight, vigor, sincerity, and eloquence, he stands head and shoulders above his contemporaries.

The appearance, indeed, of the first volume of *Modern Painters*, by an "Oxford graduate," protesting so vehemently against the shallow pedantries of the magazine writers, and throwing down the gauntlet of critical combat to the entire circle of onlookers, with such lusty disdain, was an era in the history of British criticism. It will be well remembered with what goggle-eyes of surprise the accredited authorities watched the advent of the young champion, as he bounced into the ring, and laying his devoirs at the feet of one J. M. W. Turner (who may be called his queen of beauty for the nonce, as Maria Theresa was called King of Hungary by law), prepared for a general charge, first unhorsing, in a most ungallant manner, the visored knight of Blackwood, and then brandishing his

lance, pell-mell, along the lists. He seemed to fight wildly enough at first; but it was evident, from the number that lay dishonored upon the fields—some with only their casques broken, but others with heads and limbs disastrously shattered—that he fought surely as well as wildly, and that those sturdy blows, apparently struck at random, brought down a foe at every aim. Everybody admired, we believe, the dashing intrepidity, the confident skill of the unknown combatant, though few trusted his judgment. What commended him, perhaps, more than anything else—more than his acknowledged ability, his brilliant mastery of natural scenery, and his evident erudition—to popular regard, was, the honest, unblenching, almost truculent zeal, with which he took up the cudgels for a great and unappreciated modern, in whose behalf he tore away the false glory that had hidden the defects of the most venerated painters of the past, tearing some of their flesh with it, and thrashed about among his own cotemporaries, even like a soldier of the Commonwealth among the bedizened images of some old Jacobitic chapel. There is scarcely in history another such instance of the fervent espousal and defense of one man by another, on the ground of pure intellectual sympathy, as that of Turner by Ruskin; and it is amusing to read, now that Turner's fame is assured, the intense vehemence with which it was supposed necessary to assail Claude and Poussin, in order to enthrone the favorite. Nor does it appear, from the preface to this latest volume, that he has yet forgiven the slowness of his countrymen to recognize the great spirit among them; for, abusing Claude with all the old venom and keenness of hate, he speaks with ill-concealed bitterness of irony of the threefold honor heaped upon Turner, now that he lies quiet at Chelsea, by those who "bury his body in St. Paul's, his pictures at Charing Cross, and his purposes in chancery!" This is clearly the ring of the original Ruskin.

Mr. Ruskin's subsequent writings

have shown that his learning was equal to his confidence, and, though he has never been able to rescue his judgment from the suspicions which his early impetuosity and continued want of temperance have created, he has still succeeded in increasing his reputation as a critic, and in acquiring a new and solid hold of public respect. Not a few men, now-a-days, artists as well as amateurs, allow his thinking to color all their own: there are some, indeed, who invest him with a species of infallibility; who would fain believe, that when he has pronounced on any point of artistic morals or doctrine, the thing is forever determined; and it is worthy of note, that Mr. Ruskin himself rather encourages this view of the matter. In the preface to the volume before us, he generously admits that, owing to the immense field of study which is to be gone over, in order to qualify one to become a competent critic of art—such as “optics, geometry, geology, botany, and anatomy,” with “the works of all great artists, and the temper and history of the times in which they lived,” not forgetting “metaphysics,” and “the phenomenon of natural scenery”—why not add, and “the use of the globes?”—there is some “chance of occasionally making mistakes.” But, apart from these transient slips, he is quite impeccable. The laws of painting, he says, are as unerring and obvious as those of music or of chemistry, and anybody, who will take the trouble to master them, may pronounce opinions upon art, as unhesitatingly as Faraday discourses of the affinity of the gases, or, we suppose, as Stephenson would of the capacity of locomotives.

There is much, then, in Mr. Ruskin's position and opinions to invite our attention to him; but, before venturing upon a general estimate of his merits, we must first give an account of this last book.

The “Modern Painters” has been scattered, in a somewhat desultory way, over a period of ten years, and though not begun, and never intended, we imagine, as a regular or formal treatise, has sufficient unity of purpose in it to justify a common name for the several volumes. It is to be expected that there should be a great deal of rambling discussion in a work issued so by piecemeal—issued as the external exigencies of opinion, rather than its own internal

law, seemed to require—not a little inconsistency, perhaps—the end often forgetting the beginning, and the beginning often setting out vigorously, but reaching nowhere—and the lesser critics have an ample field for the display of their art therein—yet it has a method, and a method which, with no great research, one is able to dig out and set upon its feet. As the author, indeed, states his plan for himself, his general object has been to discuss the sources of those pleasures opened to us by art (meaning chiefly pictorial and structural art)—pleasures which he distributes into three groups, consisting, first, of the pleasures derived from ideas of truth, or from the perception of resemblances to nature; second, of the pleasures derived from ideas of beauty; and, lastly, of the pleasures furnished by the meaning of these things, or ideas of relation. His first volume, therefore, treated of the success with which different artists had represented the facts of nature; his second inquired more abstractly into the origin of our ideas of beauty and relation, being an attempt towards a philosophy of the theoretic or imaginative faculties; while for the third volume, it remained to characterize the different degrees in which distinguished artists, or schools of artists, have succeeded in attaining true greatness in art. Another volume is to come, but what precisely it will be about, we cannot anticipate; for while it may be conceded to Mr. Ruskin that he is somewhat methodical, it is no less clear that he despises system. He promises, however, that it will contain a formal analysis of all the great labors of Turner.

Mr. Ruskin's first and leading question in this volume is, of course, as to what constitutes real greatness in art. Artists, as well as critics, have always recognized a certain distinction between high and low art, or between the grand ideal style, and the low realistic style, but have never succeeded, according to our author, in describing accurately what that distinction is. Sir Joshua Reynolds, in some papers contributed to Dr. Johnson's *Idler*, in 1759, made such an attempt, but without decided success. He compares high art to poetry, in which the great, general, and invariable ideas of human nature are expressed, without regard, and even in contempt of nice details; and low art to

history, which makes a formal statement of every particular of facts or events, illustrating the former by the Italian schools, excepting that of Venice, and the latter by the Dutch schools, including that of Venice, as a sort of Dutchified Italian. But Mr. Ruskin shows, as well he might, that these views of Sir Joshua are exceedingly superficial: in the first place, that poetry does concern itself with minute details, that the faithful imitation of nature is not an easy nor an undignified thing; and then, passing to his own better views, asserts that the difference between great and mean art lies, not in definable methods of handling, or styles of representation, but wholly in the nobleness of the end to which the effort is directed.

"We cannot say," he remarks, "that a painter is great because he paints boldly, or paints delicately; because he generalizes or particularizes; because he loves detail, or because he disdains it. He is great, if, by any of these means, he has laid open noble truths, or aroused noble emotions. It does not matter whether he paints the petal of a rose, or the chasms of a precipice, so that love and admiration attend him as he labors, and wait upon his work. It does not matter whether he toil for months upon a few inches of his canvas, or cover a palace-front with color in a day, so only that it be with a solemn purpose he has filled his heart with patience, or urged his hand to haste. And it does not matter whether he seek for his subjects among peasants or nobles, among the heroic or the simple, in courts or in fields, so only that he behold all things with a thirst for beauty, and a hatred of meanness and vice."

All this, however, defines nothing, merely repeating what is as old as art itself, that its highest walks lie in the region of the beautiful and the good; and we must have, in order to understand the matter, a more specific description of the characters which make up greatness of style. Accordingly, Mr. Ruskin states them to be, in the order of their increasing importance, 1st, the habitual and sincere choice of noble subjects; 2d, the introduction of as much beauty as is consistent with truth; 3d, the largest possible quantity of truth in the greatest possible harmony; and, 4th, imaginative power. By "choice of noble subjects," he means an inward preference for subjects of thought which involve wide interests and profound passion, as opposed to narrow interests and slight passions. Leonardo, for instance, in the selection of the Last Supper for painting, evinced himself a greater artist than Raphael in

selecting the School of Athens, or Tennyson a body of simple clowns. Supposing the choice sincere, as it ought always to be, it marks a larger and nobler range of sympathies in the heart, and a disposition to dwell in the highest thoughts of humanity. Again: by the "introduction of as much beauty as is consistent with truth," he means that the fairest forms must always be sought out and dwelt upon, that the intensest beauty is to be worshiped, but not exclusively, not to the denial of the fact that ugliness and decrepitude also exist. For beauty, deprived of the proper foil and adjuncts, furnished to it by its opposites, ceases to be enjoyed as beauty, just as light deprived of shadow ceases to be enjoyed as light; while the ugliest objects contain some element of beauty peculiar to themselves, which cannot be separated from their ugliness. In other words, the perception of beauty, like other human perceptions, is relative, and is best enjoyed in the relations in which nature has discovered it to us. Thus, the intense spiritual beauty of Angelico is freshened and strengthened by his frank portraiture of ordinary brother-monks: Shakespeare places Caliban beside Miranda, while a vulgar mind withdraws his beauty to the safety of the saloon, and his innocence to the seclusion of the cloister. High art, therefore, neither alters nor improves nature, but seeks for what is lovely in it, just as it is, and displays this loveliness to the utmost of its power. What further Mr. Ruskin means by "putting as much harmonic truth as possible" in a work, and by "imaginative power," we need not stop to explain, as he has already dwelt upon these points in his previous works. Stated without disguise, or, rather, without that wonderful richness of illustration and occasional eloquence of phrase in which Mr. Ruskin sometimes imbeds his thoughts, his idea of the comparative greatness of styles in art is, simply, of the degree in which they combine goodness of purpose with love of beauty and truth, and imaginative power.

No one, we think, can object to this result, which is not particularly novel in itself, though so admirably worked up; but it seems to us that it might have been more simply, and, at the same time, philosophically arrived at. It is true of every work of art, as it is of every product of nature, that it is what

the strange old Swedenborg, in his way of phrasing it, calls "a thing of trine dimensions." He wants us to understand by this, that things are things only as they are, at once, an end, a means, and an effect, or as they possess a soul, a mind, and a body. Strip of either, a thing is a most imperfect thing, or, rather, no thing at all, as any one may see who will conceive of himself, or any creature, if he can, destitute of either of them, though it should be but for a moment. Every work of art, being a most precious outgrowth of the human spirit, must also have its soul, mind, and body—the first, in that great purpose which gives birth to it, the second, in that organic distribution of parts which makes it a form—and the last, in that sensible embodiment of it which is called the execution. Its substance, or soul, is the end which the artist has in view; its form, his mode of conceiving it intellectually; and its body, the actual sensible appearance.

We say the soul of it is its great end or purpose, in which expression more is contained than in the simple term, choice of subject, commonly referring to the mere external act. The most inveterate numbskull, or the most abandoned rake, may choose the most sacred theme for his artistic treatment; but he is only so much the more the numbskull and the rake for exposing in this way his foolishness or his hypocrisy. His real choice, his inward preference, is the internal delight which animates his action, and not the ostensible subject which gives name to it. But this delight or love may range from the lowest avidity of gain or fame, up, through the various varieties of display, to the most disinterested sympathy, in every humane and noble deed, even to the inmost life of God. A Caravaggio will paint you an Entombment of Christ—a subject which in itself is certainly full of tragic pathos and spiritual significance, and which he handles, in many ways, in a masterly manner, with carnations as fine as Giorgione's, and a touch as vigorous, almost, as Michael Angelo—but there will be only so much soul in it as may be implied in Caravaggio's desire to please the reigning taste, joined to the display of his own wild energy. His work, in spite of its subject, will be essentially a specimen of low art, quite as much so as the burial of one of our wandering Indians by his tribe would

be. On the other hand, there are Dutch painters, who paint you a festival of village-boors, or an encounter of half-tipsy dragoons, which in themselves are generally pronounced vulgar subjects, so that nearly the whole of Dutch art is called low art: yet, when we perceive, as we often do, that the delight of these painters lay, not in their boors and dragoons, but in the national life which these represented—in that sturdy burgher spirit which had laboriously won a country from the sea, which had heroically resisted the aggressions of Spanish despotism, and which rejoiced in the free, honest, independent citizenship, achieved by its own valor of spade and sword—we recognize in it a motive vastly superior to those superstitious reverences and base fears of authority which often prompted the *Madonnas* and *Martyrdoms* of Italy. It is the soul of a picture, therefore—its inmost purpose—the spiritual sympathy it displays, which not only inspires it, but determines its character, and assigns it its rank in the different walks of art. Let the end of the artist be mean, selfish, groveling, and though its subject were the Nativity or the Crucifixion—the highest facts of human history—and though the effects were wrought out with miraculous cunning of brain and hand, the work cannot be elevated: but let the end be great, originating in any large and disinterested affection, in any sincere passion of love, hope, veneration, joy, philanthropy, and the spiritual grandeur alone will redeem it, in spite of much poverty of invention, and much feebleness of management. On this account it is, that the genial yet serious student of art, wandering among the splendors of Italy, will often be arrested, in the midst of their tropical gleams, by some infant bud, some early flower, peering, it may be, from the broken wall of a now abandoned and voiceless cloister, in whose faded touches he will, with joy and thankfulness, still discern the first warm kisses of God's heavenly sun. Thus, the paintings of the monk, Angelico, do not ravish us with a glory of color, as Titian's sometimes do—they do not overwhelm us with exuberance of incident, as Tintoretto does—nor charm us into speechless admiration, by graceful form, as Raphael often will: but the devotion of them, the intense spiritual power, calm from the very fervor of its

ecstasy, transfixes us with awe and rapture.

But a work may belong to a great department of art without being in itself a successful example of it—as an animal may belong to an exalted species without being an exalted individual manifestation of that species—or, as Overbeck's paintings, for a more appropriate instance, may aim nobly at the highest range of Christian art, but not reach it perfectly. For to this there is required a combination of excellences, or that union of spiritual, intellectual, and executive endowment, which enables the artist, who is inspired by noble sympathies, to work them out with the broadest wisdom, of both the rational and imaginative functions of the intellect, and with consummate manipulation, or mastery of material elements. Consulting any acknowledged master-piece of the world—whether a poem, or a musical composition, as well as a painting—we shall see that feeling, thought, and skill, are blended in it, so that while it touches the unsounded depths of the heart, and stimulates the loftiest energies of the intellect, it also ravishes the eye or ear with delight. The sum of the qualities, necessary to the greatest art, therefore, as Mr. Ruskin well says, is simply the sum of all the best powers of man:—"For, as the choice of the high subject involves all the conditions of right moral choice, as the love of beauty involves all the conditions of right admiration, as the grasp of truth involves all strength of sense and evenness of judgment, and as the poetical power involves all swift-ness of invention, and accuracy of historical memory, the sum of all these powers is the sum of the human soul."

Enough! perhaps the reader will exclaim with *Rasselas*—"you have convinced me that no man can be a poet!" Not the greatest, but still great; for the good Providence, which has scattered along the line of six thousand years only as many of the primal stars as you may count on your fingers, reserving to them the peerless dignity of perfection, to show that the highest powers are not absolutely incommunicable as a single possession—he has yet, dividing his gifts, distributed them with a free and benignant hand. To some he has given, in grander measures, love, and to some, wisdom; to some, power—to some, the heavenly vision,

which looks with eyes undimmed upon the transfigured glories—and to others, the swift sweeping wings, which fan away the dust of the centuries, or come and go from world to world, like flashing sunbeams—and to others, again, the forging hand, which wrests the secrets of nature, and dissolves its rugged rocks into gems; but to all of us he has also given, if we but use his gifts with humble heart and diligent will, the power to appreciate these, to repeat, if we please, in gentler echoes, the thunders of their voices—to build our chalets and flower-gardens on the sides of their Alps; or, what is better, to catch with our own ears, as we may from our inland homes, some sound of distant seas, "rolling evermore;" and to behold with our eyes some downward sparkle of the ineffable lustre.

A right apprehension of true greatness in art, involves an inquiry into the much-debated question, as to the true ideal of art. Accordingly, our author expends a great deal of characteristic energy on the determination of this all-important point. In order to arrive at the true ideal of art, however, he first propounds his true idea of life: namely, "that the proper business of men in this world is, first, to know themselves and the existing state of the things they have to do with; second, to be happy in themselves and the existing state of things; and, third, to mend themselves and the existing state of things, as far as either is marred and mendable." If anybody is not disposed to this main business, it is because he fears disagreeable facts, and shrinks from self-examination, acquiring, gradually, an instinctive terror of truth and a love of glossy and decorative lies; or, because of a general readiness to take delight in things past, future, far off, or somewhere else, rather than in things now, near, and here, thus begetting a satisfaction in mere imagination, or in things as they are not. Now, nearly all artistic striving after the ideal is only a branch of this base habit—the abuse of the imagination in allowing it to find its whole delight in the impossible and the untrue; while the faithful pursuit of the ideal, is an honest use of the imagination, giving full power and presence to the possible and true.

The uses of the imagination are, first and noblest, to enable us to bring

sensibly to our sight the things recorded of the invisible world; then, secondarily, to traverse the scenes of actual history, making them real once more; then, to invest the main incidents of life with happy associations, in order to lighten present ills, and summon back past goods; as, also, to give mental truth some visible type in allegory, simile, or personification; and, finally, when the mind is utterly outwearied, to refresh it with such innocent play as shall be in harmony with the suggestive voices of natural things, permitting it to possess living companionship instead of silent beauty, and create for itself fairies in the green and naiads in the wave.* On the other hand, the abuses of the imagination consist either in creating for mere pleasure, false images, when we ought to create true ones, or in turning what was intended for the mere refreshment of the heart into its daily food, and changing the innocent pastime of an hour into the guilty occupation of a life. As examples of the first abuse, Mr. Ruskin, in a most masterly review of it, cites that religious art, (administering a rebuke to one of Raphael's customs in the course of it), which asserted the most fulsome and outrageous lies of the simple facts of Scripture, thereby deadening their import to the souls of men; while of the second abuse, he cites the profane art chiefly after the sixteenth century, which, seeking beauty first, and truth secondarily, soon lost sight of all real beauty, as well as all real truth, and sunk into a mesh of disgraceful sensualism.

Again: as to the true idealism, it has taken three principal forms—the purist, the naturalist, and the grotesque—all permissible, and all admirable within their limits, but the best of them, the naturalist. The things about us, he says, contain good and evil promiscuously, and some men choosing the good alone, they are called purists; and some taking both together, are called naturalists; while others have a tendency to the evil alone, and hence become grotesque. The purest ideal, exhibited by Angelico and many painters of the thirteenth century, results from

the unwillingness of men of holy and tender dispositions to grapple with the definite evils of life, and is apt to degenerate into a weak and childish form of art. The grotesque ideal arises from a healthful but irrational play of imagination in times of rest, or from the irregular contemplation of terrible things, or from the confusion of the imagination by the presence of truths which it cannot wholly grasp, but it must be held with a firm hand to prevent its running into demonology and wickedness;† while the central ideal, the ideal of ideals, as we may say, is that which, accepting both good and evil, accepting all weaknesses, faults, and wrongnesses, harmonizes them into a noble whole, in which the imperfections of the parts become not only harmless, but essential, while, whatever is good in each part is completely displayed. This has been the ideal of all the really greatest masters of the world. On this principle, Homer, Dante, Tintoret, Shakespeare, and Turner worked. And under the influence of this ideal alone, will modern art, if it is ever destined to achieve the most glorious triumph, fulfill its mission.

We should like to extract largely from this part of the book, of which we have given only the baldest abstract, to evince our admiration of much of it, and we should like to criticize largely, to tell in what respects we disagree; but as more interesting topics are at hand, we have only space to utter a word on one or two points. In the midst of that medley of fine things which Mr. Ruskin says, we do not perceive that he strikes the key-note to a proper exhibition of the ideal. His distinctions between the purist, naturalist, and grotesque ideal, carry a certain force with them, and are beautifully elaborated; but they are not philosophic distinctions, because they are not founded on any real relations of contrast. They are simply arbitrary divisions. Purism, as he interprets it, seeking to escape the definite evils of the world, is a weakness, false to the essential conditions of human life, and consequently, as he seems to admit, no true ideal. His grotesquism, again, is made to em-

* Page 47.

† One of the most discriminating of criticisms Ruskin has ever written, occurs in this chapter on the grotesque, where he compares a griffin of the classical sort with a mediæval griffin. It is in such passages that he displays his finest critical power.

brace quite too much. Our blessed little friends, the fairies and elves, Titania and Oberon, and even the spiteful Kobolds, spring from no affinity for evil, and are romantic, rather than grotesque creations; while the art which arises from truths which confuse and baffle the imagination, is simply symbolic or allegorical, or, if more than that, sublime. Mr. Ruskin, however, is unquestionably right in regarding the naturalistic ideal as the true ideal; "naturalistic, because studied from nature, and ideal, because mentally arranged in a certain manner;" but, unfortunately, the very point we want to know most about, namely, what this "mentally arranged in a certain manner," means, he covers with a cloud of talk on "inspiration," "instinct," "imaginative vision," and what not, as misty as any German philosophy* that we have lately read. This taking refuge in "inspiration," and the like, after the exceedingly positive statement of Mr. Ruskin, that the laws of art were as plain as the affinities of chemistry, strikes us with as much disappointment as surprise. After being led on through a hundred pages by an expectation that, at last, a great light was to be shed upon the mysterious realm of artistic creation, to find it only a will-o'-the-wisp, rather piques one into some resentment against the guide. "The great man knows nothing about rules," says Mr. Ruskin; "the rules of art cannot be taught." "They are instinctively seen;" "they are God-given;" all which may be true, and is; but then, how is it that the laws of art may be "learned by labor," and demonstrated, as Faraday demonstrates gases? We cannot but believe, if Mr. Ruskin had studied that philosophy of which

he cherishes so violent a *rabies*, that he would have been enabled to write more clearly and consecutively of this "mental arrangement," which is the essential point of his whole inquiry. We cannot but believe, also, that Hegel, for instance, in his profound analysis of the development of art, through its several forms of symbolic, classic, and romantic art, in spite of the overlying metaphysics, easily separable, in what is offensive in them, from the genuine substance of the thought, has cast a great deal of light upon the proper sense of the ideal. At any rate, we know that nearly all that is valuable in Mr. Ruskin's own speculations was anticipated for us in that writer, with much that Mr. Ruskin does not reach, presented with a comprehensiveness of view, and a freedom from petty partialities, which it would materially assist Mr. Ruskin to cultivate. We do not mean to say, by this, that we accept entirely Hegel's æsthetic theories, which have the defects incident to his general scheme of philosophy; but what we wish to commend is, their admirable method, the profound significance of certain parts, and that elevation and breadth of view which generalizes, not from any single form, or age, or manifestation of art, but from a calm survey of the whole field of artistic effort. But we cannot dwell on this point.

The most labored, novel, and altogether characteristic part of this work is, a review of ancient, mediæval, and modern landscape—full of eloquent writing and keen criticism—illustrated by effective drawings, but painfully diffuse, and vitiated by superficial learning as well as superficial philosophy. It must be confessed, in the outset, how-

* Besides numerous flings in the text, Mr. Ruskin devotes an appendix to a lusty tilt against "German Philosophy," and as this includes every variety of human speculation, it is virtually a tilt against all philosophy. It is amusingly absurd for its insular bigotry, but particularly so in a man, whose book (two-thirds of it) is occupied in enforcing a philosophy of his own. In behalf of this decreed "German Philosophy," let us add, much as we detest some of its merely metaphysical wranglers, that, as a whole, the cultivated mind of Germany approaches all questions of human thought from a vastly higher stand-point than either the practical English or the scientific French. Mr. Ruskin confesses his profound obligations to Carlyle, yet Carlyle is steeped in Germanism to the core. Besides, what an enormous presumption it is, to arraign the philosophy of a whole nation, and that nation the most cultivated extant, while acknowledging a willful ignorance of it! What seems to have moved his special ire against "German Philosophy," is a phrase of Chevalier Bunsen in Hippolytus, about a "finite realization of the infinite," which he ridicules as equivalent to a "black realization of white." We do not know in what connection Bunsen applies the phrase, but we, old-fashioned Christians, who believe, literally, in "God manifest in the flesh," can conceive a meaning of it not so wholly ludicrous as Mr. Ruskin supposes. Again: he is irate over the phrase, "God, man, and humanity," which, he says, is a parallel to "Man, dog, and canineness," but no more so than the phrase "God, humanity, and Mr. Ruskin," which is, probably, Bunsen's meaning.

ever, that in the execution of the matter Mr. Ruskin had before him a somewhat embarrassing problem—embarrassing, not so much in itself, as in his position towards it. He had already, in numerous works, exhausted the vocabulary of his contempt for modern art, and the modern mind generally. It was base, faithless, mechanical, and altogether given over to the service of the flesh and the devil. At the same time, he had undertaken the championship of Mr. Turner, as the greatest landscape painter of all the world. How to reconcile the two, then, without confessing the inferiority of landscape, as a form of art, or the insignificance of his pet—"the mighty spirit," as he is called—in glorifying whom he had spent so much labor, was the perplexity. If he admitted the greatness of landscape art, he admitted the greatness of the moderns, inasmuch as they are uncontestedly superior to all their predecessors in this respect; while, if he denied the greatness of landscape, he must dismiss his favorite to a subaltern place, and the world would naturally inquire, Why all this fuss about nothing and nobody? Nor does Mr. Ruskin extricate himself from his difficulties, but plunges, as if he were not aware of them, into more hopeless confusion. After some doubts, he confesses that landscape is "noble and useful," and assigns reasons for the opinion, which seem to us quite inadequate.* He admits, too, the wonderful devotion of the moderns to the study and representation of his favorite "nature," which, in itself, he regards as an advance upon the ancient or mediæval status; and yet he tries to explain it away, as far as he can—partly on the ground that our seeming love of nature is "pathetic fallacy," arising from a weak and morbid imputation of our own feelings to nature; and, partly, on the ground that we have so emptied nature of all divinity, as to approach her with reckless irreverence and freedom—tearing her very bowels out with our prying mechanical sciences, and slavering and daubing the very face of her august countenance with our sentimental poetry and paint.

Let us state the whole case. The historians, especially of literature, have remarked a difference in the modes with which nature is contemplated by the

ancient, the mediæval, and the modern mind. Schiller, in one of his works, expresses a surprise that the Greeks—living in a genial climate, amid the most picturesque scenery, with all their susceptibility to beauty—should nowhere express, in their poetic writings, a sympathy with external nature. They often give faithful descriptions of it; but their hearts have no more share in their words, than if they were treating of a garment, or a suit of armor. Nature has no charm for them, to which they cling with plaintive passion. Gervinus, in his *History of German Literature*, indulges in a similar strain of thought in regard to the Minnesingers and popular poets of the middle ages. They evince some feeling for nature, but have left no independent delineation of it—no loving, tender, self-surrendering delight in it—nothing more than might be involved in it as an accessory to their love-songs, or their chivalric narratives. How different our modern poetic compositions, which fairly welter in sunsets, and flower-beds, and dews, and streams, and mossy dells! Our habitual thought is crystalized into the forms and suffused with the colors of the physical world.

Mr. Ruskin has adopted these hints, and undertaken an elaborate analysis of the differences indicated. Making Homer, Dante, and Sir Walter Scott, respectively, the types of the ancient, the mediæval, and modern ages, he deduces the characteristic feeling of each for landscape. His results, stated in a few words, are these: (1) With the Greeks there was no sympathy with nature, as such; only a straight-forward recognition of it as a more or less agreeable fact; no sense of what we call the picturesque; an interest, mainly, in its available and useful properties; in the ploughed field, which gave him corn—in the trellised vine, which gave him wine—in the nourishing rains, and in the meadows, good for feeding oxen and sheep. Mountains he rather detested, as he did all weeds and wildernesses. But he cherished a keen delight in human beauty, and a kind, familiar reverence for the deities who resided within the various natural elements. (2) With the mediævals, there was a more sentimental contemplation of nature—more undisturbed companionship with wild nature—a love of the sense of divine

* See chapter on "The Use of Pictures," which is ingenious, but unsatisfactory.
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presence in it—consequently a fallacious animation of it—with apprehension of demoniacal agency—but a continued delight in human beauty, even its dresses and decorations, and particularly in the beauty of woman. Their landscape has a high sentiment of nature; but is often feeble and inaccurate, and exhibits curious traces of terror, superstition, piety, and rigid formalism. (3) With the moderns, we find an intense sentimental love of nature—particularly of clouds and mists—indicative of their fickleness and obscurity; delight in mountains, with no sense of their solemnity; and wild scenery, characteristic of an unbridled fondness for liberty; interest in science, but no sense of human beauty, no relish for costume, an utter want of faith in any divine presence in nature, insensibility to the sacredness of color, extreme dependency of mind, and an eagerness to run away from the dreariness of the present, taking shelter in fictitious romances of the past. "A red Indian, or Otaheitan savage," says Mr. Ruskin, "has more sense of a Divine Existence round him, or government over him, than the plurality of refined Londoners or Parisians." * * * "All, nearly, of the powerful men of this age, are unbelievers; the best of them in doubt and misery—the worst in reckless defiance; the plurality, in plodding hesitation, doing, as well as they can, what practical work lies ready to their hands. Most of our scientific men are in the last class; our popular authors set themselves definitely against all religious form, pleading for simple truth and benevolence (Dickens and Thackeray), or give themselves up to bitter and fruitless statement of facts (De Balzac), or surface-painting (Scott), or careless blasphemy, sad or smiling (Byron, Beranger). Our earnest poets and deepest thinkers, are doubtful or indignant (Tennyson, Carlyle); one or two anchored, indeed, but anxious or weeping (Wordsworth, Mrs. Browning); and, of these two, the first is not so sure of his anchor, but that, now and then, it drags with him, even to make him cry out—

"———Great God! I had rather be
A pagan, suckled in a creed outworn,
So might I, standing on this pleasant lee,
Have glimpses that would make me less
forlorn."

The only exceptions, according to Mr.

Ruskin, are Turner and the pre-Raphaelites!

This is no pleasant picture for us, but is, luckily, surcharged. No one can doubt, that notable differences exist between different nations in respect to their feeling for nature. Humboldt, in the second volume of the *Cosmos*, has discussed the whole subject, with his usual discrimination, and conceives that those differences can only be accounted for as the complex result of the influences of race—of the configuration of the soil—of climate—of government, and of religious faith. He concedes the comparative insensibility of the Greeks and Romans, but claims a high degree of true feeling for nature for the Indian races, the Persians, the Arabs, some of the early Christian Fathers, and for nearly all the moderns since the time of Columbus, including that noble mariner. His studies are more varied, and, we think, more reliable, than those of Mr. Ruskin, who has been led into some imperfect views by the guides to whom he intrusted the inquiry. Neither Homer nor Sir Walter Scott are proper types of the periods they are chosen to represent, though Dante may be. They were only epic, or narrative poets, who deal with nature only as the accessory, or back-ground of their pictures. They do not address her at first hand. Homer was, it is true, a "Greek of the Greeks," but he chanced to live some five hundred years before the Greek mind attained any real artistic development. Had he consulted the minor poets, Simonides, Bion, and Moschus, Meleager, Pindar, and Theocritus, he would have found innumerable evidences that the Greeks cared much more for nature than the corn and wine she brought them—of a sincere admiration of her beauty—and instances even of the "pathetic fallacy." Casting our eyes over the dramatists, even while reading Mr. Ruskin's book, they fell instantly upon several bits of landscape-painting, as fine as one would care to bless his eyes with. Yet, it must be confessed, that the main interest of the Greeks was in their own humanity.

Nor is Dante precisely the poet that, on first thoughts, we should have selected for the illustration of the mediæval feeling of landscape. He was the master of his age, and his poem was a mirror of the Italy of that age, imaging its principal personages and events,

with vivid reality. But he was also a poet of peculiar, if not exceptionable, temperament; intensely absorbed in political struggles; distressed, depressed, wrapped in solitary gloom, as he wandered an exile, eating the bitter bread of others, so that in "his burning, troubled soul, arose great thoughts and awful, like Farinati from his burning sepulchre." These gave tone, we suspect, to his daily, as well as his immortal visions. But Dante shoots up, so Etna-like, in those southern skies, that one feels he must have carried all the flowers of the fields on his sides, in spite of the hot fires at his heart. Mr. Ruskin's able analysis persuades you so. Almost coeval with Dante, was an English poet, not so great or universal, yet a very great poet, whose landscape breathes of quite another air. We refer to Chaucer—the kindly, honest, old, laughing Chaucer, whose sportive fancy, grand imagination, subtle humor, and homely wit and wisdom, found no equal till Shakespeare, and whose pages come to us, through five hundred years, still smelling of the fresh, wholesome soil—still dewy as the morning, lovely and sweet with flowers, and vocal with the song of birds and the melody of streams. If Dante, then, express the deeper religious and political life of his times—if his be a spirit framed in more heroic mould—we must claim high rank for our Chaucer, in all that relates to the actual life of the people, and the popular sense of nature; for it is remarkable of Chaucer, that, chivalric as he is, full of epic pageantry, and pomp, living, as he did, in the midst of a brilliantly romantic and elegant court—a court thronged with gallant knights, who, at Cressy and Poitiers, had made Edward invincible, and with stately dames, only less beautiful than Philippa, whom the statuaries made their model for the Virgin, still, his pages glitter with none of their magnificence, his song exults in none of their victories; but he steals away to the people at their firesides or their sports, or wanders in "the blissful sunshine," among the dews "more sweete than any baume," listening to the "birde's song"—

"——a ravishing sweetnesse,
That God, that Maker is of all, and Lorde.
He heard never better, as I guesse."

A more cheery, gentle, enthusiastic lover of nature than he, more utterly

devoid of superstitious glooms and fears, we find alone in modern times.

Against the inauguration of Scott, as the type of this age, we decidedly protest. He was scarcely of this age at all, but an after-birth of former centuries, sent to retrieve the neglect into which they had fallen, who performed an acceptable service for poetry, in sending forth a gallant band of rugged knights and outlaws to put the stiff old Greeks and Romans to death, and then withdrew. A tory of tories, who valued the smile of his prince almost as much as he did the fame of Waverley; who spent his magnificent energies in rearing a baronial pile, which toppled down upon his own head; there was scarcely a movement in modern art, science, or religion, with which he sympathized. Already his poems and most of his romances have only an antiquarian value. They are tapestries of times fast receding. But all the while Mr. Ruskin is engaged in this preposterous labor of setting Scott upon a pedestal where he cannot stand, there hovers around him another spirit—the spirit of one of his hated Germans, a poet, a man of science, a most consummate literary artist, loaded with the learning of all the schools, yet buoyant as a child amid his new-found blisses of nature—who wrote a drama equal to Shakespeare—whose songs are in the mouths of the people—and whose books reflect all the grandeurs and glooms, all the strengths and weaknesses, all the hopes and despairs, of the last half century! Need we name Goethe, whom Mr. Ruskin uncereemoniously dismisses for his "jealousy (*credat!*) which is never the characteristic of a really great man." Now, we do not believe that any single man can fully represent this multitudinous, manifold age of ours; but if any man could, it would be Goethe. It is to him, more than any one else, that Mr. Ruskin should have gone for the modern idea of nature; and had he done so, he never would have given us that libelous caricature of the tendencies of the modern mind.

The reading of the "signs of times," we are sure, is not Mr. Ruskin's forte. His skill in pictures may be great, but his skill in men and the movements of society is not great. This question of the change, which has taken place in men's modes of regarding nature, has a significance he has not reached. It is nothing more nor less than the question,

as to the difference between Christianity and the pagan religions. Has Christianity introduced any fundamental change in the human mind? If it has, the mind must stand in a totally different relation to nature from what it did. Now, it is a common belief, that it has introduced such a change—a change not merely of degree, but of kind; and it is further believed, that our modern activity is the outgrowth, though feeble as yet, of that change. It were too large a question for us here, to enter into an exposition of the whole value of that change; but we may suggest two things: first, that Christianity not only empties nature of its fetiches, of its gods and goddesses, however beautiful, but proclaims it to be in itself dead, worthless, corrupt, even sinful—or the opposite of the divine; and, second, it proclaims that nature has been redeemed, by the divine assumption of it, whereby man, from being the slave, may become the master of it, and not only his own nature, but “the whole creation” be glorified. This is the mystical annunciation, which every Christian devoutly believes; but what does it mean practically? Why, that nature is not an end in itself, but is unworthy and corrupt, except as it is made subservient to humanity, in which case it is filled with a divine beauty and significance. Our modern Christian instincts have recognized these truths, and hence our physical sciences, with their immense activities, striving to reduce nature, which has no longer any sanctity, to human uses. Hence, too, the universality and fearlessness of our researches into nature, which impresses us no more as a vast uncontrollable power outside of us, but becomes a benignant mechanism, of whose movements we hold the key. Thus, too, the universe, turned into a world of effects, whose causes lie in the inner spiritual sphere, shines a vast hieroglyph of the Eternal and the Unseen. It is a glorious analogue of the divine; and we love it, because, in its every process, we discern emblems of our own human life; because, along the endless multiplicity of its forms, the angels of God ascend and descend, as in the wonderful ladder of Jacob’s dream.

We have dwelt so long upon this last volume, that we have left ourselves little space for the general estimate of

Mr. Ruskin’s merits, which we promised ourselves at the outset. But they may be summed up in few words. He is the critic rather than the philosopher of art. Endowed with the keenest sensibility to the influences of nature, he has observed them with the greatest accuracy, and, at the same time, with strong poetic feeling. Few men are more alive to the beauties of art, and none have studied its actual manifestations with more diligence. Applying his knowledge of nature to works of art, he is able to enter upon a judgment of their comparative merits, with decision, taste, and sympathy. He is, therefore, positive and severe, but also enthusiastic. His praise and his blame alike come from the heart. He sees clearly and feels earnestly, and what he both sees and feels, he describes with impetuous eloquence. There are passages of rhetoric in his writings, which possess all the magnificence of Milton or Taylor. But he is not always equal in his style, nor always just in his opinions. As the structure of his sentences is now and then strangely affected, so the spirit of his sentiments now and then betrays a strange conceit. He has a fondness for extravagance, as well of thought as of expression, and is perpetually misled into inconsistency. He is apt to utter decrees instead of criticisms, and, uttering them often on the impulse of the moment, they are not infallible decrees. His principles of art, when they are correct, proceed more from instinct than reason; or, in other words, he has not digested them into a complete and systematic whole. They are drawn from the study of a few arts, and not from the study of the whole field of art. They are, consequently, wanting in the broadest generalization, and do not penetrate to the profoundest grounds. As an active and fearless thinker, however, as a patient scholar, as an energetic, warm-hearted liker and hater, and as an eloquent expositor of his own views, he stands unrivaled among the English critics of art. Like Carlyle in literature, or like his own Turner among the landscapists, he has aroused a new spirit in the public mind, and, long after his particular or objectionable opinions shall have been forgotten, he will be gratefully recognized as a reformer and a benefactor in the walk he has chosen to pursue.

SCENES IN THE WESTERN DISTRICT.

"IN the Western District? In the name of Karl Ritter and his Erdkunde," says our traveled friend, "where is that?" Gently, good reader! I write, for your benefit and my own, in the western part of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations, that state which is commonly known, in these hurrying times, among her thirty, overgrown sisters, by the briefer name of Rhode Island. "In the western part of Rhode Island? Pray tell me if Rhode Island is large enough to have a western part. It was only yesterday that I was reading of the sea captain, who was sailing from Mobile to Providence, with a cargo of cotton, and could not find your bay and state marked on his chart. In alarm he called the mate. This rough-handed fellow, in fingering the spot where Rhode Island ought to be, knocked away a fly-speck, and there stood the map of your sovereignty, in all its grand proportions." *Doucement*, as your foreign friends used to say, when you indulged in such dangerous sallies of wit. You have, perhaps, heard of the funeral discourse of an ingenious village Antony, over a friend, who was noted alike, for stupidity, dishonesty, and corpulence: "There, are three kinds of greatness—smental, moral, and physical. In the first two kinds, our deceased friend made no claims to distinction; but in the last kind we all know that he was preëminent." O fractional part of some Missouri or Virginia, beware lest a like eulogy awaits you and your state, while you scorn our narrow domain! Laugh, if you will, at our legislators, who all walk home from the State House to dinner. Laugh as you think of the gigantic Kentuckian, whose toes were infringing on Connecticut, while his heels were stretching into Massachusetts. Roar as you imagine our old Roger Williams walking around his farm (at present our state), before breakfast, and rowing the whole length of our bay to quarrel with a bellicose Quaker. Crack your republican sides, as you see our sovereign state refusing to accept the Constitution of the United States, and become an integral part of the Union; and Massachusetts and Connecticut bravely debating the propriety of partitioning the recusant between them. Let me not be proscribed

as a disunionist, fanatic, or sectionalist, when I say, that I have often wished that she had not sunk her individuality in the great agglomerated confederacy.

How many advantages would she have enjoyed, to which she is now a stranger! How glorious to have our gallant soldiers guarding our whole frontier; to have every Connecticut pine ham, and every Taunton herring, and every injured package of New York Schiedam Schnapps, examined by our officers. How imposing to have our navy ever standing in a menacing triangle, whose vertex should be Block Island, and whose base should reach from Seaconnet to Stonington! How fine to have our diplomatic corps! to hear announced, in the saloons of St. Cloud, "Monsieur l'ambassadeur de Rhode Island et Providence Plantations;" to read, in the *Moniteur*, of the departure of "M. Petit, ambassadeur auprès de S. E. le gouverneur de R. I. et P. P.;" to read, in Her Majesty's address in the Parliament House, of her great joy at the prospect of continued peaceful relations between Rhode Island and herself; and then, again, what careers of usefulness and honor, for myself, and the thousands who are, like me, unknown to fortune and to fame! At present there are offices for only about one-half of the male population; of course, in such a case, wealth conquers talent. A large manufacturer distributes cloth enough to carpet the district, and goes to Congress. Humble and modest genius has no field. But I have made a fair calculation, and found, that without changing our foreign ministers, secretaries and attachés, half as often as the general government now does, just nineteen-twentieths might attain to office, and inscribe their names on the roll of fame. What fools our ancestors were! Why did not they read the history of Venice and Genoa, and the Hanse towns; and then make doges and burgomasters, who should bid your President tremble? Alas! that physical greatness has always had such power, even back to the days when Goliath swung his weaver's beam in the face of the Israelites.

Well, then, I am in the western part of Rhode Island. It is not a molecule of

a state, absolutely indivisible. It really is large enough to be divided into two parts by a line running north and south. The portion on the east of this line is the place in which some gentleman distributes money once in two years, before he goes to Washington, and is called the Eastern District. On the other side of the line lies the Western District, in which, at the present moment, sits your humble and corpulent servant, *totus, teres, atque rotundus*.

For further geographical features, see Smith, Mitchell, and Ritter; for history, see Bancroft and Peterson.

Much as the state, in its entirety, has been slandered, this particular portion of it has suffered disproportionately; Bryant has enshrined, in poetry, a scandalous name, "Rogue's Island,"* which Connecticut malice, long ago, applied to us, because their neighbors, on the east, were so peculiar. It is well known that Massachusetts and Connecticut have both tried to swallow us at once. His Majesty's loyal colony of Plymouth claimed, that the present western boundary of our state was their western line; and His Majesty's equally loyal colony of Connecticut pretended that its domain extended to the eastern shore of Narragansett Bay. It is maliciously declared, that a frightful war was avoided, by requiring commissioners from the two colonies to meet upon the disputed territory. It is affirmed that these worthy gentlemen only waited to exchange compliments, and then ran to their respective homes—each party desiring to leave the other in possession of such a land. And thus, they say, our little state actually owes its existence to its ugliness. Indeed, our pious brethren in Connecticut, flatter themselves that they support a missionary in this heathen ground. I have never seen any except those who are mounted on the tin-peddlers' carts, and whose words are as "tinkling brass and sounding cymbals."

I am not aiming to advance my own interests, by pretending to show the attractions of this godly land, like that modest worshiper of genius, who has placed a bust of Milton in Westminster Abbey, and devoted two lines of a long epitaph to the poet, and the rest to himself. Therefore, I do not pause to tell you how I came here.

I am at present among the two-legged men. Not that men, generally, in these regions, have not those two useful appendages, with which they continually prevent bodily contact with the ground in the act of falling forward—*vulgo*, walking.† The epithet, two-legged, here means that the person to whom it is applied wears both legs of his pantaloons over his boots, and is used to distinguish such bipeds from the citizens of two neighboring towns, in one of which, one pantaloons' leg is thrust into the boot, and in the other of which, nothing but boots is visible below the knees. Our Manhattan readers will remember that their ancestors chose to distinguish themselves from the world by the number of their breeches. Our erudite ethnologists may, perhaps, find in these facts material for meditation.

Between these bipeds, unipeds, and no-peds, no love is lost. Last night I wended my way to the village store, to hear the village-talk. A tall, indolent fellow, called Labe, who did little but tell stories for a livelihood, was amusing his comrades with his tales, when in stepped one of the rarest specimens of the unipeds. He was tall and gaunt as famine herself; his matted hair seemed never to have been combed, except by the shrubs through which his townsmen are said to run bare-headed, once in six weeks, to perform the work of hair-dressing. His upper jaw protruded far beyond the lower, and wide spaces were visible between his long, greenish teeth. The teeth seemed to be loose, and they moved in the jaw every time that the mouth was opened and shut. His chin receded so rapidly that he seemed scarcely to have one. His mouth seemed to be in his neck. A line drawn from the crown of his head to the end of his upper teeth, and another one from the teeth to his breast-bone, would have quite well represented his profile.

"How d'ye dew, Sim?" says Labe to the new comer; "how d'ye dew? rather cold, aint ye? I see you've got your leg ready to draw up like a rooster in a frosty morning. Ye've seen 'em stand, aint ye?"

"I'll tell you what," says Sim, in a husky, mumbling voice, "you'll find, if you don't shet your oyster-shell, that

* Bryant's Poems, vol. i., p. 218.

† See Agassiz and Gould—Definition of Walking.

that leg can straighten some. I aint afeard on you, wi' all your pack around you."

Words ran high, and hostilities seemed about to commence, when Labe's face suddenly gleamed with a new idea. "Look 'ere," said he; "this 'ere fighting is bad business; it on'y makes sewing for our old women, and a sale for plaster. You all know that Sim is a reg'lar beauty—famous, even up in his parts. I don't say nothin' about my looks, but I'll bet that I will make up a face so as to look more like Sim than he does himself. If I dew it, I beat, and Sim shall treat, and we'll be friends; if I don't, I'll stand treat."

Every one said that this was fair, and Sim was obliged to yield to this trial. Umpires were chosen, and the combatants were seated, each upon a candle-box, and a tallow candle was held close before their faces. Labe looked for a moment at Sim, smiled, and then said, in a desponding tone: "It is a hard one; forgive me, mother, for ever trying to twist my face into that shape, but here goes." And then he pulled down his hair, stuck out his jaw, and drew back his chin, till really his resemblance to Sim was striking. Then he snivelled up his nose, and said, in Sim's husky voice, "Aint we a pretty pair!" The effect was irresistible. Even the grave umpires burst into laughter. The candle-holder dropped the melting tallow into Sim's fair hair, and the whole company shouted out, "Labe has beat—Labe has beat." Sim was obliged to pay the forfeit, and the two Dromios parted with a hearty shake of the hand.

To-day, law, with even balance, has weighed out justice to our village. The honorable court has been in session. It consisted of a sleepy man, who is a turner—not that he belongs to any of your foreign clans, or *Turn-vercins*, but he makes bobbins in his lathe, when he is not too somnolent. A notorious scoundrel was arraigned for pilfering "beans, cabbage, potatoes, and other agricultural products," from a man less dishonest than himself by one degree. No one, except the parties themselves, and the learned counsel, seemed to care who should triumph. The hon. justice of the peace was seated in a chair; while the spectators, who did not choose to sit on sticks of wood placed on end, were obliged to stand. Two youngsters

brought the milking-stools from the barn-yard, and stationing themselves on each side of the judge, sat like priests upon their tripods. The mouth of his honor seemed to be parched and dry, as his attempts at spitting evinced. This did not escape the eagle eye of the astute counsel for the defendant. He knew the idiosyncrasies of the court, and promptly offered his honor a plug of tobacco. Shrewd casuists, who trace connections between all sorts of causes and effects, may hang a loop upon this innocent roll of pressed leaves, and spin a thread of sequences down to the final decision. Of that, I say nothing. The witnesses were called. It seemed difficult to prove anything against the defendant, except that he had shot a couple of the plaintiff's Muscovy drakes. Indeed, he confessed that.

The counsel for the plaintiff labored earnestly to show, that while there was strong ground for believing that the defendant had crept into the plaintiff's garden, and stolen his "airly sass," he was willing magnanimously to waive that "pint," and ask for justice only in the name of the slaughtered ducks. "Yer honor," he concluded, "has seen 'em, these 'ere ducks, a-sailin' along so pooty and peaceful, scarcely waggin' their tails once in three minutes, as tho'f they knowed that justice and puration, in the form of yer honor, lived next door, and so seemin' as inner-cent and calm as yer honor's own pure heart and conscience. And now they're laid low; that 'ere canniball has eat 'em up. Shall sich things be allowed under our constitoon? No, sir! I know yer honor will slap the fines and costs on to him, as the law directs; and so I leave the case to your honor's consideration."

The counsel for the defense briefly reviewed the charges, and said that his opponent might well try to seem magnanimous about the "sass," for there was no shadow of proof that his client was a man of so little taste as ever to wish to get into the garden of such a man as the plaintiff. He was not without thoughts of suing for damages, on account of the plaintiff's defamation of the fair character for which his client had so long been distinguished. But as to these ducks, he proposed to show, to the satisfaction of the court, and the intelligent audience (and he was glad to be able to vindicate his client before

such an assembly), that the accused was not to blame for shooting the ducks, and if he was, that the indictment did not cover the offense.

"In the first place, any one has a right to shoot wild ducks, wherever he finds them, and everybody does so, except the cross-eyed plaintiff, who shoots on both sides of them. Now, if the plaintiff has ducks which look so near like wild ones that a man of sound mind (*mens AND womens sana in corpore sano*, as the law hath it, wisely cautious, in making it extend to women also), that a man of common sense, I say, cannot, at shooting distance, tell the difference between them and wild ones, who will blame the man for shooting them? Suppose your honor went on any other principle; suppose you had to wait, and creep up to every duck, and put fresh salt on his tail, before you fired, where would be the noble and ancient amusement of shooting? How many of the twenty ducks which your honor bagged so finely last week, would have graced your tasteful and bountiful table? Thank justice, your honor dispenses no such folly as that for law. Now does not every one know how sensitive my client is to his reputation as a shooter? Don't you know that he would rather be shot than fire at a bird at a less distance than a hundred yards? Don't he always scare up the game, and take it on the fly? Would not he blush to aim at a duck sitting on the water? Now who can tell a wild duck from a tame one at one hundred yards? Impossible; my client's escutcheon is not tarnished in the least, by the blood of these ducks.

"The second, and the remaining points of my argument, I address chiefly to your honor, as they require considerable learning to be understood. The defendant is charged with taking agricultural products. Now, what is agriculture? Your honor knows very well that the word *agriculture* comes from the old words, *agri*, the ground, and *culture*, to farm it. Now, how, in

the name of Noah Webster and his spelling-book, can ducks be *agricultural*? Suppose you farm it—work in the ground till you are as old as Methusaleh, how can you ever raise a duck out of the ground?

"In the second place, we are charged with stealing *Pro ducks*. Now your Honor knows very well, that the ducks which the defendant shot were not *Pro ducks*; for the plaintiff confesses that they were '*Scovy ducks*'.

"In the third place, they are not ducks at all, but *drakes*. Nothing is more important to the welfare of the race than this distinction of gender. The law always recognizes it—society could not exist without it. —

"On these points I rest the case. Your honor has the genius and the acumen to appreciate arguments of this kind, and I need not expand them. The counsel for the plaintiff has endeavored to work on your sympathies as though you were a common jurymen. I do not so insult you. I rejoice that we have a court in whose hands the cause of a client of mine, with the facts in his favor, is entirely safe."

The hon. court had been sitting with his chair tipped back against the wall, with one leg crossed over the other, and in a state apparently resembling drowsiness very closely. He now slowly uncrossed his legs, and quietly re-crossed them again; then he slowly spake:

"I had, in the first place, kinder s'posed that the defendant was guilty, until he said he shot the ducks. Then I thought he didn't shoot 'em, 'cause he so seldom speaks the truth. But the law says that a man aint obleeged to criminate himself—that is, you can't obleege him to do it. So, then, we must not twist anything the man says, so as to make himself appear guilty. Therefore, notwithstanding he says he shot 'em, I think the evidence is not strong enough. So I bring him in 'guilty—but acquitted, for want of evidence.'"

"*Fiat Justitia*," said I, as I walked home."

THE SPIRITS IN 1692,

AND WHAT THEY DID AT SALEM.

NO belief seems to have been more universal than that in witches, ghosts, spirits, and devils; which, while it rests upon the most intangible and unsatisfactory evidence, springs from a profound consciousness, in the human soul, of a spiritual state and a hereafter.

From the beginning of history, man has persisted in prying into the mystery of the unknown, and has longed for the secrets of the future; and from the beginning he has been the prey of the crafty or the credulous. There have been periods when an idea, good or bad, true or false, has become epidemic, and has swept like a whirlwind over the land. It has invariably produced mischief; for, when reason ceases to guide, excesses are certain to ensue. Through the years 1644, '5 and '6, Matthew Hopkins, with two assistants, traveled through England as "the Witchfinder," going from town to town, and, for a small fee, searching out all witches. The prisons were soon filled with old women accused by him. They were those unhappy diseased people, whose faults of temper had made them disagreeable to their neighbors, and had led to the suspicion that they practiced witchcraft. The government was obliged to send a special bench of judges to dispose of them, with whom went the Rev. Mr. Callamy, a friend of Baxter's. Fifteen of them were hanged at Chelmsford; sixteen at Yarmouth; sixty in Suffolk, and many more at various places.

Finally, the people became sick of the destruction, and then they mobbed Hopkins, and hunted him into obscurity.

In 1664, Sir Matthew Hale sat to judge two old feeble, soured women for the crime of witchcraft. He was one of the wisest and most learned men in England, and believed in the teachings of Jesus. He refused to charge the jury as to the guilt of the parties, but said that, beyond doubt, witches did exist, as the scriptures distinctly asserted it, and they had only to decide whether these two were or were not witches. One of the first scholars in England, Sir Thomas Browne, agreed in this opinion.

In the town of Mohra, in Sweden, there was a panic about witches, in the year 1670. Seventy persons were brought before commissioners, charged by scores of children with having bewitched them. They all protested they were innocent; but the judges were earnest in urging them to confess, and twenty-three, with cries and tears, did confess that they were witches. Nearly all of the seventy were executed. Fifteen children also confessed they were witches, and were executed, and nigh fifty other children were condemned to be whipped—a part of them on every Sunday in the year.

No one now doubts that the whole of these were the victims of a delusion, and were sacrificed to the frightful terrors of an ignorant and superstitious populace.

These were succeeded by the Salem witchcraft (1692), which has so often been urged as a dark stain upon the New England people and theology; and it is well, therefore, to note the facts, as showing with what fatal tenacity the notion of witchcraft held the minds of men. It should, also, be remembered that, in Scotland (1697), five years after the Salem doings, seven persons were hanged for this crime, upon the testimony of one child, only eleven years old.

We come now to the year 1691-2.

The prevailing religious opinion of New England was strongly committed to the importance of the devil and his agents; and his power, by many, was believed to be equal, if not superior to that of God. This belief has, in all times, given a singular importance to a priesthood, who were supposed to have influence with him, or to be able to withstand him; and it, of course, made the clergy of New England of consequence in the eyes of the people, as well as in their own. The few who urged the almighty power of God, and the certainty of evil being overcome with good, and did not yield to this belief, whether among the clergy or laity, were easily silenced by the cry of Sadduceism, and infidelity, which was sure to be sprung upon them. Any kind of story, coming from any kind

of poor creature, who professed to have seen the devil, or to have had any strange and supernatural experience, was eagerly listened to, and eagerly passed from mouth to mouth.

New England, at that time, was unfortunate in having, among her ministers, a pedantic, painstaking, self-complacent, ill-balanced man, called Cotton Mather. His great industry and verbal learning gave him undue influence, and his writings were much read. He was indefatigable in magnifying himself, and his office, and he eagerly seized on all witch stories, hunting for them, as for hidden treasure, and elaborately presented them to the world. In an age when light reading consisted of polemical pamphlets, it is easy to see that his stories of "Margaret Rule's Dire Afflictions," and "Wonders of the Invisible World," would find favor, and prepare the mind for a stretch of credulity almost equal to his own. The pertinacity with which he pursued George Burroughs, and others, who were accused in this panic, or who were suspected of heresy, and the flattery with which he followed persons in power, will forbid us to defend him from the charge of slavishness and malignity, as well as of credulity.

Before his day, Mary Oliver had confessed that she was a witch (1650); Margaret Jones had been executed as such at Charlestown; another at Dorchester, and another at Cambridge. In 1655, the widow Hibbins, wife of a former magistrate, had been hanged at Boston, and one or two others had been put to death for witchcraft, in other parts of New England. All their stories and others, were widely circulated in New England, and had their influence. The English books upon the subject, such as Royal James First's (a royal fool's) *Demonology*; Perkins's book, containing rules to find witches; and Barnard's and Glanville's witch stories; the account of the witch trials in England, in 1684; Baxter's *Certainty of the World of Spirits*, and other such writings, were not uncommon, and were much read. The pulpit, also, dwelt freely upon the devil and his doings; and the fear of him was a powerful incentive to revive the decaying influence of the churches.

During the King Philip's war, nothing was heard of witches, the public mind being fully occupied; but in the

year 1688, the children of "John Goodwin, a grave man and a good liver, in the north part of Boston, were believed to be bewitched." Mather at once took them in hand, and the eldest of them to his own house, where he found she was struck dead with the "Assembly's Catechism," "Cotton's Milk for Babes," and such like; but could read very well in Oxford jest-books, and even in the Prayer-book; all of which went for proof with Mather. The children charged an old, half-witted Irish woman with having bewitched them, something of the kind being expected of them, and she was at once hanged. This was only the morning star of a coming day. Mather elaborated the account, which was published in England, in 1691, and was much commended by Baxter and others.

Salem seems to have been the seat which the Massachusetts devil had chosen for his doings. In the month of February, 1691-2, two young girls (aged 10 and 11), of minister Parris, and two other children, began to show signs of being bewitched. The Reverend Parris at once took the thing in hand, and, almost as a matter of course, it went on; the children getting "into holes, creeping under chairs," and "uttering foolish speeches, which neither they nor any one could make anything of." The news soon spread in the quiet town of Salem; and when physicians were called in, and could make nothing of it, women were aghast, and went from house to house, and all decided "that they were bewitched." The town was in excitement, and great pity was expressed for the "poor children," who were afflicted with invisible "spindles," poisons, hot irons, teeth, pincers, and so on—all as invisible as the best doings of our modern spirits. Mather says, that in a few days' time, "they arrived at such a refining alteration (?) about their eyes, that they could see a little devil, of a tawny color, who tendered them a book to sign or touch. If they refused, the spectres, under the command of the 'black man,' tortured them with prodigious manifestations."

What was to be done now, for these children had been religiously educated, and were "thought to be without guile?" Fasting and prayer were tried first, by minister Parris, in his sitting-room, and then by other clergymen called in from

the neighborhood, which seemed to do no kind of good; for the children barked like dogs, purred like cats, were struck with "invisible sticks," roasted on invisible spits, chained with "invisible chains," and what not—and had now come to be held in so great consequence, that one or two timidly ventured to suggest "so much pity might confirm them in their designs," which none could foresee. Such a suggestion as this could have no effect, except to cover the makers of it with disgrace; and, on the 11th of March, a number of ministers were called together to try whether or not the "gates of hell" should prevail. Their best efforts again seemed powerless. Satan kept his hold, and the gates prevailed. Mather was busy in season and out of season; for he had made a discovery, which may best be read in his own words and type.

"A malefactor, executed more than forty years ago, in this place, did then give notice of a horrible PLOT against the country, by WITCHCRAFT, and a foundation of WITCHCRAFT then laid, which, if it were not seasonably discovered, would probably blow up and pull down all the churches in the country." "And now the *ty-dogs* of the pit are abroad among us, and the *firebrands of hell* itself are used for the scorching of us;" "and that *New England* should this way be harassed, and not by *swarthy Indians*, but they are sooty devils." Then he says, "That the *unpardonable sin* is most usually committed by professors of the Christian religion falling into witchcraft." If this be so, and if Mather discovered what the unpardonable sin really is, he deserves our thanks. He did, however, buckle on his armor, determined to withstand this *HELLISH PLOT*, "in every branch of it," and to maintain the churches.

But the thing was now talked about throughout the colony, and something must be done; something was expected—the whole populace was excited. The ministers generally preached that the devil now was let loose, and was going about like a raging lion, seeking whom he might devour. The next step, clearly, was to learn who had bewitched these children, and of course they were urged to tell; for they must know. There was, in Parris's family, an Indian woman from one of the Spanish islands, who, in her superstitious way, thought

she would try to right this matter, prayers having failed; so she made a cake with some sort of conjuration, and gave it to the dog, who appeared to like it very well. When the children heard of this, they cried out upon her:—"Tituba the Witch! Tituba the Witch!" Then they cried out upon Sarah Osborn, "a melancholy, distract old woman," then upon Sarah Good, "an old woman who was bedrid," and then upon church members Cory and Nurse, and were terribly convulsed whenever they came near. The matter grew serious; for who else may not be charged with bewitching them? But now a new feature of this thing showed itself. The wife of Thomas Putnam joined the children, and "makes most terrible shrieks" against Goody Nurse, that she was bewitching her, too. On the 3d of April, minister Parris preached long and strong from the text, "Have I not chosen you twelve, and one of you is a devil?" in which he bore down so hard upon the witches accused, that Sarah Cloyse, the sister of Nurse, would not sit still, but "went out of meeting;" a wicked thing to do as they thought, but now a heinous one. At once the children cried out against her, and she was clapt into prison with the rest. Through the months of April and May, Justices Hawthorn and Curwin (or Corwin), with marshal George Herrick, were busy getting the witches into jail, and the good people were startled, astounded, and terror struck at the numbers who were seized. The leafy month of June had come, the jails were full, and something must be done; for the people were clamorous for punishment for these diabolical doings.

Bridget Bishop only was then brought to trial; for the new Charter and new Governor (Phips) were expected daily. She was old, and had been accused of witchcraft twenty years before, and various losses of chickens and cattle, upsetting of carts, spectral black cats, and so on, had been laid to her: so, as there was no doubt about her, she was quickly condemned, and hanged on the 10th day of this pleasant June, in the presence of a crowd of sad and frightened people. It is true, that her accuser, when on his death bed, confessed that he lied; but that could not be known then, and it was a foregone conclusion, that somebody must be hanged.

To be sure of going right, and to have sanction for what was about to be done, the clergy were appealed to, who made a report on the 15th of June, quite at large, commending Perkins's and Barnard's directions for the detection of witches, and closing as follows:—

"8. Nevertheless, we cannot but humbly recommend unto the government, the speedy and vigorous prosecutions of such as have rendered themselves obnoxious, according to the directions given in the law of God, and the wholesome statutes of the English nation, for the detection of witchcrafts."

Whoever signed this paper, all the ministers did not; among whom was Samuel Willard, to whom be praise, as well as to other calm men, who could not foresee what was to happen. The new Governor Phips, one of Mather's church, fell in with the prevailing fear, and the new bench of Judges, composed of Lieutenant Governor Stoughton, Major Saltonstall, Major Richards, Major Gidney, Mr. Wait Winthrop, Captain Sewall, and Mr. Sargent, were sworn and went to work. On the 30th of June, Sarah Good, Rebekah Nurse, Susannah Martin, Elizabeth How, and Sarah Wilder, were brought to trial; all were found guilty and sentenced to death, except Nurse, who was a church member, and acquitted by the jury. At this the "afflicted" children fell into fits, and others were aggravated; and the popular dissatisfaction was so great, that the court sent them back to the jury-room, and they returned shortly, with a verdict of guilty against Nurse, too. The Reverend Mr. Noyes, of Salem, excommunicated Nurse—delivered her to Satan, and then they all were led out to die. The minister Noyes told Susannah Martin that she was a witch, and knew it, and she had better own it; but she refused, and told him that "he lied," and that he knew it, and "that if he took away her life, God would give him blood to drink;" which curse is now traditionally believed, and that he was choked with blood. They were hanged protesting their innocence and there was none to pity them.

On the 5th of August, a new batch were "haled" before the court—the Rev. George Burroughs, John Proctor and his wife, John Willard, George Jacobs, and Martha Carrier. Burroughs was disliked by some of the clergy, for he was tinctured with Roger Williams's ideas

of religious freedom, and he was particularly obnoxious to Mather; besides, he had spoken slightly of witchcraft, and had even said there was no such thing as a witch. Willard had been a constable employed in seizing witches, and, becoming sick of the business, had refused to do it any more; the children at once cried out that he, too, was a witch. He fled for his life, but was caught at Nashua, and brought back. Old Jacobs was accused by his own granddaughter, and Carrier was convicted upon the testimony of her own children. They were all convicted and sentenced.

After the sentence, the girl, Margaret Jacobs, who had been particularly useful in the conviction of Burroughs and her grandfather, came to Burroughs, and confessed with many tears that she was a wicked liar and coward. She also wrote to the court, endeavoring to undo what was done, saying: "The Lord above knows I knew nothing in the least measure how or who afflicted them [the bewitched]: they told me, without doubt, I did, or else they would not fall down at me; they told me if I would not confess, I should be put down into the dungeon, and would be hanged, but if I would confess, I should have my life; the which did so affright me, with my own vile wicked heart, to save my life, that it made me make the like confession I did, which confession, may it please the honored court, is altogether false and untrue. * * * What I said, was altogether false against my grandfather and Mr. Burroughs, which I did to save my life, and to have my liberty."

It did not avail; and all but Mrs. Proctor saw the last of earth on the 19th of August—they were hanged on Gallows Hill.

Minister Burroughs made so moving a prayer, closing with the Lord's prayer, which it was thought no witch could say, that there was some fear lest the crowd should hinder the hanging. As soon as he was turned off, Mr. Mather, from his horse, addressed the people, to prove to them that he was really no minister, and to show how he must be guilty notwithstanding his prayer; for the devil could change himself into an angel of light. When he was cut down, he was dragged by the rope to a hole among the rocks, and thrust in with Willard and Carrier, and half buried in a hurried way.

"By these things," said Mather, "we see what the devils could have power to do, should the great God give them that power."

On September 9th, six more received sentence of death. On September 17th, nine more. The juries cleared *none* who were tried. "I meet with but one person, in near a hundred, whose examinations are upon file," says Hutchinson, "that was dismissed after having been once charged."

Giles Cory had refused to plead to the charge against him; what could then be done with him? It was found that for this, by some sort of a law, he might be pressed to death. So on the 16th of September, just as the autumn tints were beginning to glorify the earth, he was laid on the ground, bound hand and foot, and stones were piled upon him, till the tongue was pressed out of his mouth; "the sheriff with his cane forced it in again, when he was dying." Such cruel things did fear—fear of the devil—lead these people to do. He was the first and last who died in New England, in this way.

On the 22d of September, eight of the sentenced were carted up Gallows Hill and done to death, amidst a great concourse of men, women, and children from the neighboring villages, and from Boston. The victims went crying and singing, dragged through lines of terror-stricken or pitying people; some would have rescued them, but they had no leaders, and knew not how to act—so that tragedy was consummated. And the Reverend Mr. Noyes, pointing at them, said, "What a sad thing it is to see eight fire-brands of hell hanging there!" Sad, indeed!

Nineteen had now been hung; one was pressed to death; eight were under condemnation; a hundred and fifty were in prison, and two hundred more were accused by the "afflicted." Some fifty had acknowledged themselves witches, of whom not *one* was executed.

"By these things you may see how the matter was carried on; chiefly by the complaints and accusations of the afflicted, and then by confessions, etc. Yet, experience shows, that the more there were apprehended, the more were still afflicted by Satan."

It was now October, and this mischief seemed to be spreading, like fire among the dry grass of the prairies; and a better quality of persons were beginning

to be accused by the bewitched. The contagion was spreading in Andover, and various persons were accused. "A worthy gentleman of Boston," Mrs. Carey of Charlestown, Philip English and his wife, Mrs. Justice Bradstreet, the wife of the Rev. Mr. Hale of Beverly, and even the lady of Governor Phips, who had shown a tender-heartedness to some prisoner, were accused by the bewitched. English and his wife, and some others, fled to New York; for they did not feel themselves safe within the jurisdiction, and their estates were seized by the sheriff. "The worthy gentleman of Boston" sent down and began suits against the witches for defamation, and put his damages high, which surprised them much. But these accusations made people consider, and many began to think that they had been going on too fast. "The juries changed sooner than the judges," and they sooner than the clergy. "At last," says one of them, "it was evidently seen, that there must be a stop put, or the generation of the church of God would fall under that condemnation." In other words, the better class of church members were in danger!

At the January session, only three were convicted, and they were reprieved; whereat the Chief Justice arose and said, in anger—"The Lord be merciful to this country!" In the spring, Governor Phips, being about to leave the country, pardoned all who were condemned, and the jails were delivered. The excitement subsided as rapidly as it had arisen, but the evil work was done.

There are some people yet, who think the devil must have been busy at Salem. For their sake, and for the sake of truth, let us see a little upon what testimony these persons were convicted of witchcraft and put to death, and what could have induced others to confess themselves witches. We have read what Margaret Jacobs said. Tituba, the Indian woman, who was first accused by Parris's children, said that her master (the Rev. Mr. Parris) "did beat and abuse her to make her confess." At the time of John Willard's trial, when the Reverend Mr. Willard, of Boston, came into the court, one began to cry out against him, "Willard! Willard!" but, being told that it was a mistake, she desisted, and was sent out of court. Two of Martha Carrier's sons would not confess that they were witches—made

so by their mother—"till they were tied, neck and heels, till the blood was ready to come out of their noses." The minister Burroughs had been a minister in Salem, where he had had some difficulties, but was, on the whole, "a man of unimpeachable character." In looking over the testimony against him, even as elaborated by Mather (*Wonders of Invisible World*, pp. 33 to 39), one can but be struck with its trivial and unreliable character. It would be insufficient, now, to convict a chicken-stealer of theft; and some of it was drawn out of the children by repeated leading questions—as to his presence at their witch meetings—which they at first denied, but afterward said "yes" to, when they found it was expected of them. The Reverend Mr. Parris, at whose house the trouble began, was very active in putting questions and taking down depositions; and he seems to have made it a personal matter, to sustain the delusion which his children and he had set on foot.

It certainly seems passing strange, that so many persons should have been willing to confess that they were witches; but the wonder vanishes when we discover that many were led to do it by threats of being accused if they did not, and promises of safety if they would acknowledge that they were. And, it should be remembered, that not one of those who confessed they were witches, was proceeded against. Nobody was safe, and the most certain security was either to be bewitched or to confess to being a witch.

Six women of Andover were brought to confess that they were witches, whose good characters were afterward certified to by fifty-five of the leading citizens there. They made a statement as to what influences were used with them—they having been accused of afflicting Mrs. Ballard. Their relatives, they said, begged of them to confess, in order to save their lives; and the suggestion was strengthened by "some gentlemen, they telling us that we were witches, and they knew it, and we knew it, which made us think it was so; and, our reason, our faculties almost gone, we were not capable of judging of our condition." "And, we hearing that Samuel Wardwell had renounced his confession, and was quickly after condemned and executed, some of us were told we were going after Wardwell."

The infatuation, cruelty, and disregard of even the forms of justice, and the rules of evidence, were so great, that Judge Saltonstall left the bench, and refused to have any more to do with the matter. There were some who resisted the superstitious fear after it was begun, of whom were the Rev. Samuel Willard, the Rev. Mr. Moody, Thos. Danforth, Simon Bradstreet, Increase Mather, and the merchant, Calef. But it was a dangerous thing to do; for the Bible was clearly against them, and the witch of Endor and Moses's law forbidding a witch to live (Exodus xxii. 18, and other texts), were triumphantly cited against them, and they were suspected, if not accused directly, of Sadduceism and infidelity. The power and malignity of the devil had been so sedulously preached, that the whole people, for the time, were frantic with fear, and were capable of any cruelty and injustice. Whatever blame may be laid to the actors in this sad affair, it attaches most to the magistrates and ministers, who, by a little firmness, could have withstood it at the outset. Some joined actively in pushing it on, and the rest yielded to them; and it at last became too strong to resist, and goodness, truth, and manhood were, for a time, in peril.

But all, at last, became sick of it—the excess cured itself—and the reaction was great. They had been panic-struck with terror of the devil—had endeavored to drown it in blood—and then loathed themselves for what they had done. It is safe now to repeat what the wisest then said—that the whole thing was begun by the tricks of some children—it was fostered by the parents—and the children, being excited with their own importance, and with fear at what they had done, went on with it to do more; they were joined by grown-up people, who feared for their lives, or wished to gratify their spite. The results were death and suffering to many poor women. Hardness of heart and cruelty increased—religion was disgraced, and ministers were brought into contempt, and justice was sneered at. During the time that the children were "afflicted," they slept well at night, had good appetites, and were perfectly well. Nothing was done against them, for the people were exhausted. Many were ruined by it, and fell into vicious courses.

With tears, some persons regretted the part they had taken in this dreadful tra-

gedy, and made such reparation as they could; among whom were the Rev. Mr. Noyes, the Rev. Mr. Hale, Judge Sewall, and twelve of the jurymen. Judge Sewall stood up in church, at Boston, on a fast day, and asked forgiveness of God and the people. The Rev. Mr. Parris found his people would have no more of his preaching; he begged hard to be allowed to stay, but they would have him no longer. Cotton Mather was hooted at by boys, and pelted with stones; and his reputation, in Massachusetts, never recovered from the just judgment of the people.

This misery it may be well to remember, for it grew out of an unwise and superstitious curiosity about devils and spirits, and became cruel and bloody through an epidemic fear—both of which may again recur; indeed, the former belief has been pressed upon us in our own day. One thing is often said, namely, "That it makes no difference what people believe." The belief out of which the Salem cruelties grew, is a proof that a false belief is sometimes deadly; and we are bound to protest against any theory of spirits presented upon shallow proof.

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE AS A FAMILY MAN.*

THE volumes, of which the title is given below, contain a very valuable contribution to the biography of the Bonaparte family, especially of Napoleon—the founder of its greatness. Many of the letters are extremely dry—of little interest, except to the military tactician; but the correspondence, taken as a whole, sheds a clear and distinct light upon the character of Napoleon, the author of most of the letters. In the unreserve of confidential business communications, in which he deemed it for his interest to speak the simple truth, the great tyrant shows himself neither disguised in the fine sentiments with which he used often in his public exhibitions to wrap up his sovereign selfishness, nor tricked out in that stage tinsel and those counterfeit jewels, in which so many of his imaginative admirers delight to present him to us clothed with the character of a self-sacrificing patriot and philanthropist, and adorned with all the virtues.

Joseph, Napoleon's elder brother, died in 1844, leaving behind him a large collection of papers, which he gave, by his will, to Joseph Napoleon, eldest son of his second daughter, and the princess Zenaïde, who had married the eldest son of Lucien, the third brother of the Bonaparte family. These papers con-

sisted of a short memoir of Joseph, written by himself, coming down, however, only to 1808, and of the letters contained in the present collection, and many others which Joseph had, with difficulty, preserved. For some years they had remained buried in the earth in a wood in Switzerland, to which country Joseph had retired on the first downfall of Napoleon, and some few words in some of them became illegible from the dampness of this place of concealment, in which Joseph had left them when he proceeded to join Napoleon in Paris, and to aid him in the short career of his second reign. Afterwards, they were brought to this country, to which Joseph retired after the battle of Waterloo; and after Joseph's death, through the agency of Mr. C. J. Ingersoll, (as he boasts in his *Historical Sketch of the recent war between America and Great Britain*), they were deposited for four years in the mint at Philadelphia, till the legatee came of age to claim them, which he did in October, 1849.

The publication of the *Memoires et Correspondance Politique et Militaire du Roi Joseph*, which extend to eleven volumes, and of which the most interesting part is derived from those papers, was commenced in 1853, at Paris, and

* *The Confidential Correspondence of Napoleon Bonaparte with his brother Joseph, some time King of Spain.* Selected and translated, with explanatory notes, from the "Memoires du Roi Joseph." 2 vols.

was completed in 1855, under the superintendence of M. A. du Casse, aid-de-camp to Jerome Napoleon Bonaparte, son of Jerome, the youngest and only surviving brother of Napoleon. This work begins with Joseph's autobiographical fragment—a short but interesting document—to which are subjoined the letters to and from Joseph, written during the period embraced in it. The editor then gives, in successive chapters, a narrative of the public events with which Joseph was mixed up, subjoining to each chapter the letters of corresponding dates. The only deviation from this plan is, that the history of the negotiations of Luneville and Amiens, at which Joseph was the representative of France, is reserved for the eleventh volume, where they are related much in detail.

The volumes in English, now under consideration, contain only Napoleon's letters, with occasionally a few others, inserted for the sake of illustration—the chapters in which, as in the French work they are arranged, being headed by a very brief statement of the events of the successive periods to which they relate. Such is the history of these letters, which it is singular that the English translator has not given, by way of preface or introduction.

The correspondence of the two brothers, prior to 1787, was lost. Some letters, written between 1787 and 1795, were among the manuscripts left by Joseph; but these the French editor has suppressed, on the ground of their want of interest. One would like, however, to see them, as they might throw some light on Napoleon's earliest political opinions. The series of published letters dates from May 23d, 1795, Napoleon being then at Paris.

The three elder brothers of the Bonaparte family, Joseph, Napoleon, and Lucien, from the circumstance of having been educated, as well as their eldest sister, in France, had become entirely French. When they returned to Corsica, they had even forgotten their mother tongue. It was natural, therefore, that, when Paoli, in consequence of the excesses of the French Revolution, put himself at the head of a counter movement, that looked to a separation of Corsica from France, the Bonapartes should adhere to the French side, especially as Napoleon held a commission in the army, and Joseph in the civil

administration; and as the narrowness of their family fortune compelled them to look to government service as a resource.

Whatever might have been the precise political opinions of the two elder brothers, or their motives in adhering to France, Lucien, as we know from his own account of himself, in his published memoirs, was a decided enthusiast for the Revolution; and though, in 1792, only eighteen years of age, an active, ardent, and loquacious member of the popular society of Ajaccio. Indeed, it is well known, that he so far adhered to his youthful opinions, as to have remained a republican even under the empire. Of the history of the Bonaparte family at this period, by far the fullest and most authentic account is contained in Lucien's memoirs, though Joseph adds, also, some interesting facts.

It has been said, that Napoleon was, at one time, a violent Jacobin. This, however, is not so clear. The revolutionary ardor was never so violent in Corsica as in Paris, and it was in Corsica that Napoleon appears to have spent much of the first years of the Revolution. He was absent from Paris during the most violent times. He was in Corsica in 1788; after that, he was at Valence with his regiment. He was again in Corsica in 1790—at the return of Paoli, in 1791—at the death of Mirabeau, and probably the larger part of the following year. He was in Paris, however, at the fall of the monarchy, and an eye-witness of the famous 10th of August; but he returned soon after to Corsica, and, on the organization of the national guard of the island, he was made *chef de bataillon*, or lieutenant colonel in it, and in that capacity was engaged in Admiral Truget's unsuccessful expedition against Sardinia. Having returned, after the failure of that expedition, to Corsica, he remained there till the family was compelled to fly, in April or May, 1793, in consequence of refusing to join in Paoli's counter revolutionary movement. They found refuge in Marseilles, and almost their sole resource, at this time, was Napoleon's pay as captain of artillery, to which rank he had risen.

Joseph proceeded to Paris, to obtain, from the Convention, forces for the recovery of Corsica; but, on the surrender of Toulon to the English, the corps

of six thousand men destined for this service, and to which Napoleon was attached, was sent to aid in besieging that city. The commander of the artillery before Toulon being too old for service, the battering operations soon passed under the management of Napoleon, and his talent and knowledge thus exhibited, laid the foundation of his military fame. His services in the capture of the city were rewarded with the rank of *chef de brigade*, and he received a command in the army of the Alps, principally through the favor of the younger Robespierre, then acting in the south of France as commissioner from the Convention. Napoleon's headquarters were at Nice, and the family, to be near him, took a house near by,—Joseph, however, and Lucien, being employed, the one at Marseilles, the other at St. Maximin, in the commissary department. Lucien states, in his memoirs, that Napoleon, while at Nice, was strongly urged, at a time when he, Lucien, was on a visit to his brother, to go to Paris to take the command of the troops of the Convention in place of Henriot; that is, to play for Robespierre the same part of putting down opposition by force, that some fifteen months later he played for Barras and the Directory. He declined this invitation, and very soon after the revolution of Thermidor sent Robespierre to the guillotine. As a protégé of the younger Robespierre, Bonaparte fell under the suspicion of the new Thermidorian commissioners, and probably it was from this circumstance, and perhaps, in some measure, from confounding him with Lucien, that he is sometimes represented as having been a red republican. For a while he was even under arrest—at least, his papers were seized; but he soon obtained his liberty, and served out the campaign, at the conclusion of which, he and the family returned to Marseilles. Napoleon himself, before long, proceeded to Paris; but exactly when, or under what circumstances, does not clearly appear. Most, or all, of his biographers give an account of his position at Paris at this period, which is by no means borne out by his own letters, printed in this collection, and beginning May 23d, 1795. Lucien Bonaparte, Bourrienne, and the Duchess of Abrantes, all represent Napoleon as, at this period, almost or quite in distress—unable to get employ-

ment—refusing to serve in the Vendée, and on that account struck from the list of general officers, and driven, by his necessities, to a wild scheme of going to Turkey, for which he vainly solicited an appointment; and as having been suddenly raised from obscurity and poverty by being selected by Barras to command on the day of the Sections. This latter statement is abundantly refuted by these letters; and if Napoleon was reduced to the straits in which, partly, doubtless, for the sake of the contrast, his biographers delight to place him, it must have been in that short part of his residence at Paris which precedes the commencement of this correspondence. With that "good fortune" for a long time so favorable to the Bonaparte family, and which Napoleon remarks, in a letter to be presently quoted, "had never yet deserted him," just as his own position became somewhat precarious, Joseph had placed himself in a condition of independence, by marrying Mademoiselle Clary, the daughter of a rich merchant at Marseilles. In the very first letter of this collection, Napoleon shows himself on the look out to purchase for his brother, with a part of his wife's fortune, an estate near Paris; rather, it would appear, a scheme of his own than of Joseph's—thus, at his first appearance, taking the lead, and dragging Joseph along, as he does throughout this entire collection of letters.

In this first letter, May 23, 1795, he writes:

"France is not to be found abroad. Living about in sea-ports, is rather after the manner of an adventurer, or of a man who has his fortune to make. If you are wise, you have only to enjoy yours."

Unluckily for Joseph, he was not wise enough to consider his fortune as made, nor was Napoleon always the giver of such judicious advice. A month later, June 23d, 1795, Napoleon writes:

"I am engaged as general of brigade in the army of the West, but not in the artillery. I am ill—which forces me to take a furlough of two or three months. When my health is re-established, I shall see what I can do."

"July 19th, 1795. No news from you yet, though it is more than a month since you left me. [It appears from this, that Joseph had paid him a visit in Paris.] Junot's servant, Richard, who went in charge of my horses, has been taken prisoner by the Chouans, twelve miles from Nantes. Horses here are above all price. The one that I gave to you [this does not look

like extreme poverty] is worth five times what it cost me; take care of it. Junot is here, leading the life of a jolly companion, and spending as much as he can of his father's money."

So much for Junot—who is represented by his wife, in her memoirs, as helping Napoleon to live, by sharing with him such remittances as he obtained from home, through his mother; and so much for the story of Napoleon's being deprived of his rank because he refused to serve in Vendée. Now for the other story of his vainly soliciting, in lack of some other employment, a mission to Turkey:

"August 20th. I am attached, for the present, to the topographical board of the Committee of Public Safety for the direction of the armies. I replace Carnot. If I ask it, I can be sent to Turkey, as general of artillery, commissioned by the government to organize the Grand Seigneur's artillery, with a good salary, and a very flattering diplomatic title. I would have you appointed consul, and Villeneuve [married to a sister of Joseph's wife] accompany me as engineer; you say M. Danthome [married to another of the demoiselles Clary] is there already; therefore, before a month is over, I should arrive in Genoa, we should go together to Leghorn, where we should embark; considering all this, will you purchase an estate? I shall take with me five or six officers. I will write you more in detail to-morrow. The resolutions of the Committee of Public Safety, appointing me director of the armies and of the plans of the campaign, have been so flattering to me, that I fear that they will not let me go to Turkey; we shall see. Continue to write to me as if I were going to Turkey."

"August 25th, 1795. I am overwhelmed with business from one o'clock in the afternoon. At five o'clock I go to the committee, and work from eleven in the evening till three o'clock the next morning."

"Sept. 5th. The committee have decided that it is impossible for me to leave France during the war. I am to be reappointed to the artillery, and I shall probably continue to attend the committee."

"Sept. 26th. My mission is talked of more than ever; it would have been settled by this time, if there were not so much excitement here; but there is now some disturbance, and embers which may burst into flames. It will be over in a few days."

How these disturbances ended, and the result on Napoleon's fortunes, we shall presently see. Meanwhile we may note the flat contradictions as to Napoleon's position for weeks previous to the Day of the Sections, as exhibited in his letters written at the moment, and as set forth by the recollections, years afterwards, of persons who might be supposed to have known the truth, and who, no doubt, intended to tell it—contradictions which form one, among ten thousand other proofs, how slippery

mere recollection is. What was written at the very time, forms the best, and, indeed, only very reliable basis of history.

There are quite a number of references in these letters to Napoleon's fancy for Mademoiselle Eugénie Desirée Clary, sister of Joseph's wife, and his disposition to marry her. There is every indication that at this time he was decidedly a lover, and not being very successful, rather a moping and melancholy one. Thus he writes:

"May 23d, 1795. Remember me to your wife, to Desirée, and to all your family."

"June 25th, 1795. I will execute your wife's commission immediately. Desirée asks me for my portrait. [*Your* in the translation, but that is wrong; it is *mon* in the French.] I am going to have it painted. You will give it to her if she still wishes for it; if not, keep it for yourself. In whatever circumstances you may be placed by fortune, you know well, my friend, that you cannot have a better or a dearer friend than myself, or one who wishes more sincerely for your happiness. Life is a flimsy dream, soon to be over. If you are going away, and you think it may be for some time, send me your portrait; we have lived together for so many years, so closely united, that our hearts have become one; you best know how certainly mine belongs to you. While I write these lines, I feel an emotion which I have seldom experienced. I fear it will be long before we shall see each other again, and I can write no more."

The above letter was written to Joseph; but it has much the sound of being meant in part, at least, for Mademoiselle Clary. Napoleon's great anxiety to buy an estate for his brother near Paris, was, perhaps, partly prompted by his desire to get that lady near him. Possibly the sickness that prevented him from joining the army of the West, was partly love-sickness, and unwillingness to leave Paris till this matter was settled. He writes:

"July 7th, 1795. I have had no news of you since you went. [Joseph, to be nearer Corsica, had recently gone to Genoa, where he had been joined by his wife and her sister.] To reach Genoa the river Lethé must be crossed—for since she has been there Desirée writes me no longer."

"July 18th, 1795. Luxury, pleasure, and the arts are reviving here in a wonderful manner. Yesterday they acted *Phédre* at the opera-house, for the benefit of a former actress; the crowd was immense from two o'clock in the afternoon, although the prices were troubled. Equipages and dandies are re-appearing, or rather they remember their period of eclipse only as a long dream. Libraries are formed, and we have lectures on history, chemistry, botany, astronomy, etc. We have heaped together here all that can make life amusing. Reflection is banished.

How is it possible to see the dark side of things, when the mind is constantly whirled about in this giddy vortex? Women go everywhere—to the theatres, to the public walks, to the public libraries; you find beauties in the philosopher's study: here, more than in any other country, do women claim to hold the helm. Indeed, all the men are mad about them; they think only of them, and live only for and through them. A woman does not know her value, or the extent of her empire, till she has spent six months in Paris."

"July 19th. No letter from you yet. I have not heard, either, from Desirée, since she has been in Genoa. You will make use, I suppose, of your visit to Genoa, to send home our plate and valuables. I long to hear from you, and for tidings of all your circle. Love to our wife, whom I desire earnestly to meet in Paris, where life is much happier than at Genoa. This is the place where an honest and prudent man, who cares only for his friends, may live just as he likes—in perfect freedom."

"July 25th. I am appointed general in the army of the West, but my illness keeps me here. I expect more detailed accounts from you. I suppose that you purposely avoid telling me anything of Desirée. I do not know whether she is still alive. Your letters are very dry; you are so prudent and laconic that you tell me nothing. When will you return? Good-by, my dear friend; health, gaiety, happiness, and pleasure to you. I have sent you letters from Mariette, Fréron, and Barras, introducing you to the *chargé des affaires* of the republic."

"July 30th, 1795. You will receive with this letter the passport you asked for. To-morrow you will have a letter from the Committee of Foreign Affairs to our minister in Genoa; he is asked to give you all the help that you may want. I suppose that when you wish to return, you will let me know. You will probably be made a consul in Italy. If I go to Nice [he had intimated in a previous letter that he might be re-appointed to a command in the army of the Alps] we shall meet, and Desirée likewise. This great nation gives itself up to pleasure—balls, theatres, women (and ours are the finest in the world), are the great business of life. Ease, luxury, fashion have all reappeared; the Reign of Terror is remembered only as a dream."

"Aug. 1st. You never tell me anything of Mademoiselle Eugénie, nor of the children that you ought to be expecting; you are strangely forgetful of your duty in that respect. Pray let us have a little nephew. You must make a beginning. Julie would make an excellent mother; you deprive her of the greatest happiness of life—nursing, and bringing up one's children. What are you doing at Genoa? What is said there? How are you amusing yourself? I should think that it must be a very different place from this, which is the centre of science, pleasure, art, and civil liberty. A new play was acted to-day, entitled *Fabius*; I will send it to you when it is printed. Adieu, my dear friend; I wish you happiness, freedom from care, courage, and friendship. My compliments to Julie, and any something to the silent lady."

"Aug. 9th. I have received a letter from Desirée, which seems to be very old; you never told of it. We got on very well here, and are very happy. It appears as if every one wanted to make up for past sufferings, and the uncertainty of the future prompts people

to enjoy unsparringly the present. Good-by, my dear friend; be cautious as to the future, and satisfied with the present; be gay; learn to amuse yourself. As for me, I am happy. I only want to find myself on the battle-field; a soldier must win laurels, or perish gloriously."

"Aug. 12th. Let me often hear from you. You contrive never to tell me anything; you keep me so ill-informed, that I know not whether to decide upon going to the south or the north. Is it a want of tact, or of interest on your part? Yet it is impossible for me to doubt either your intelligence or affection. This town is always the same—always in pursuit of pleasure, devoted to women, to the theatres, balls, the public walks, and the artists studios."

"Fesch [their mother's half-brother, not many years older than Joseph and Napoleon—afterwards cardinal] seems to wish to return to Corsica, after the peace; he is always the same, living in the future, sending me letters of six pages about some subtilty no broader than a needle's point; the present is no more to him than the past; the future is everything. As for me, little attached to life, contemplating it without much solicitude, constantly in the state of mind in which one is on the eve of the day before a battle—feeling that while death is always amongst us, to put an end to all, anxiety is folly; everything joins to make me defy fortune and fate. In time, I shall not get out of the way when a carriage crosses. I sometimes wonder at my own state of mind. It is the result of what I have seen, and what I have risked. Good-by, dear Joseph."

"Sept. 3d. The estate nine leagues from Paris, which I thought of buying for you, was sold yesterday. I had made up my mind to give 1,500,000 francs for it, [in assignats, that is, worth about thirty for one] but, strange to say, it went for 3,000,000."

"Sept. 5th. National property, and confiscated estates are not dear, but those belonging to individuals go for extravagant prices. If I stay here [in an extract from this letter, already given, he had announced the decision of the committee, that he could not be spared to go to Turkey, but must remain in France during the war] it is possible that I may be fool enough to marry. I wish for a few words from you on the subject. Perhaps it would be well to speak to Eugénie's brother. Let me know the result, and all shall be settled."

"Sept. 6th. There is no fear for the constitution; [the directorial constitution of the year 3] it will be accepted unanimously; the only cause of alarm is the decree retaining two-thirds of the convention. I shall remain in Paris, chiefly on your business. Whatever happens, you need fear nothing for me; all honest people are my friends, to whatever party they may belong. [This refers to the royalist reaction, already referred to in some of the previous letters, and the agitation in Paris, that led, shortly after, to the day of the Sections. It is to be noticed, by the way, that throughout this entire correspondence, Napoleon always assumes that all "honest men" are his friends, and that all his enemies are rascals.] Continue to write to me fully, tell me your plans; manage my business so that my absence may not interfere with my wishes. I am writing to your wife."

"You know well that I only live to give pleasure to my friends. If my wishes are rewarded by the good fortune which has yet

never failed me, I shall be able to make you happy, and to fulfill all your wishes.

"I shall have three horses to-morrow, which will enable me to drive about a little, and get through all my business.

"Adieu, dear Joseph: amuse yourself; all goes on well; be gay: think of my affairs, for I am fool enough to wish to keep house. As you are not here, and are determined to remain abroad, the affair with Eugénie must either be concluded, or broken off. I wait impatiently."

"Sept. 8. I wrote yesterday to your wife, dear Joseph: she must have received my letter. Some of the sections in Paris are disturbed by the spirit of insurrection; it is the work of some aristocrats, who wish to profit by the exhaustion of the patriots, drive them away, and raise the banner of counter-revolution. But the real patriots—the whole Convention, and the armies, are here to defend our country and our liberty. Nothing will come of it. All is well and quiet here. The partial excitement is not much attended to. I see nothing in the future but what is agreeable. Were it otherwise, one must live in the present. A brave man despises the future."

"Sept. 18th. The government [the Directory] will be appointed immediately. The destinies of France appear to be secure; one of the primary assemblies amused us by asking for a king."

"Oct. 6, 1795.—Vendémiaire, Paris, night of the 13th-14th, 2 in the morning. At last, all is over; my first impulse is to think of you, and to tell you my news. The royalists, organized in their sections, became every day more insolent. The Convention ordered the section Lepelletier to be disbanded. It repulsed the troops. Menou, who was in command, is said to have betrayed us. He was instantly superseded. The Convention appointed Barras to command the military force; the committee appointed me second in command. We made our dispositions, the enemy marched to attack us, in the Tuilleries. We killed many of them; they killed thirty of our men, and wounded sixty. We have disbanded the sections, and all is quiet. As usual, I am not wounded.

"P. S. Fortune favors me. My respects to Eugénie and to Julie."

"Oct. 9th. The newspapers will have told you all that concerns me. I have been appointed, by decree, second in command of the army of the interior."

"Oct. 18th. I am general of division in the artillery, and second in command of the army of the interior. Barras is commander-in-chief. One Billon, who, I am told, is an acquaintance of yours, has proposed for Paulette [Pauline, their second sister]. He has nothing. I have written to tell mamma that it is not to be thought of. I will learn more about him to-day."

"Nov. 1st. It is already more than a week since I was appointed commander-in-chief of the army of the interior."

"Nov. 9th. My intervals of leisure are so short, that I can write to you only a line; but Fesch, whom I have desired to write to you, is to give you all the information that may interest you."

"Lucien is appointed commissary of the army of the Rhine. Louis is with me; he is writing to you, I believe. Good-by, dear Joseph. Give my love to your wife, and Desirée."

Of Lucien he had written:

"June 23d. I will do what I can to find a place for him." "July 30th. Lucien has contrived to get himself arrested; a courier, who starts to-morrow, carries an order from the committee of public safety to set him at liberty. [Lucien, who had meanwhile been residing, as a commissary of military supplies, at St. Maximin, near Marseilles, where he had married, gives (in his memoirs) an account of this arrest of his through the growing influence, as he says, of the counter-revolutionary party.] I shall write to Madame Iscard, to desire her to give Lucien some money. I will find a place for him in Paris, before I go." "Sept. 26th. Lucien is on his way hither; if I am still here, I will try to be of use to him." "Oct. 9th. Lucien is to accompany Freron, who starts this evening for Marseilles." "Oct. 18th. Freron, who is at Marseilles, will help Lucien."

The following quotations show the interest which he took in Louis, the fourth brother:

"June 24th. I have not been able to obtain a place for Louis in a regiment of artillery. As he, however, is only sixteen, I shall send him to Châlons, where he will pass his examination, and become an officer in a year's time."

"July 19th. Louis has been five or six days at Châlons sur Marne; he will make himself a man there. He is well inclined; he is learning mathematics, fortification and fencing."

"Aug. 1st. Louis is at Châlons, where he is hard at work. I am well pleased with him."

"Sept. 6. I am pleased with Louis; he answers my expectations; he is good, and of my own making; ardent, talented, healthy, able, punctuality, and kindness—he has everything. Write to him, and tell him that you are waiting for him to send you his first drawing, that you may judge of his progress, and that you have no doubt that he will keep his promise to write, as well as Junot does, before the end of the month."

We return now to the regular course of the correspondence:

"Nov. 17th. I hear from you very rarely; you must not, however, be severe with me; you know that my duties, and the constant excitement in which I live, prevent my writing to you regularly; but Fesch ought to do so every day."

"Our family is in want of nothing. I have sent them money, assignats, etc. I shall, perhaps, be able to send for our family. Give me more detailed accounts of yourself, of your wife, and of Eugénie. Adieu, dear Joseph. The only want I feel, is of your society. If your wife were not expecting her confinement, I would try to persuade you to pay Paris a visit shortly."

"Dec. 31st. You need not be uneasy about our family; they are well provided with everything; Jerome [the youngest brother] arrived yesterday with General Augereau. I am going to send him to a school where he will do well."

"You will soon be a consul. Don't be uneasy. If you are tired of Genoa, I see no ob-

jection to your coming to Paris. I can give you an apartment, a table, and a carriage. Oron goes the day after to-morrow. He takes Genos on his way, and carries some presents from me to your wife. If you do not want a consularship, come hither. You shall choose your place."

"Jan. 11th, 1795. The multiplicity and the importance of my business prevent my writing to you frequently. I am happy and contented. I have sent to our family from 50,000 to 60,000 francs, in money, assignats, and things. I continue satisfied with Louis. He is my aide-de-camp capitaine. Marmont and Junot are my two aides-de-camp chefs de bataillon. Jerome is at school, learning Latin, mathematics, drawing, music, etc.

"I see no objection to Paulette's marriage, if *he* [General Le Clerc, perhaps, whom Paulette married shortly after] is rich.

"Adieu. Nothing can diminish the interest which I take in all that may please you. Kind remembrances to Julie."

No remembrances are sent in this letter to Eugenie. The last mention of her is in the letter, given above, of Nov. 17th. If, after keeping him dangling so long, either in a spirit of coquetry, or because she could not make up her mind to marry a man she did not like, she enjoyed the glory and satisfaction of giving the commander of the army of Italy a flat refusal, he certainly did not long droop under it; for on the 9th of March following he was married to Josephine. The Duchess of Abrantes (Madame Junot, whom Napoleon mentions in a letter of August 12th as "the young lady of the little flaxen wig" and as talking much of Joseph) insists, in her memoirs, that Napoleon, shortly before his engagement with Josephine, offered himself to her mother, Madame Permont—who had just become a widow—an old friend and school companion of Napoleon's mother, and herself the mother of a large family, including a son of full Bonaparte's age. The duchess says she had frequently heard this story from her mother, who represented herself as having had great difficulty in getting rid of this importunate young suitor. There are three or four brief references in these letters to the Permont family, and in one of Oct. 18th, Napoleon speaks of Madame Permont as having just lost her husband. How much credit is to be given to that lady's boasts, we shall not undertake to decide, remarking only that this is a subject as to which some ladies are apt to amplify a little. At all events, it is plain, from Napoleon's speedy marriage to Josephine, that neither coy maiden nor cruel

widow was able long to keep him a bachelor.

The last letter of this collection, prior to Napoleon's taking command of the army of Italy, displays the same zeal shown in others already quoted, and actively exhibited through the whole correspondence, to feather the nests of "our family," by quartering them on the public. In addition to what is mentioned in this letter, he had already got Villeneuve, Joseph's brother-in-law, struck from the list of emigrants, and had promised, when the storm was over, to have him appointed chef de bataillon of engineers.

"Paris, Feb. 17th. You will certainly have the first consulship that suits you. In the meantime, keep house for yourself in Genoa. Salicetti, who is the commissioner of the government with the army, and Chauvel, who is commissary general, will employ you at Genoa, so as to render your residence there neither expensive nor useless.

"Lucien starts to-morrow for the army of the north: he is made a commissariat officer. Pamolino is here in the commissariat. Ornano is lieutenant in the Legion of Police. [These two persons were maternal relations of the Bonapartes.] Our family is provided for. I have sent to them everything that they can want. Fesch will be well placed here. Salicetti will be zealous in your service. He has been much pleased with me. I wish you to remain at Genoa, unless he employs you at Leghorn. All this is only provisional. You will soon be a consul. Nothing can exceed my anxiety to make you happy in all respects."

The following letters, written while Bonaparte commanded the army of Italy—during which period he wrote some very ardent love letters to Josephine, published many years ago by her daughter Hortense—throw further light on the subject of his family relations:

"Milan, May 14th, 1796. All goes well. Pray arrange Paulette's affairs. I do not intend Freron to marry her. Tell her so, and let him know it, too. We are masters of all Lombardy. Adieu, my dear Joseph; give me news of my wife. I hear that she is ill, which wrings my heart."

"Verona, Aug. 26th, 1796. I am anxious for regular news from Corsica, and to know the state of Ajaccio. [Joseph appears to have been at this time on a visit to Corsica.] My health is fair. Nothing new in the army."

"Milan, Dec. 10th, 1796. We have made peace with Parma. I expect every day to hear that you are the minister there. Come back as soon as you can. Mix yourself up little or not at all with Corsican politics. Arrange our domestic affairs. Let our house be in a habitable state, such as it was, adding to it the apartment of Ignatio, and do the little things that are necessary to improve the street.

"I expect Fesch and Paulette at Milan in a fortnight. As you return by Milan, settle the San Miniato business." [San Miniato was the

name of an estate near Florence, to which the Bonaparte family had some claims.]

"Milan, Nov. 12th. General Duphot will give you this letter. I recommend him to you as an excellent man. He will talk to you about the marriage which he wishes to make with your sister-in-law (Desirée). It will, I think, be a good match for her. He is a distinguished officer."

Napoleon was more successful as an agent than as principal. Desirée was contracted to General Duphot, but before the marriage took place, he was killed in a tumult at Rome, where Joseph was then ambassador. The next year Desirée married General Bernadotte, and became ultimately queen of Sweden, a more permanent, if not so splendid, throne than any to which marriage to a Bonaparte would have raised her. The letters which follow were written during the expedition to Egypt:

"Headquarters on board l'Orient, Toulon Roads, May 19th, 1798. We are just setting sail. I shall not touch at Ajaccio. If Lucien is not elected deputy, he may come hither. [Lucien was elected, and soon became distinguished in the council of 500.] He will always find opportunities here. A frigate sails in a fortnight. I hope you have bought Rise; I should like you to add to it one of the two estates near Roche, in Berry, which you proposed to me, and which I saw on my road, of the probable value of 300,000 or 400,000 francs. I should prefer that of M. de Montigny, which I looked at four years ago for you. Inquire if the title is safe, and write to Junot's father about one or the other. One of these, with Rise will do."

"Headquarters on board l'Orient, May 25th, 1798. We have joined the convoy from Genoa. We have had good and bad weather, and calms. We are going on steadily for Elba. This evening we pass Bastia; I was not sick on the open sea; pray tell me about my affairs; I sent to you instructions from Toulon."

"P. S. My wife will wait in Toulon, till she hears we have passed Sicily; then she goes to a watering place."

"Headquarters on board l'Orient, May 25th, 1798. The convoy from Civita Vecchia is joining us. That from Ajaccio joined us yesterday. We are in full sail for our destination. I am well. All goes on well here. I am anxious to hear that you have settled my little affairs about Rise, and in Burgundy."

"Headquarters, Malta, May 29th, 1798. General Bonaquay d'Hilliers is going to Paris; he was unwell. I use him to carry parcels and flags. I hear nothing from you about Rise and Burgundy. *I write to my wife to come out to me.* Be kind to her if she is near you. My health is good. Malta cost me a cannonade of two days: it is the strongest place in Europe. I leave Vaubois there. I did not touch at Corsica. I have had no French news now for a month."

"CAIRO, July 25th, 1798. You will see in the newspapers the result of our battles, and the conquest of Egypt, where we found resistance enough to add a leaf to the laurels of this

army. Egypt is the richest country in the world for wheat, rice, and pulse. Nothing can be more barbarous. There is no money even to pay the troops. I may be in France in two months. I recommend my interests to you. *I have much domestic distress. Your friendship is very dear to me. To become a misanthrope I have only to lose it, and find that you betray me. That very different feelings towards the same person should be united in one heart is very painful.*

"Let me have, on my arrival, a villa near Paris, or in Burgundy. I intend to shut myself up there for the winter. *I am tired of human nature. I want solitude and isolation. Greatness fatigues me. Feeling is dried up. At twenty-nine glory has become flat. I have exhausted everything. I have no refuge but pure selfishness. I shall return to my house, and let no one else occupy it. I have not more than enough to live upon.*

[Napoleon stated, at St. Helena, that he brought from Italy only three hundred thousand francs. According to Bourrienne—and these letters go to confirm his statement—it was not less than three millions; a fortune which was not increased during the expedition to Egypt. That country he left a poorer man than when he entered it.]

"Adieu, my only friend. *I have never been unjust to you, as you must admit, though I may have wished to be so. You understand me. Love to your wife and to Jerome.*"

This letter, or rather a duplicate of it, was intercepted by the English and published in the newspapers; with the omission, however, of those passages of a private and personal nature, placed above in italics. Bourrienne gives it as printed by the English, in his *Memoirs*, with a testimony to its authenticity, and a statement that he saw Napoleon write it, and that it was read to him at the time. As now printed in full, it amply confirms what is stated by Bourrienne, as to Bonaparte's sufferings, in Egypt, from jealousy of his wife, of the effect of which, on Bonaparte, he gives the following account:

"Whilst near the walls of Measoodiah, on our way to El Airish, I one day saw Bonaparte walking alone with Junot, as he was often in the habit of doing. I stood at a little distance, and my eyes, I know not why, were fixed on him during the conversation. The general's countenance—which was always pale—had, without my being able to divine the cause, become paler than usual. There was something convulsive in his features, a wildness in his look, and he, several times, struck his head with his hand. After conversing with Junot for about a quarter of an hour, he quitted him and came towards me. I never saw him exhibit such an air of dissatisfaction, or appear so much under the influence of some prepossession. I advanced towards him, and, as soon as we met, he exclaimed, in an abrupt and angry tone: 'So, I find, I cannot depend on you. Those women! Josephine! If you had loved me you would, before now, have told me all I have heard from Junot. He is a real friend. Josephine—and I six hundred

leagues from her—you ought to have told me. Josephine!—that she should have deceived me. Woe to them, I will exterminate the whole race of fops and puppies. As to her, divorce! Yes, divorce—public and open divorce. I must write. I know all. It is your fault—you ought to have told me!

"These energetic and broken exclamations, his disturbed countenance, his altered voice, informed me but too well of the subject of his conversation with Junot. I saw that Junot had been drawn into a culpable indiscretion, and that, if Josephine had committed any faults, he had cruelly exaggerated them. My situation was one of extreme delicacy. However, I had the good fortune to retain my self-possession, and, as soon as some degree of calmness succeeded to this first burst, I replied, that I knew nothing of the reports which Junot might have communicated to him: that, even if such reports, often the offspring of calumny, had reached my ears, and, if I had considered it my duty to inform him of them, I certainly would not have selected, for that purpose, the moment when he was six hundred leagues from France. I also did not conceal how blamable Junot's conduct appeared to me, and how ungenerous I considered it, thus rashly to accuse a woman who was not present to justify or defend herself; that it was no great proof of attachment to add domestic uneasiness to the anxiety already sufficiently great, which the situation of his brothers in arms, at the commencement of a hazardous enterprise, occasioned him. Notwithstanding these observations, which, however, he listened to with some calmness, the word 'divorce' still escaped his lips; and it is necessary to be aware of the degree of irritation to which he was liable when anything seriously vexed him, to be able to form an idea of what Bonaparte was during this painful scene. However, I kept my ground. I repeated what I had said. I begged him to consider with what facility tales were fabricated and circulated; and that gossip, such as that which had been reported to him, was only the amusement of idle persons, and deserved the contempt of strong minds. I spoke of his glory. 'My glory,' he said. 'I know not what I would give if that which Junot has told me should be untrue, so much do I love Josephine! If she be really guilty, divorce must separate us forever. I will not submit to be a laughing-stock for all the imbeciles of Paris. I will write to Joseph, he will get the divorce declared.' Although his irritation continued long, intervals occurred in which he was less excited. I seized one of those moments of comparative calm, to combat the idea of divorce which seemed to possess his mind. I represented to him, especially, that it would be imprudent to write to his brother with reference to a communication which was probably false. 'The letter might be intercepted; it would betray the feelings of irritation which dictated it. As to a divorce, it would be time to think of that hereafter, but advisedly.' These last words produced an effect on him which I could not have ventured to hope for so speedily. He became tranquil; listened to me as if he had suddenly felt the justice of my observations, dropped the subject, and never returned to it, except that, about a fortnight after, when we were before St. Jean d'Acre, he expressed himself greatly dissatisfied with Junot, and complained of the injury he had done him by his indiscreet dis-

closures, which he began to regard as the inventions of malignity. I perceived, afterwards, that he never pardoned Junot for this indiscretion; and I can state, almost with certainty, that this was one of the reasons why Junot was not created a Marshal of France, like many of his comrades, whom Bonaparte had loved less. [He was ultimately made a marshal, though not one of the first eighteen created the day after Napoleon became Emperor.] It may be supposed that Josephine, who was afterwards informed, by Bonaparte, of Junot's conversation, did not feel particularly interested in his favor."

Such is Bourrienne's story; which, however, is to be received with all the large allowances essential in all cases where one undertakes to narrate conversations, and give minute details from memory of what had happened some thirty years before. The fact of Napoleon's sufferings from jealousy is unquestionably established by his letter given above; but Bourrienne's statement as to the time and place at which this sentiment was first excited (if not, indeed, as to the first person to excite it), is contradicted by the irrefragable testimony of dates.

The above conversation with Junot is represented by Bourrienne as having occurred between the 11th and 17th of February, 1799, on the march from Cairo to Syria; whereas, Napoleon's letter to Joseph, emphatically expressing these very small suspicions, is dated at Cairo, July 25th, 1798, more than six months before; and from the letter dated Malta, May 29th, in which he mentions having written to his wife to come to him, it seems probable that, even at that early period, he had heard some gossip about her. It is also worthy of remark, that Hortense, in her collection of Napoleon's letters to Josephine, has published none written during the expedition to Egypt. It would seem, however, that Napoleon was not slow in applying a remedy—such as it was—to his heart, wounded by suspicions of Josephine's fidelity; for the ex-secretary informs us—though, by his error in dates above pointed out, he fails to connect the two things together—that about the middle of September, 1798—that is some six weeks after the jealous letter to Joseph—

"Napoleon caused to be brought, to the house of Elsey Bey, half a dozen Asiatic women, whose beauty he had heard highly extolled. However, their ungraceful obesity displeased him [Napoleon never could put up with fat women], and they were immediately dismissed. A few days after, he fell violently in love with Madame Fources, the wife of a

lieutenant of infantry. She was very pretty, and her charms were enhanced by the rarity of seeing a woman in Egypt who was calculated to please the eye of a European. Bonaparte engaged for her a house adjoining the house of Elfev Bey, which we occupied. He frequently ordered dinner to be prepared there, and I used to go there with him at seven o'clock, and leave him at nine.

"This connection soon became the general subject of gossip at headquarters. Through a feeling of delicacy to M. Fources, the general-in-chief gave him a mission to the Directory. He embarked at Alexandria, and the ship was captured by the English, who, being informed of the cause of his mission, were malicious enough to send him back to Egypt, instead of keeping him prisoner. Bonaparte wished to have had a child by Madame Fources, but his wish was not realized."

This incident in Napoleon's life appears to have escaped the researches of his evangelical biographer, the Rev. John S. C. Abbott, who, near the place when it ought to have been mentioned, duty stigmatizes the *liaison* between Nelson and Lady Hamilton, but who can see in Napoleon nothing but an eminent friend of peace, and a model of purity and abnegation of self, worthy of a Presbyterian, if not of a popish canonization. At St. Helena, Napoleon argued ingeniously in favor of a plurality of wives, and though rigid, like the orientals, in his notions of female propriety, and little under the influence of a passion for which perpetual occupation is a pretty certain antidote, yet if we may believe the Duchess of Abrantes, Madame Fources was by no means his only female favorite of that particular sort. A certain M. Charles seems to have been the person fixed upon by gossip as the favored lover of Josephine. The name of Murat was also mentioned, but as he was one of the officers in the expedition to Egypt, where he greatly distinguished himself in contests with the Mameluke cavalry, he could hardly have been the immediate occasion of Napoleon's painful apprehensions.

That Napoleon's rage against Josephine had in a great measure, if not entirely subsided, previous to his leaving Egypt, may be gathered from the following letter, which, being without date, has been placed in the *Mémoires du Roi Joseph*, and in the English collection translated from them previous to the one given above. This, however, is plainly a mistake, since Louis Bonaparte is referred to in it, as being in France, and Louis, who accompanied his brother to Egypt as an aid-de-camp,

did not leave that country till March 1799.

"Cairo (no date). Calmahat has 100,000 francs in my name, in the Mont de Piété. Tell him to invest the interest, and to spend as little as possible. As for my own plans, I wait for news from Constantinople and from France. If the Congress of Rudolstadt does not end, if the Turks are beaten, we ought to make peace, and to use Egypt to obtain a brilliant and permanent one. *Be kind to my wife, see her sometimes. I beg Louis to give her good advice.* I have received from you only one letter by Le Simple. I hope that Desirée, if she marries Bernadotte, will be happy. She deserves it. A thousand kisses to your wife and Lucien. I send to her a handsome shawl. She is an excellent woman; make her happy."

The shawl sent, was probably a Cashmere; at least Bourrienne mentions having sent from Egypt one of that kind to his wife, which he boasts of as the first Cashmere shawl ever seen in Paris, though we are inclined to suspect that Joseph's wife might have disputed that glory with Madame Bourrienne.

The account which Bourrienne gives of the final termination of this affair, is in sufficient conformity to the conclusions to be drawn from the above letter. That account is as follows:—premising, however, that Josephine, having heard of Napoleon's arrival at Toulon, started off post-haste from Paris to meet him, but missed him, by taking a different route from that by which he was traveling to Paris; of which the consequence was, that when Napoleon arrived in Paris, after an absence of a year and a half, he found his house closed and nobody there to receive him—a sort of damper upon his feelings as a husband and housekeeper, of which nobody can easily form an idea who has not had a similar experience, and very likely, by putting him into ill-humor, to rake open the ashes of past dissatisfactions. Bourrienne says:

"The imprudent communication of Junot at the fountain of Messodiah will be remembered; but after the first ebullition of jealous rage, all traces of that feeling had apparently disappeared. Bonaparte, however, was still harassed by secret suspicion; and the painful impressions produced by Junot, were either not entirely effaced, or were revived after our arrival in Paris. The recollection of the past, the ill-natured reports of his brothers, and the exaggeration of facts, had irritated Napoleon to the very highest pitch, and he received Josephine with studied coldness, and with an air of the most cruel indifference. He had no communication with her for three days, during which time he frequently spoke to me of suspicions which his imagination converted into certainty; and threats of divorce escaped his lips with no less vehemence than when we

were on the confines of Syria. I took upon me the office of conciliator, which I had before discharged with success. I represented to him the dangers to be apprehended from the publicity and scandal of such an affair; and that the moment when his grand views might possibly be realized, was not the fit time to entertain France and Europe with the details of adultery. I spoke to him of Hortense and Eugenie, to whom he was much attached. Reflection, seconded by his ardent affection for Josephine, brought about a complete reconciliation. After these three days of conjugal misunderstanding, their happiness was never afterwards disturbed by a similar cause."

It was, however, by other causes. Notwithstanding their admiration and affection for each other, Josephine and Napoleon were exceedingly unlike. Josephine's heart was quite too much for her head. Bonaparte's scheming head was always a great overbalance for his natural goodness of heart. He was simple in his tastes and rigidly economical; she was luxurious and excessively extravagant. "What scenes have I not witnessed," says Bourrienne, "when the moment for paying the milliners' bill arrived! She always kept back one half of their claims, and the discovery of this exposed her to new reproaches. How many tears did she shed which might have been easily spared!" The hatred of Pauline, and of the females generally of the Bonaparte family for Josephine, may be readily understood, without supposing that she gave by her conduct any real occasion for it; but it is not so easy to explain, without supposing something objectionable in her conduct, the strong prejudice against her, which appears to have been entertained by Joseph and Lucien, whose reputation for amiability of character is hardly inferior to her own.

Another great source of domestic uneasiness was, that Josephine failed to bear Napoleon any children—a misfortune which led finally to her divorce.

At St. Helena, Napoleon, while giving her great credit in many particulars, accused her of a troublesome and foolish jealousy—and it would seem from the statements of Bourrienne, Josephine's firm friend, though he does not conceal some of her weakness, not without grounds. Indeed, Bourrienne informs us that she went so far as to be jealous of her own daughter, Hortense, and of Napoleon's own sister, Pauline, with not the slightest foundation for it beyond the malignant interpretation

placed by some impudent scandal-mongers upon the just and natural affection which Napoleon felt for those two fascinating young women, of whom he was so near a relative.

Napoleon also intimated at St. Helena, that Josephine, as she could have no children of her own, was desirous of passing off "by a great political fraud," a supposititious child as hers, in order to furnish an heir to the empire. But to this story Bourrienne gives no credit; on the other hand, he charges a similar and even a more objectionable proposition upon Lucien, which he makes Josephine reject with indignation. But this statement, too, must be taken in connection with the fact, that Bourrienne exhibits throughout his memoirs great hostility to Napoleon's brothers, especially to Lucien, whom, in this connection, he charges with a zeal for making Napoleon an hereditary ruler, a charge not by any means in accordance with Lucien's relations to Napoleon after he became emperor.

The following letter to Joseph, written not long after the reconciliation with Josephine, expresses Napoleon's opinion on certain points of conjugal duty, while, at the same time, it strongly indicates the antipathy he always felt for Madame de Stael, whom he soon banished from Paris, and made an object of petty persecutions whenever he had an opportunity:

"March 19th, 1830. M. de Stael is in the deepest poverty, and his wife gives dinners and balls. If you still visit her, would it not be well to persuade her to make her husband an allowance of from 1000 to 2000 francs a month? Or have we already reached the time when not only decency, but duties even more sacred than those which unite parents and children, may be trampled under foot, without the world's being scandalized? Let us give Madame de Stael the benefit of judging her morals as if she were a man; but would a man who had inherited M. Necker's fortune [M. Necker, however, was still alive, nor did he die till four years after], and who had long enjoyed the privileges attached to a distinguished name, and who allowed his wife to remain in abject poverty, whilst he lived in luxury—would such a man be received in society?"

It may be observed that the Bonapartes were what are called marrying people. The early marriages of Joseph and Napoleon have been already mentioned. Lucien, too, had married (in 1795) still younger than either, the object of his choice being Mademoiselle Boyer, sister of an innkeeper, at St. Maximin, a small

town a few leagues distant from Marseilles, at which Lucien had been stationed in August, 1793, as an officer in the commissariat department. Though without birth or fortune, this young lady had great beauty and amiability, and Lucien lived very happily with her, and had a daughter or two by her. After her death he married, in 1803, at Paris, Madame Jobertau, the widow of a stock-broker. Scandal reports that he had become attached to and intimate with her previous to the death of her husband, who was sent on the St. Domingo expedition (to be presently mentioned), to get him out of the way, and that Lucien, immediately on news of his death, hastened to marry the charming widow, already on the point of becoming a mother. But Napoleon, by this time Consul for life, had no longer any idea of marrying for love. He had little or no objection that Lucien should run away with M. Jobertau's wife, he himself having done the same thing in Egypt. But for Lucien to make an honest woman of her by marriage was, in his opinion, a high-handed outrage against the dignity and prospects of the Bonaparte family. Lucien, as a member of the Council of Five Hundred, in which he had been one of the leading orators, had greatly aided Napoleon in upsetting the Directory on the famous 18th of Brumaire, and raising himself to the head of the executive government as First Consul. Subsequently he served his brother as ambassador to Spain, where he negotiated the retrocession of Louisiana to France. As a member of the Tribunal, and afterwards as a senator, he had even aided him in becoming Consul for life. But his opposition to Napoleon's imperial designs, and his refusal to divorce his wife, with whom he lived very happily, in order to form some princely alliance, brought on a quarrel between the brothers, in consequence of which, Lucien, in 1804, about the time that Napoleon proclaimed himself Emperor, retired to Rome, where he resided as a private citizen during the next six years, surrounded by an increasing family, to which he was greatly attached, and in which he took great pleasure. His eldest son by this second marriage was Charles Lucien Bonaparte, the distinguished naturalist, still alive, and known as the Prince of Canino, who afterwards married Joseph's second and sole surviving daughter and heiress; and it was

to their eldest son that Joseph left all his papers.

Nor was Napoleon any better pleased with the marriage of his eldest sister, first known, while at the school of St. Cyr, as Marianne, afterwards as Christine, and, finally, as Eliza. In the early dawn of the fortunes of the Bonapartes, if not, indeed, previously to their dawning, she had, with her mother's consent, but without asking Napoleon's, married a retired Corsican officer, a Captain Bacciocchi—a respectable man, doubtless, or he would not have had her mother's endorsement—but who did not make up by abilities for his lack of family and fortune. How much Napoleon was displeased with this marriage may be seen in the following letter of his sister's, given by Bourrienne:

"AJACCIO, Aug. 6th, 1797.

"GENERAL:—Suffer me to write to you, and to call you by the name of brother.

"My first child was born at a time when you were much incensed against us. I trust she may soon caress you, and so make you forget the pain my marriage has occasioned you. My second child was still born. Obligated to quit Paris by your order, I miscarried in Germany. In a month's time I hope to present you with a nephew. A favorable time and other circumstances incline me to hope my next will be a boy, and I promise you I will make a soldier of him: but I wish him to bear your name, and that you should be his godfather. I trust you will not refuse your sister's request. Will you send, for this purpose, your power of attorney to Bacciocchi, or whosoever you think fit? I myself will be the godmother. I shall expect, with impatience, your consent.

"Because we are poor, let that not cause you to despise us; for after all you are our brother; mine are the only children that call you uncle, and we all love you more than we do the favors of fortune. Perhaps I may one day succeed in convincing you of the love I bear you.

"Your affectionate sister,

"CHRISTINE BONAPARTE."

"P. S. Do not fail to remember me to your wife, whom I strongly desire to be acquainted with. They told me at Paris I was very like her. If you recollect my features, you can judge."

In the sketch of his early life, with which the *Mémoires du Roi Joseph* commence, Joseph describes his eldest sister as much more like Napoleon, both in person and character, than either of their other sisters.

Napoleon having assumed, May 18th, 1804, the imperial crown, gave to Joseph the title of Grand Elector, and to Louis that of Constable. The next year he transformed the Cisalpine republic into the kingdom of Italy, of which he

made himself king, and Eugene Beauharnais viceroy, and about the same time he converted the republic of Lucca into a principality, to be held as a fief of France, and of which he made his eldest sister and her husband duchess and duke. Three years afterwards, having seized the kingdom of Etruria—originally created by himself while still First Consul, out of the dukedom of Tuscany, for the benefit of a branch of the Spanish Bourbons, in exchange for the retrocession of Louisiana, being the first crown of his manufacture—he gave that country, with the title of Grand Duchess of Tuscany, to his eldest sister, who, under the new name of Eliza, ruled over it with a truly masculine spirit, reviewing her troops in person, and in all respects treating her husband as a mere cypher; and, in fact, there had been no mention of him in her patent of appointment.

Some of the letters already given show Napoleon's interest in finding what he esteemed a suitable husband for Pauline, the second and most beautiful of his sisters, of whom he was very fond—a great coquette, and a woman who claimed the privilege of being her own judge of the proprieties—but with many fascinating, and, indeed, amiable qualities. She was married, with his consent, after he had put his veto on several other suitors, to General Le Clerc, whom, as a means of making his fortune, he sent, after the peace of Amiens, with an army to reoccupy St. Domingo. In that island, and in Guadaloupe, slavery had been abolished by the agents of the Convention, as a means of inducing the blacks to cooperate in preventing the planters from throwing those colonies into the hands of the English. That experiment had succeeded; but, as a consequence of it, Toussaint and other black generals held in those colonies an almost independent authority. No sooner, however, was the peace of Amiens proclaimed, than Napoleon fitted out two fleets and armies, for the purpose, not only of reoccupying these colonies in the name of France, but of re-establishing slavery there, to which possibly his marriage with Josephine—whose sympathies, being herself a creole, were doubtless with the ancient régime of those islands—might, perhaps, have aided to incline him. The command of the expedition against Guadaloupe, with the prospect of proceeding thence

to occupy Louisiana, was offered to Bernadotte, who, however, did not accept it. In a letter from Napoleon to Joseph, Jan. 6, 1802, making this offer, he mentions that "missions to the colonies are desired by the most distinguished generals." The command of the expedition to Hayti was given to Le Clerc, as a "fine opportunity," in the words of Bourrienne, for "filling his purse." Pauline, much against her will, was compelled to accompany the expedition. Le Clerc effected a landing, obtained the submission of the inhabitants by false pretenses, and succeeded in kidnapping Toussaint, who was sent to France, where he died in prison. But soon, with a large part of his troops, he died of the yellow fever, and the intentions of the French having been openly proclaimed, the remnants of the French army only escaped the fury of the insurgent blacks by surrendering to an English naval force.

Pauline, however, did not long remain a widow. She was married, in 1803, to a scion of the noble Italian family of Borghese. This new husband, who had early attached himself to the French interest in Italy, was made, in 1805, a prince of the French empire, afterwards Duke of Guastalla, and finally governor-general of the department beyond the Alps, under which name were included Piedmont and Genoa, which had been annexed to France—a government first given to Louis Bonaparte, who was removed from it to be made king of Holland. In this capacity, Prince Borghese fixed himself at Turin, where he and Pauline held a sort of court. He was also an officer in the French army, in which he rose to be a general of division.

Of Caroline, the youngest sister, Napoleon said at St. Helena, that, though she was in childhood the fool and Cinderella of the family, yet that she grew up a clever and beautiful woman. Murat first saw her at the house of her brother Joseph—who, during Napoleon's Italian campaign, was ambassador at Rome—and a mutual attachment was speedily formed between them. Murat, for a time in disgrace with Napoleon, for a fault committed at the siege of Mantua, had greatly distinguished himself in Egypt, and on the 19th of Brumaire had rendered especially good service by heading the grenadiers, that, at the point of the bayonet, drove the

Council of Five Hundred from their Hall of Session, and brought the Directorial government to a close. Soon after he was married to Caroline. According to Bourrienne, Napoleon made some objection, on the ground of Murat's being an innkeeper's son; but he was influenced by Josephine to give his consent, which he did the more readily, as Josephine's interest in promoting this marriage seemed to give the lie to the gossip which represented him as one of the gallants of whom she was too fond. Napoleon, though already First Consul, could only afford his sister a dowry of thirty thousand francs, with one of Josephine's necklaces for a wedding present. The day after he proclaimed himself Emperor, he made Murat a marshal, as he did seventeen others of his principal generals.

In Jan., 1802, Louis Bonaparte married Hortense Beauharnais, a match also brought about by Josephine, and that, too, in spite of the indifference of Louis and the repugnance of Hortense—who was in love with Duroc, afterwards the imperial chamberlain. Josephine hoped thus to strengthen herself against the hostility evinced to her by other members of the Bonaparte family; but this marriage proved an unhappy

one, and after having three children, the parties separated. The eldest son died in infancy. The second grew to manhood, and married Joseph's eldest daughter, but died soon after, as did also his wife. Hortense's third son is the present emperor of France.

Jerome, the youngest brother, whose character was formed after the fortune of the family had been made, was as sad, dissipated, extravagant a dog, as if he had been born an hereditary prince. His brother, whose letters evince a partiality for him, and who, perhaps, liked him none the less for these princely peccadilloes, put him into the navy, and during a visit to the United States in that capacity, in December, 1803, while yet only nineteen, he married Miss Patterson, of Baltimore. Napoleon was very much offended with this marriage, and refused to recognize it; and neither Lucien nor Jerome, on account of their unsatisfactory marriages, were mentioned in the decree which settled the order of succession to the empire.

But here, having raised Napoleon to the imperial throne, and married off all his brothers and sisters, we shall stop to take breath, deferring to another article the account of Napoleon's family relations after he became emperor.

A CHILD'S WISH.

BE my fairy, mother,
Give me a wish a day;
Something as well in sunshine
As when the rain-drops play.

And if I were a fairy,
With but one wish to spare,
What should I give thee, darling,
To quiet thine earnest prayer?

I'd like a little brook, mother,
All for my very own,
To laugh all day among the trees,
And shine on the mossy stone,

To run right under the window,
And sing me fast asleep,
With soft steps and a tender sound,
Over the grass to creep.

Make it run down the hill, mother,
With a leap like a tinkling bell,
So fast I never can catch the leaf
That into its fountain fell.

Make it as wild as a frightened bird,
As crazy as a bee,
And a noise like the baby's funny laugh,
That's the brook for me!

A VISIT TO MY GRANDPARENTS.

I HAD been drawing up a diagram of my family-tree. Not such a tree as we usually see displayed, its single stem rooted in some ancient individual, who, in Old England, is probably some comrade of Norman William, or, in New England, some fellow-religionist of Elder Brewster and Miles Standish; a tree which, branching out into ramification after ramification, becomes a perfect maze of boughs and twigs, on the terminal bud of one of which is the proper place of the proud possessor of this family-chart.

Such a diagram may illustrate the collateral relationship of one's family, but not at all his ancestry. For it shows, at any past generation, but a single ancestor, from whom, in the fourth previous remove, we can derive but one-sixteenth of our descent, while, in the fifth and sixth removes, our interest in him is reduced to one-thirty-second or one-sixty-fourth part. In those generations, respectively, we had sixteen, thirty-two, and sixty-four ancestors and ancestresses, from each of whom we may be presumed to have derived an equal sixteenth, thirty-second, or sixty-fourth part of the traits of person or character, which make up our individuality.

And it is a poor source of satisfaction to know that one descends in a specified arbitrary line—say through eldest sons—from one personage of respectability, while every other progenitor in the same degree may have been a scamp.

If my four grandparents were of the families of Smith, Brown, Jones, and Robinson, is there any reason why I should attach myself to the pedigree of the Smiths exclusively; because, as I can bear but one name, that happens to be the one which I inherit under certain conventional customs of soceity? Nothing can be more absurd. The only sensible practice is to reverse the family-tree; and so I did—considering myself the trunk, and my progenitors the roots, at which I had been digging and exploring with much zeal and some satisfaction, by the aid of piles of old faded letters, a couple of family bibles, and a collection of epitaphs, gleaned from the red-sandstone monuments in the old burying-grounds of Connecticut and New Jersey.

It was clear enough that my four grandparents—of four families which

were obscurely active in the revolutionary war, spending their energies, their little fortunes, and some of their lives in the service—bore names of English, Irish, Scotch, and Welsh derivation. The next generations were not so distinctly made out; but, among many plain and respectable people of British and Hibernian origin, I found intermingled, names unmistakably Low Dutch, from the early colonists of New Amsterdam; Germans, from immigrants from the Palatinate; and French, from the Huguenot settlers, who came to New York and New Jersey in the seventeenth century. I soon followed back these traces until I found them, as it were, freshly printed on the shores of the ocean, and hit upon clues connecting me across the water with their European localities. Further investigations detected, among my ancestors, a line of English baronets and squires, running back to the time of Edward I.; Scotch and Irish forefathers, whose connections were lost among the forgotten clans of the mountains and the morasses; Swainsons, who were evidently sons of some Sweyn, sea-pirate, from Scandinavia; Alstons, probably descended from a Saxon Athelstan; a Fitzroy, which implied some bend-sinister sort of claim to good blood in an irregular way—but so far back that the romance of the story had survived its scandal; and a dozen other varying patronymics, which, from their etymology, or some known circumstance relating to them, authorized me to believe that in the plaited and inter-twisted skein of my ancestry could I trace threads drawn from almost every nation—from Ireland to Bohemia, and from Norway to the shores of the Mediterranean.

Meditating on the subject, I fell into a mathematical calculation of the number of forefathers and foremothers I had had during a long period, say of five hundred years; and by a simple process, satisfied myself that in the fifteenth previous generation, say A.D. 1346, about the time the Black Prince was campaigning in Picardy, I must have had thirty-two thousand then living progenitors. Of these, most were probably English, though some of them must have been Frenchmen, fighting zealously against my British ancestors; while others were Dutchmen, or farmers on the fertile

fields of Flanders; wild Irish Celts, watching every opportunity to avenge themselves with fire and sword on their English oppressors; or Celts of the Scottish hills, equally hostile to the Saxon, cherishing proud memories of Bruce and Wallace, and, though wroth with many a defeat, yet elated with the fresh glory of Bannockburn.

I began to wonder what share of influence each of these individuals had had on my own person and character; whether, in case any of the happy unions which had contributed to my ancestry had been prevented, I should have been the person I now am, or somebody else, or whether I should not have been at all. Certainly, if my immediate parents had died in childhood, I could not have been; or, even if one of them had survived, and been differently mated, I should not have been *me*, but some other and different person would have come of it. And of course the same argument is equally sound as applying to all previous alliances. I puzzled over this, as some theologians I have heard of have worried over the origin and necessary sequence of things, to reconcile theory with facts, and should, doubtless, have arrived at as clear and useful conclusions as they, but that I gradually dozed and drowsed, until, still thinking of my ancestors, and wishing that I could only go back and see them, I fell, like many other investigators before me, soundly asleep.

And, like many previous investigators, I found my dreams clearer than my waking thoughts, and had all which I had hopelessly desired before.

I walked along the highway, still southeastward, until, on passing the crown of a gentle hill, I looked back, and the spires of Bristol were almost imperceptible in the distance.

A middle-sized, bluff-looking man, in the prime of life, dressed in garments which, by their neat simplicity and substantial texture, indicated for their wearer the pursuits and position of a squire of moderate means, or wealthy farmer, mounted on a stout bay horse, came rapidly up the ascent which I had just surmounted. There was a frankness in his fresh countenance which harmonized with the general style of his equipment, and, despite his plain attire, gave him a little the air of a cavalier; and the hearty greeting with which he saluted me, strengthened the agreeable impression I was forming of him. After

a few words of commonplace remark, concerning the weather, which I found as usual a topic in 1643 as two hundred years later, and especially interesting to my friend, as a considerable proprietor, whose crops were yet out, I inquired if he knew any family of the name of Lawton, in the neighboring part of Wiltshire. "Certainly," said he; "there are half a dozen households of us within two or three parishes, and I believe I am myself the representative of the eldest branch, though the Yorkshire baronet claims that precedence for himself. But who are you, with so peculiar a speech, and such a strange cut of dress, inquiring so familiarly after a name hardly known beyond a single corner of a single county?"

"I am Hugh Lawton," said I; "I have come three thousand miles and two hundred years to find my ancestors. I left Oneida county, in New York, by a means of travel, the rapidity and ease of which you cannot conceive; but I have had a hard journey, nevertheless. Before I arrived half way to tide-water, the car somehow became a coach on a wretched road, and fifty of the last miles I had to do on horseback and on foot through bridle-paths in the forest, till I reached the river and the sloop which brought me to the port. Hence I have come in a wretched little bark, dignified with the name of a Bristol trader, while, since leaving that city, I have been glad to use my own private conveyances, instead of the lumbering wagon in which I was offered a place. But, considering the peculiar nature of my journey, perhaps, I could not have expected better speed. And so you are one of the Lawtons? Are you my sixth ancestor, Robert, or my seventh ancestor, Jervase? and will you take me to your residence, and introduce me to the rest of my relations?"

"Aye," replied he, "the matter is clear enough now. I am Jervase Lawton. Robert, who is, or was, or is to be your sixth progenitor, is a white-headed little fellow, whom you shall see to-night. You are lucky in meeting with me, for more reasons than one; the roads are unsafe, and I am sorry to say all the more so, since his majesty's troops have held the city. You are unarmed, and such weapons as this are necessary companions now to honest men"—and he drew from his holster a long bell-muzzled pistol, with a wheel lock—such

an ancient engine as I had seen in museums of old arms—which he said his ancestor and mine had taken as prizes of war at the capture of one of the Armada.

"Nay," said I, "I am better armed than you, if not so heavily; here is what we shoot each other with in America, and 1850—and I drew from a pocket a little revolver, and handed it to him. He took it with much curiosity; but as it touched his hand, the tiny steel weapon swelled into a great brass-barreled dragoon's pistol, of the tower pattern of 1640. He gave it back into my hand, and its original form. "Indeed," said he, "you are in advance of us; but I see there is no use in our trying to handle your inventions. Come, friend and posterity, my home is but a few miles further in yonder valley. My wife, who is very curious about America, where her grandfather went with Raleigh, will be delighted to see you, and to welcome you to the best that a Wiltshire yeoman's home can offer."

It was near sunset when we reached his substantial residence. A peacock was strutting in the yard, cocks were crowing and fighting on the other side of the hedge, pigeons cooing on the roof; and I thought of the story of Pecosin, and how, after his absence for an hundred years on the devil's hunt, his return was greeted by such familiar sounds. There was really little about the place which differed very much from my own transatlantic home in the nineteenth century, nor from the rural, sequestered parts of England, which I had visited in 1840.

I was received, without any appearance of surprise, by my grandmother in the seventh remove—a pretty woman of thirty, trimly dressed, and followed by four children, among whom I found my lineal ancestor in a stout little fellow of six years, who sat on my knee, and wondered at my thin Geneva watch, and played curiously with a nugget of Californian quartz and gold, which served as a key.

As we sat after our supper on the stone bench at the door, the little river running brightly under its overhanging elms, as did the Oriskany in Oneida, my fair ancestress asked of the colonies in Virginia, where she had cousins, and whither other friends were half inclined to go in these troublesome times. I began to tell her of the old deserted

manors and decayed mansions; of later prosperous towns, busy harbors, and of our federal city, with its marble piles, where meet the representatives from thirty states, and from a population of twenty millions. But her wondering eyes, and some questions about the children of that pretty Mrs. Pocahontas Rolfe, whom her mother once saw in the streets of Bristol, recalled me to the period in which we were, and I acknowledged that her advices from the James River were far more interesting than mine. There was some confusion in our minds, to be sure; yet it was pleasant to hear her stories of her father's adventures, exploring the new country along the Potomac, and to read her cousin's letters, telling of their growing prosperity, of the promising character of the tobacco culture, of the great demand for servants from Africa, and the greater wish for fair wives from England. I thought to have made a memorandum of these things for the benefit of our historians; but, remembering that some of them were already so well informed, that they had not only traced the acts, and explained the motives of men, but had also clearly expounded the designs and modus operandi of Providence, during the early period of our nation, I thought it superfluous.

In my turn, I had long narratives to tell of things which to them were yet far in the future. How the grandson of the little fellow on my knee—a Bristol 'prentice—would overstay his employer's leave of absence, and on a sudden resolution go on board the ready ship with his little bundle; how he was to trade and prosper in the new colonies; how he should marry, and have half a dozen stout sons; how one should become a farmer on the shores where then were the Narragansetts' wigwams; another a sea-trader to the still vexed Bermoothes, and the Isles of the Western Indies; and others should engage in other busy pursuits, for in that country there would be work enough for all, and none could be idle, or live such quiet, placid lives as in ancestral Wiltshire; how, when the war of separation should break out, many of them would take arms with varying fortune, like that which even now was befalling friends in the civil troubles; how one should meet no worse disaster than to lose his good horse, mixed in the retreat at Monmouth, on such a hot Sunday as

never was in Britain; or to have his coat-tail amputated by a grape-shot on the field of Whiteplains; while others should make desperate defense of their seaside homes against the fierce inroad of the outnumbering enemy;—and the women should the next morning go instep-deep in blood, in the black and trampled redoubt overlooking the smouldering village, to recognize among the slain their relatives of every near degree. How their children would remove still westward into the woods, and how even now in their far future, the homes of my own generation were among hills and valleys fertile as those by the Severn; and such boys as my little ancestor before me; there heard the same nursery rhymes which he knew; and there amused themselves not only as he in Wiltshire, but with such skating and sliding down hills on the snow as he could hardly imagine.

My friends were deeply interested in this my narrative of what was to be, as was I in their tales of the days of James and Elizabeth. But when we came to speak of political topics, they, being inclined to the cause of the church and king, were somewhat scandalized at my account of our government. I was obliged to admit, that whatever roguery and rascality might prevail in their court, and among high personages and their immediate connections, it was confined mainly within those narrow limits; that my own country and time, if we believe the charges of the Outs against the Ins, could furnish parallels to almost any official misconduct; while the universal liberty to hold office in New York and 1850, caused an extent of petty party leagues and combinations, which permeated every grade of society, made the appointment of every minute office in the customs, the post-office, and the judicial and executive departments, the reward of disciplined partisan service, and brought corrupting ambition down to the humblest walks of life, and into the poorest hamlet. My ancestors expressed themselves happy in their quiet and unambitious position, and quoted an old proverb, which I suspected might in later days have been recast and polished by Dr. Johnson into his well-known couplet, asserting, that of all the ills of life, governments or rulers could cause or cure but a small proportion.

We talked, too, of superstitions, and such wild stories as prevailed in commu-

nities more imaginative than those of Massachusetts. My friends were, as I could see, more than half believers in elfin legends; for, showing me in the short sheep pasture on the adjoining hill a circle of brilliant green vegetation, they asked if I did not believe that to be the trace of a fairy assemblage. I could only answer, that I had read in British writers of

“Merry elves their morrice pacing,
Emerald rings on brown heath tracing,”

but knew of nothing of the kind in America. There all the lower and more familiar supernaturalities seemed to have been banished by the full glare of noonday civilization, and not even a jack-o'-lantern remained in sight, lingering and flickering in the rear of his vanished associates. I had to admit that not only the fairies, bogles, and brownies had left us, but that with them we had lost some other imps of great use in a police point of view; for that the researches of some German and New England divines had even driven the devil himself out of sight and out of mind; made his name a joke and by-word, and rendered the popular idea of his awful abode a mere speculative something or nothing, somewhere or nowhere, a shadow, myth, or phantasmic type, existent, semi-existent, or non-existent in the anticipation or the imagination.

A sober curate, for all the world like an Episcopal minister whom I had left in Oneida county, and 1850, had joined us not long before, and had been sitting silently with us, looking with natural suspicion at me—the strange visitor from their hereafter—but my expressions of good will, for all that was orthodox, and much that was superstitious, seemed to assure him and win his confidence. He joined heartily in the conversation, with much learning and imagination; and we pursued our theme—the popular belief, backward, century by century, through reform, Romanism, and primitive Christianity, to the day far previous to that of Augustine, when, as he stoutly maintained, St. Paul landed on the shores of Kent, and there happened, in every Druidic circle, and forest temple, those marvels and portents to which Scott alluded, when he told

“How, when the cross to Britain came,
On heathen altars died the flame.”

Delighted with my friends and rela-

tions, to whom my connection seemed quite as close as to those whom I left at home in the nineteenth century, the evening passed pleasantly, until I retired to a snug chamber under the roof, and, with the fascinating consciousness of being in England and in 1643, and yet a citizen of America and 1850, fell into a heavy slumber.

When I awoke at the familiar cock-crow, I looked around for the objects last seen in the evening; but they had vanished; the neat chamber had changed to a low, timber-built room; the casement window to a small opening, half-closed by a leather curtain; the clean lavender-scented bed to a low couch of wild grass, covered with a deerskin. I closed and reopened my eyes, and endeavored to account for this strange perplexity; and at last rose and went out into the fresh air.

There were the same hills and valley on which I had looked the previous evening; there was the same river running brightly past; but its shores, instead of a few overhanging elms and alders, bore a heavy and dark forest. The cock and his family were parading on the sward; but the house had shrunk into a rude thatched hut, the spaniel was changed into or replaced by a gaunt, rough-coated hound; swine were rooting about among the oaks, and, instead of my companions of the day before, the rural squire and curate, I saw approaching from the river bank, a couple of tall, yellow-haired men, dressed in leggins of leather, bound on with strings curiously crossed, and tunics of strong, coarse blue cloth, ornamented or fastened with broad broaches or fibulæ of silver. They greeted me in a tongue which, though by no means my familiar English, had yet much of its sound and expression; and as by this time I was not to be surprised at anything, it did not strike me as strange, that I perfectly understood their dialect as they did mine.

It soon occurred to me, that I had slept away the reversed progress of more centuries; and after a little inquisitive conversation with my new acquaintances, I learned that I had indeed gone back a little more than a thousand years, and was with my lineal ancestors, who were living here as frontier settlers of the West Saxons in Wiltun-scire.

I had always felt a strong interest in these old people. Far off as they were

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in time, yet I had always thought of them as of my own blood, my own progenitors, honest, stout old heathens and pagans. Often, when heading a note with the familiar Woden's day or Thor's day, I had reverted in thought to those with whom such names were suggestive of something more than mere weekly dates; and I commenced at once an earnest conversation with my hosts, who proved to be related to me in different degrees—one being my thirty-ninth, the other my fortieth progenitor.

My friends were fully disposed to entertain the descendant who had so singularly come among them, and to show all that was to be seen in their vicinity. After a hearty meal of bacon and eggs, tasting and smelling for all the world as savory as in March at home, or as that set before Coningsby and Sidonia, I walked with them to their temple. It was a low, log-built, thatch-roofed edifice, in which they entered without laying aside the bows and short lances which they carried; for they attributed to the immortals qualities which they most admired among their fellows; and worshiped divinities renowned in arms, who were pleased that their devotees approached their altars in martial guise.

So, at least, the elder of my guides told me, when I suggested, that to our more modern ideas, it would seem fitter to leave his weapons at the door. He questioned me somewhat shrewdly as to our practices in the nineteenth century, and I could not deny that most Christian nations consecrated their banners by prayers, which a priest read upon a drumhead; and that the newest species of our orthodox divines had held in their churches missionary meetings, to send advocates of civil and religious liberty to propagate free institutions with weapons incomparably more murderous and deadly than any which his uncivilized mind could conceive.

Standing in the dim interior, my friend pointed out the rude personifications of the sun and moon, to which, in their mysterious revolutions, alternately advancing to bless the land with warmth and light, and retiring to leave it in cold and darkness, men naturally turned in reverence and worship; also the rough, bold features of the majestic Thor, controller of storm and pestilence; the martial figure of the deified Woden; and Freya, uniting the classic types of Venus, Ceres, and Diana.

Perhaps, in my waking hours, I should not be blamed that, in that biological sort of state, I felt an awe and veneration for those rough old deities. My heart seemed instinctively to draw near to them, and to their devotees; and I thought that our Christmas sports, and the green boughs and red berries which hang over the antlers in our halls, were pleasanter and fairer, when, in addition to the usual remembrances and associations of the time, we recall how, two thousand years ago, in the dead of winter, when the sun's path first began to rise higher in the southern sky, and the long night to shorten, our grandparents in their northern homes rejoiced, and celebrated, with festive games, and such simple decorations as they could glean from the forest, the return of their beneficent deity.

I sat cheerfully by the door of the humble temple, conversing with my kinsmen and another who seemed a sort of irregular priest, and who recited to me rhythmic versions of their mythology—mingled stories of mortal bravery and supernatural protection; of deities who overruled the fray, and of immortal maidens who elected the warriors to be slain, and introduced their liberated souls into vast halls, where, at their entrance, ten thousand renowned soldiers and statesmen of other generations arose, pledged them in foaming horns of ale, and, with their multitudinous hoarse voices sounding like the roar of the sea, welcomed their coming.

My thoughts, by a sudden reflection, went back to the church of my childhood—that high, square, thin wooden box, on a windy hill in Connecticut, with its abundance of windows, permitting the passer by to look through and through the edifice at the cold sky and driving clouds behind it—its long range of sheds, or "horse-pews," as an old Dutch parishioner called them, where the blanketed steeds stood until the sleighs were wanted to go home after meeting was out—its white wooden steeple, with whirling vane and dangling lightning-rod. For a moment, in my dream, I went in through the door, into the blank interior, with its spit-boxes, hymn-books, foot-stoves, and high-perched pulpit; I saw the visionary girls chewing caraway seed; and as the shadowy minister arose and opened his book, and I remembered, with a creeping chill, the awful tidings that

my childish ear used to hear there said and sung, I recovered myself, and edged closer to my good old pagan friends, with a feeling of increased attachment for them, and almost for their creed. If not a true, it was a stirring story, and there is enough of the old Adam in all of us who are manly men to answer to its appeals.

My account of some of our modern phases of belief and practice did not seem to please old Ethelwulf and his son, who thought it highly inconsistent that the same theologian, whose received maxims literally prohibited resenting a personal affront, should urge a national or civil war to its hottest flame; and when I gave a mild version of what I had heard from smooth-shaved, pale-faced brethren, at some of our modern forest services, my rough old clerical friend was, for a minute, silent in astonishment, and then burst out with an energetic asseveration, that no belief, which doomed brave men slain in the field to such unimaginable terrors, could ever succeed with the Saxons.

He calmed down, however, when I told him how many generous, beneficent, disinterested deeds were to be born of the influence of the new religion, even then beginning to be heard of among his eastern countrymen; how pure and elevating was its vital spirit, and how thorough the reform which it worked, when it fairly grasped the mind and conscience. I was obliged, however, in common honesty, to say, that many would endeavor to appropriate its name to consecrate most iniquitous measures of policy; barbarous crusades, conquests, and persecutions; inhuman treatment of savage and helpless people; and even how, in my own day, it was, in the minds of many, complicated with theories and arguments confounding to common sense, and repugnant to its own spirit and to humanity. It was strange to see the usual state of things reversed, and instead of the younger generation paying reverence to the elder, the venerable ancestor listening, with child-like curiosity, to the words of his far descendant.

Leaving the church—I should say the temple—we spent the morning on the open plains, coursing bustards with hawk and hound; till, after mid-day, my friends brought me to a strange assemblage of huge upright stones, arranged in circles, crowned and con-

nected by ponderous, rough-hewn beams or lintels of the same material, while some great slabs in the centre suggested the idea of altars and sacrificial worship. As we sat down to rest and eat our noon-day refreshment in the shadow of one of these monolithic masses, I questioned old Ethelwulf about the origin and object of such a Titanic structure. From an intermarriage with the older British stock, which enabled them and me to trace one branch of our lineage to a collateral kinsman of Caradoc, my friends were somewhat familiar with the Druidical worship, and I could perceive that they yet retained some reverential impressions associated with the spot, as the elder began to relate to me the local legend of the erection of this monument. I should undoubtedly have been able to clear up the obscurity in which this subject is involved, but that while my friend was prefacing his narrative with an introduction which my fatigue rendered tedious, I dropped for a moment into a slumber.

I awoke, as I thought, instantly, at the lowing of cattle. I was still seated on the grass, but instead of one of the posts of Stonehenge, I was leaning against the trunk of a huge cedar. Before me a mountain slope sunk for miles away into a vast plain, which spread like an ocean of forest to the straight horizon—while to the left, at some leagues distance, waved a gigantic range of snowy peaks, piercing into the upper sky. The cow, whose voice had aroused me, stood near a slightly-built cottage of timber and clay, at the door of which sat a scantily-clad old woman, with the universal primæval distaff in her hand.

I suspected at once that my slumber had concealed the instantaneous backward flight of another thousand years, and that I was with an ancestress of a far remoter age than that of the Saxons I had just left, and who must, I thought, have been much surprised at my sudden evanescence. The antique figure addressed me as I approached her, in a tongue unknown, though perfectly comprehended by me; and, for an hour, we kept up an active conversation. I was soon confirmed in my belief that she was an ancestress, but her epoch was indefinitely remote, and I could form no estimate of it within a thousand years. Nor could I learn where I stood, whether on the Libanus, the Caucasus, or the lower Himalaya; nor whether the

language we spoke was Hebrew, Persian, Sanscrit, or any of the tongues which philologists have supposed to be the older languages of mankind. I made some inquiry to learn what her ideas were of the early history of our race; but, though she assured me that she had been well informed by her father, who was a priest, and official custodian of the records of her ancient people, I found her stories utterly vague and unsatisfactory. In them I thought I recognized some features analogous to the Greek and Egyptian mythologies, and a hint or two which might have been developed into some conformity with the traditions of a deluge and a dispersion of mankind. Yet all her historic learning was evidently but a bundle of historic fancies, germs of actual fact sprouted into rich sheaves of mythic fiction; and the only certain thing I could detect, was a general recognition of such existences and causes foreign to humanity as we call supernatural; confirming my belief that ideas of this nature have prevailed in all past human epochs, as they now appear in every corner of earth.

After this rather unsatisfactory interview, my grandmother resumed her spinning, and I bade her adieu. The night drawing on, I made my lodging in a valley not far distant, and closed my eyes, wondering whether I should reopen them in the Garden of Eden.

My slumbers were broken and dreamy; different climates seemed to flit, like the changes of a panorama, across my vision; snows and heated deserts; forests of pine and groves of palm. Day and night seemed to succeed each other more rapidly than the changes of a magic lantern; but rapid as they were, I thought the atmospheric effects of sunset and sunrise were reversed, and the evident retrograde motion of the Great Bear, as it whirled round the pole through the momentary nights, showed that for me the early ages were retracing their revolutions with almost inconceivable speed. With the alternations of light and gloom, objects the most various appeared and vanished. I saw huge, massive granite structures standing amid the overflow of a swollen river; rude villages of huts crouching under the boughs of deep woods. I witnessed processions of fair-featured men and women, to temples among cultivated fields; I saw hordes of savages in jungly forests and on open plains,

armed with flint-headed javelins, slings, and stones. I saw combats between scanty tribes—festive entertainments and dances, with music and song of the rudest form—marriage ceremonies—funerals celebrated with wild outcries—religious worship, sometimes toward one material object, sometimes toward another, sometimes toward none that was visible, unless it were to sun and sky.

I instinctively recognized in these flitting forms ancestors of my own, and felt still an undefinable sense of kindred and lineage; until, as the last phantom vanished in darkness, I seemed to stand

alone on a sandy shore, from which the calm, mist-covered sea was ebbing, and on which amphibious creatures lay at rest. Suddenly, wild flights of sea-fowl wheeled and screamed above, and there broke out the yellow light of the sun rising warm and clear from the eastern horizon.

I awoke in my chair, as the reader has, of course, anticipated, and told my vision to my wife, as the reader tells his dreams to his own. She listened to me with unusual attention, and said "there was a good deal in it," and that I had better write it out for the pages of Putnam. So here it is.

KINGSLEY'S POEMS.*

HERE is another of Mother Blackwood's naughty boys, who will not put his face in the corner, and suck his thumbs, for having written "Alton Locke," "Yeast," "Hypatia," "Amyas Leigh," "Phaethon," "Village Sermons," and "Sermons for the Times," in all of which performances that peculiar kind of England which Mrs. Blackwood represents is vigorously delineated. Now he comes graceful in singing-ropes, and holding the lyre. His songs are not idle ditties, but grave, sweet measures, full of the humane enthusiasm, masculine vigor, subtle perception, and essential poetry with which the readers of Kingsley are already familiar. That he is a poet no one doubted who has ever read "Alton Locke," or "Yeast," because in those novels are "The Sands of Dee," and "A Rough Rhyme on a Rough Matter." The first of these poems,

"O Mary, go and call the cattle home,"

is as pure a bit of lyrical melody as can be found in the language; and the other is the finest specimen of the corn-law poetry in literature.

The present volume contains "The Saint's Tragedy," a long dramatic poem; "Miscellaneous Poems," and "Ballads;" and before examining the volume in detail, we shall, perhaps, convey our general opinion of its merits by

saying that it is worthy to make a fourth with Tennyson's "Maud," Browning's "Men and Women," and Longfellow's "Hiawatha"—the three chief works of poetry published during the year. Of course, it is as entirely unlike all of these as they are unlike each other, and we institute no comparison of the authors as poets. But it is perfectly genuine, like them, and it is poetry full of music and meaning.

The volume is prepared with an introduction by the Rev. F. D. Maurice, a personal friend of Kingsley's, who is himself a clergyman. In this introduction, Mr. Maurice says some admirable things, which we have not room to quote. He thinks the English genius has a special aptitude for the drama, and, consequently, for history. He also defends a clergyman for writing a drama—a defense in which we have little interest, except as a curiously illustrative fact of the state of mind of a Christian people—fellow-citizens of Shakespeare—among whom a man has to be defended for doing what Shakespeare did. It only shows how far gone in formalism England is, in every direction. It sends old women to command in the Crimea, and requires that a poet should be justified for writing poetry. But we speak modestly, for our own withers are not altogether unwrung in this respect. About twelve months since, one of our

* Poems. By CHARLES KINGSLEY. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1856.

own authors, Mr. Calvert, seriously offended the trustees of a church in New England, by reading a grave, dramatic poem, as a lecture. The trustees had laughed merrily, in the same church, at puns, and broad jokes in a lecture-poem; but a serious poem, dramatically divided, was desecration of the edifice. On the whole, the publishers have done wisely to reprint Mr. Maurice's preface. The Reverend Messrs. Chadband and Stiggins might else have denounced the Reverend Charles Kingsley for writing a drama. It is to be hoped that it is no offense in the laity to read the drama, and like it.

The "Saint's Tragedy" is the legend of Elizabeth of Hungary. Kingsley has consulted the original authorities for the facts, and has treated them dramatically for certain specific moral ends, as he treats every subject upon which he writes. What his moral design in the drama is, he states in the conclusion of his preface:

"If, however, this book shall cause one Englishman honestly to ask himself, 'I, as a Protestant, have been accustomed to assert the purity and dignity of the offices of husband, wife, and parent. Have I ever examined the grounds of my own assertion? Do I believe them to be, as callings from God, spiritual, sacramental, divine, eternal? Or am I at heart regarding and using them, like the Papist, merely as heaven's indulgences to the infirmities of fallen man?'—Then will my book have done its work.

"If, again, it shall deter one young man from the example of those miserable diletanti, who in books and sermons are whimpering meagre second-hand praises of celibacy,—deprecating as carnal and degrading those family ties, to which they owe their own existence, in the enjoyment of which they themselves all the while unblushingly indulge—insulting thus their own wives and mothers,—nibbling ignorantly at the very root of that household purity, which constitutes the distinctive superiority of Protestant over Popish nations;—again my book will have done its work.

"If, lastly, it shall awake one pious Protestant to recognize, in some, at least, of the Saints of the Middle Age, beings not only of the same passions, but of the same Lord, the same faith, the same baptism, as themselves; *Protestants*, not the less deep and true, because utterly unconscious and practical—mighty witnesses against the two antichrists of their age—the tyranny of feudal caste, and the phantoms which Popery substitutes for the living Christ—then also will my little book indeed have done its work."

Elizabeth, orphan daughter of the king of Hungary, has been brought to the court of Thuringia, and is betrothed to Lewis, the landgrave. The play opens with a conversation between Elizabeth and her nurse, in which the little prin-

cess bewails her utterly forlorn condition. She has so much Christian democracy, which leads her to a life of good works, that she is despised by the mother of Lewis, and the court. They freeze her with cold blue eyes, and scoffing, and she longs, not even to be loved, but only to be forgotten. Even her betrothed, Lewis, who treats her like a young sister, she regards merely as a brother. But in one of his vassals, Walter of Varila, she has a friend. Lewis, a well-meaning youth, dreamy, and half despondent over his position and responsibilities, is reminded by Walter that the welfare of his realm depends upon himself; and, as they ride together, Walter shows him the thrifty domain of some monks. One of them, Conrad, the pope's legate, passing at the moment, is summoned by Lewis, to explain the secret of their prosperity. Conrad, an enthusiast, immediately begins to exhort the landgrave to the heavenly warfare, during which he is interrupted by the sarcasm of the count. The adjuration awakens in Lewis's heart the longing for love—the desire to serve an earthly mistress. But the thought of wedding the saintly Elizabeth seems to him not less than sin. And yet his heart cries:

"Oh! misery!
Is wedlock treason to that purity,
Which is the jewel and the soul of wedlock?"

Upon this, Walter quietly tells him that Elizabeth loves him:

"Better, her few friends fear, than you love her."

"*Lew.* Loves me! Henceforth, let no man, peering down
Through the dim glittering mine of future years,

Say to himself 'Too much! this cannot be!'
To-day, and custom, wall up our horizon:
Before the hourly miracle of life
Blindfold we stand, and sigh, as though God were not.

I have wandered in the mountains, mist-bewildered,
And now a breeze comes, and the veil is lifted,

And priceless flowers, o'er which I trod unheeding,
Gleam ready for my grasp. She loves me, then!

She, who to me was as a nightingale
That sings in magic gardens, rock-belauguered,

To passing angels melancholy music—
Whose dark eyes hung, like far-off evening stars,

Those rosy-cushioned windows coldly shining
Down from the cloud world of her unknown fancy—

She, for whom holiest touch of holiest knight
 Seemed all too gross—who might have been
 a saint
 And companioned with angels—thus to pluck
 The spotless rose of her own maidenhood
 To give it unto me!
Wal. You love her, then?
Lew. Look! If you solid mountain were all
 gold,
 And each particular tree a band of jewels,
 And from its womb the Niebelungen hoard
 With elfin wardens called me, 'Leave thy
 love
 And be our Master'—I would turn away
 And know no wealth but her."

Walter is the pleased ambassador of
 this happy speech to Elizabeth, and de-
 mands her answer to Lewis's offer of
 immediate marriage:

Eliz. Tell him—tell him—God!
 Have I grown mad, or a child within the
 moment?
 The earth has lost her gray sad hue, and
 blazes
 With her old life-light; hark! yon wind's a
 song—
 Those clouds are angels' robes.—That fiery
 west
 Is paved with smiling faces.—I am a woman,
 And all things bid me love! my dignity
 Is thus to cast my virgin pride away,
 And find my strength in weakness. Busy
 brain!
 Thou keep'st pace with my heart; old lore,
 old fancies,
 Buried for years, leap from their tombs, and
 proffer
 Their magic service to my new-born spirit.
 I'll go—I am not mistress of myself—
 Send for him—bring him to me—he is
 mine!"

The bridal feast follows, with a chant
 of monks and a fool's song, recurring
 at each pause of the festal chorus.

With the next act begins the struggle
 of the woman's heart, divided by two
 loves which it has been taught to be-
 lieve incompatible—the love of God,
 and the love of man. Elizabeth is sit-
 ting on the floor by her husband's bed.

"Am I to blame
 If God makes wedlock that, which if it be not,
 It were a shame for modest lips to speak it,
 And silly doves are better mates than we?
 And yet our love is Jesus' due,—and all
 things
 Which share with Him divided empery
 Are snares and idols—'To love, to cherish,
 and to obey!'"

Oh! deadly riddle! Rent and twofold life!
 Oh! cruel truth! To keep thee or to break
 thee
 Alike seems sin!"

Lewis awakens while his wife wres-
 tles with human instincts and priestly
 sophistries, and as he hears her "be-
 atify the ascetic's savagery," his own
 ductile mind yields to her pious frenzy.

But she is not content with theory,
 she must "headlong into seas of toil"
 to prove herself, and strengthen herself
 against herself. Yet the noble human
 heart protests:

"Oh happy Guta!
 Mine eyes are dim—and what if I mistook,
 For God's own self, the phantoms of my brain?"

Guta. Here comes your husband.
Eliz. He comes! my sun! and every
 thrilling vein
 Proclaims my weakness."

Lewis himself, the messenger of his
 own doom, comes to tell his wife of the
 wonderful preaching of the monk, Con-
 rad, whom she instantly summons into
 the castle, saying to her husband:

"Now hear me, best-beloved: I have marked
 this man:
 And that which hath scared others, draws
 me towards him:
 He has the graces which I want; his stern-
 ness
 I envy for its strength; his fiery boldness.
 I call the earnestness which dares not trifle
 With life's huge stake; his coldness but the
 calm
 Of one who long hath found, and keeps un-
 wavering,
 Clear purpose still; he hath the gift which
 speaks
 The deepest things most simply; in his eye
 I dare be happy—weak I dare not be.
 With such a guide—to save this little heart—
 The burden of self-rule—Oh—half my work
 Were eased, and I could live for thee and
 thine,
 And take no thought of self. Oh, be not
 jealous,
 Mine own, mine idol! For thy sake I ask it—
 I would but be a mate and help more meet
 For all thy knightly virtues."

Poor Lewis cries amen, feels his infe-
 rior force, abdicates his headship as
 husband, and declares that she must
 lead him. The shrewd Walter holds
 another theory of the monk.

"A shallow, stony, steadfast eye; that looks
 at neither man nor beast in the face, but at
 something invisible a yard before him, through
 you and past you, at a fascination, a ghost of
 fixed purposes that haunts him, from which
 neither reason nor pity will turn. I have seen
 such an eye in men possessed—with devils, or
 with self: sleek, passionless men, who are too
 refined to be manly, and measure their grace
 by their effeminacy; crooked vermin, who
 swarm up in pious times, being drowned out
 of their earthy haunts by the spring-tide of
 religion; and so, making a gain of godliness,
 swim upon the first of the flood, till it cast
 them ashore on the firm beach of wealth and
 station. I always mistrust those wall-eyed
 saints."

Elizabeth surrenders herself to Con-
 rad's absolute spiritual guidance, and

he assumes "the training of her saint-hood." Her nurse warns her that she will repent. Alas! sweet lady, all a woman and noble in her errors, she replies:

"I do repent, even now. Therefore I'll swear—
And bind myself to that, which once being right,
Will not be less right, when I shrink from it.
No; if the end be gained—if I be raised
To freer, nobler use, I'll dare, I'll welcome
Him and his means, though they were racks
and flames."

The discipline begins. Not yet seventeen, and a queen, she goes about—

"Clad in rough serge, and with her bare, soft palms
Woofing the ruthless flint."

She visits the widow and the fatherless, and is an angel of succor wherever there is suffering. She describes to her nurse the scenes with which she becomes familiar; and the reader of "Yeast" and "Alton Locke" recognizes again the human-hearted Christian, Kingsley. But while she thus obeys the impulse of her heart, and seeks, in a thousand engrossing duties, to smother the warm earthly passion for her husband, Conrad sternly rebukes her. The monk believes in the church, not in Christianity:

"What is here?

Think not that alms, or lowly-seeming garments,
Self-willed humilities, pride's decent mummings,
Can raise above obedience."

He tries to show her that her sense of humility probably poisons a simple piety:

"The knave who serves unto another's needs,
Knows himself abler than the man who needs him.

And she who stoops will not forget that stooping
Implies a height to stoop from."

A series of lovely pictures of Elizabeth's charities follow. Then we have another aspect of the church of Rome militant in the Abbot, whose sentiments are not so old-fashioned as the date of the play. The Abbot and Count Walter are conversing:

"Abbot. Idleness, Sir, deceit, and immorality, are the three children of this same barbarous self-indulgence in alms-giving. Leave the poor alone. Let want teach them the need of self-exertion, and misery prove the foolishness of crime.

"C. Walter. How! Teach them to become men by leaving them brutes?

"Abbot. Oh, sir, there we step in, with the consolations and instructions of the faith."

This discourse is apropos of a famine, in which Elizabeth has so manifestly interfered with the will of divine Providence, which designated that the poor should perish—else why permit a famine?—that the Thuringians are angry and come to complain of her to Lewis. She pleads against them, that it was for her husband's honor as a ruler, that she dared not lose one of the sheep committed to him. The loving Lewis, proud of his spouse, dismisses the complaints.

But it is still a struggle in her heart; there is yet no victory. The loving woman in training for a saint yearns after her natural kind. She sits with Lewis singing:

"Oh! that we two were Maying
Down the stream of the soft spring breeze;
Like children with violets playing
In the shade of the whispering trees.

Oh! that we two sat dreaming
On the sward of some sheep-trimmed down,
Watching the white mist steaming
Over river and mead and town.

Oh! that we two lay sleeping
In our nest in the church-yard sod.
With our limbs at rest on the quiet earth's
breast,
And our souls at home with God!"

At the moment in which she finds that she only loves him more than ever, she discovers that he, with holy zeal, has taken the vows of a crusader. This sharp sorrow gives her a vague fear and doubt. Lewis turns her over to Conrad for consolation, and the woman and wife welcomes him in these fiery words:

"Eliz. (Rising.) You know, Sir, that my husband has taken the cross?

"Con. I do; all praise to God!

"Eliz. But none to you:
Hard-hearted! Am I not enough your slave?
Can I obey you more when he is gone
Than now I do? Wherein, pray, has he hindered
This holiness of mine, for which you make me
Old ere my womanhood! [CONRAD offers to go.

Stay, Sir, and tell me
Is this the out-come of your "father's care?"
Was it not enough to poison all my joys
With foulest scruples?—show me nameless
sins,
Where I, unconscious babe, blessed God for all things,
But you must thus intrigue away my knight
And plunge me down this gulf of widowhood!
And I not twenty yet—a girl—an orphan—
That cannot stand alone! Was I too happy?
Oh, God! what lawful bliss do I not buy
And balance with the smart of some sharp
penance?

Hast thou no pity? None? Thou drivest
me
To fiendish doubts: Thou, Jesus' messenger!

"*Con.* This to your master!

"*Eliz.* This to any one
Who dares to part me from my love.

"*Con.* 'Tis well;
In pity to your weakness I must deign
To do what ne'er I did—excuse myself."

This act, in which the interest is sustained with great power, concludes with a most striking chorus of crusaders, marching by the castle, to sail for the Holy Land.

The woman's heart begins to break:

"I needed weaning
From sense and earthly joys,"

sighs the innocent victim. Perhaps stripes and nightly vigils upon freezing stones may so chasten the rebellious flesh that God will bring him back to me. If not, his will be done. His will is done, and Lewis is slain in Palestine. His mother, "made of hard light stuff," tells Elizabeth the dreary tidings, and resolves that Lewis's brother, and not his son—Elizabeth's son—shall succeed him. Elizabeth rushes wildly out, and, after a paroxysm of passionate remembrance and love, the poor heart breaks. Turned out into the world, with her children, she finds no charity at the convent doors—for convents are sternly conservative, and quote Scripture for the powers that be—and a rough baron shelters her. But, treated like an idiot and slave, she takes to the world again, finding comfort in prayer:

"*Gusta.* Oh! prayer, to her rapt soul,
Is like the drunkenness of the autumn bee,
Who, scent-enchanted, on the latest flower,
Heedless of cold, will linger listless on,
And freeze in odorous dreams."

Pitiless human meanness does not spare her. Is she not training for a saint?

"*Eliz.* You know the stepping-stones across the ford:

There as I passed, a certain aged crone,
Whom I had fed, and nursed, year after year,

Met me mid-stream—thrust past me stoutly on—

And rolled me headlong in the freezing mire.
There as I lay and weltered—'Take that, madam,

For all your selfish hypocritical pride
Which thought it such a vast humility
To wash us poor folks' feet, and use our bodies

For staves to build withal your Jacob's-ladder.

What! you would mount to heaven upon our backs?

'The ass has thrown his rider?'"

She reaches, at length, the palace of her uncle, the Bishop of Bamberg, so far toward a saint, as to say of her children, with anguish:

"What are they, darlings,
But snares to keep me from my heavenly spouse,
By picturing the spouse I must forget?"

The Bishop of Bamberg is what the profane call, an easy old soul, who, being comfortable, wishes that people would be quiet, and behave decently. What should a young widow complain of?

"Why not marry some honest man? You may have your choice of kings and princes; and if you have been happy with one gentle man, Mass! say I, why can't you be happy with another? What saith the Scripture? 'I will that the younger widows marry, bear children,'—not run after monks, and what not—What's good for the filly, is good for the mare, say I.

"*Eliz.* Uncle, I soar now at a higher pitch—
To be henceforth the bride of Christ alone.

"*Bishop.* Ahem!—a pious notion—in moderation. We must be moderate, my child, moderate: I hate overdoing anything—especially religion."

Conrad, the monk, now shows the bishop how much it will redound to his individual fame to have one of his family a saint—to say nothing of the lands of minors, which might fall to his farming. But, before going to Marburg, where she is to be fully completed a saint, Lewis is buried from Bamberg cathedral. The skeptics and the bigots gossip about her; but she bows in abject grief.

"Thou hast him, Lord, Thou hast him;
Do with us what Thou wilt! If at the price
Of this one silly hair, in spite of Thee,
I could reclothe these wan bones with his manhood,
And clasp to my shrunken heart my hero's self—
I would not give it!"

The husband is dead, and the children must now be renounced. The wife has yielded to the terrible logic of superstition and to the mistaken self-sacrifice of a noble heart, and the mother must soon follow. With tears, and sharp struggles, and prayers, and shivering doubts, the mother also submits:

"All worldly goods and wealth, which once I loved,
I now do count but dross; and my beloved,
The children of my womb, I now regard
As if they were another's; God is witness,
My pride is to despise myself; my joy
All insults, sneers, and slanders of mankind;
No creature now I love, but God alone.

Oh to be clear, clear, clear, of all but Him!
Lo, here I strip me of all earthly helps—

[*Tearing off her clothes.*
Naked and barefoot through the world to follow
My naked Lord."

Elizabeth retires to a miserable hovel, which is visited by her old friend, Count Walter, who, meeting Conrad, denounces him, with manly indignation.

"*C. Wal.* Go to—go to. I have watched you and your crew, how you preach up selfish ambition for divine charity, and call prurient longings celestial love, while you blaspheme that very marriage from whose mysteries you borrow all your cant. The day will come when every husband and father will hunt you down like vermin; and may I live to see it!"

The stern monk is stung with rage; but, bent upon his great purpose of making a saint, will not touch the count, unless he stays him in his life-purpose, and will then fell him as God's foe. Elizabeth's father in vain sends to recall her, and implores, by his gray hairs, her return. She will win the quires of heaven to love and honor him. The wife and mother, and now the daughter, submit, and the tragedy of making a woman a Romish saint hurries, through horrors, to the end. Coarse women live with her, to destroy the luxury of sleep, and scourge her, and torment her, in order, probably, that, having tasted hell upon earth, she may be admitted, without purgatory, to heaven.

Elizabeth dies, and Conrad, in long harangues to the people, tells the story of her heavenly and patient life. His work is done. The wife, mother, and daughter is, at last, Diva Elizabeth:

"And I have trained one saint before I die!
Yet now 'tis done, is't well done? On my lips

Is triumph; but what echo in my heart?
Alas! the inner voice is sad and dull,
Even at the crown and shout of victory.
Oh! I had hugged this purpose to my heart,
Cast by for it all ruth, all pride, all scruples;
Yet now its face, that seemed as pure as crystal,

Shows fleshly, foul, and stained with tears
and gore!

We make, and mold, like children in their gardens,
And spoil, with dabbled hands, our flowers
in the planting.

And yet a saint is made! Alas, those children!

Was there no gentler way? I know not any;
I plucked the gay moth from the spider's web;

What if my hasty hand have smirched its feathers?

Sure, if the whole be good, each several part

May for its private blots forgiveness gain,
As in man's tabernacle, vile elements

Unite to one fair stature. Who'll gainsay it?

The whole is good; another saint in heaven;
Another bride within the Bridgroom's arms;

And she will pray for me!—And yet what matter?

Better that I, this paltry sinful unit,
Fall fighting, crushed into the nether pit,
If my dead corpse may bridge the path to Heaven,

And damn itself to save the souls of others.
A noble ruin; yet small comfort in it;
In it, or in aught else——"

Conrad, in the moment of victory, shocked at its cost, feels a fearful revulsion of the heart, and the darkest doubts of "our mighty mother, Holy Church," and a secret conviction and joy that his own end approaches. He rides forth, and encounters a multitude, among whom is a gentleman, whose wife has been burned, in order to extend the area of Conrad's church. He, with the mob, surround the priest, and with his death the drama ends.

"The Saint's Tragedy" is a poem of very great power and significance. Its grand theme, the conflict of a true human heart between its God-implanted affections and its confused and sophisticated sense of religious duty, is one of the saddest and most frequent spectacles of history; and its grand moral shines like the sun, that such an effort is, when honestly practiced, the most tragical mistake, and when dishonestly or selfishly urged, the basest of crimes; and that, therefore, any institution which organizes that effort as the fundamental law of Christianity, is thoroughly ignorant of the sublime significance of Christianity, Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will to men; and, as a permanent and pernicious blasphemy, should be destroyed at all hazards.

The delineation of Elizabeth's struggle is so delicate that, in the midst of the grossest spiritual error, she never, for a moment, loses our sympathy and compassion. For it is not the yielding of a weak mind to superstition, but the loyalty of a great soul, an imperial but mistaken sense of duty, seeing blindly and vaguely, and resolved to obey conscience to the end. Conrad himself is an inflexible man of spiritual sophistication. He is not a bad man, but almost worse—one of the mediæval products, not yet entirely extinct, an ignorant, iron-willed bigot, who serves the devil with the words of God. He rep-

resents the spirit which gave the Romish church the mastery of the world in a time of political confusion and religious darkness, and which will always give the principles of that church the power in any barbarous or half-civilized state of society. We do not recall so remarkable a picture of this subversion of the loveliest and holiest human instincts, to the most groveling selfishness, solemnly masking as religious humility and self-renunciation, as in the relation of Conrad to Elizabeth; and the whole drama is a comprehensive statement of the fatal operation of such a false principle. As a plea for religious liberty, the poem is most significant; and, as in Kingsley's novels, beyond all the splendor of description, vivid characterization, and merit of story, there is always the great and direct moral of human brotherhood, whether the scene be laid in Alexandria, in the fourth century, as in "Hypatia," or in England and the West Indies, in the sixteenth century, as in "Amyas Leigh," or in England in the nineteenth century, as in "Alton Locke;" so the "Saint's Tragedy" has a universal significance, showing us that princesses of Hungary, when there was a Hungary, were women still, and that their story and tragedy are the story and tragedy of many a woman and many a man since.

The direct moral purpose is too evident throughout, for the poem to be strictly a drama. And yet every detail of costume and character is rigidly observed, so that the picture of the time is perfect; and this not only externally but internally, for the intellectual state of the age and country is presented with equal fidelity. Kingsley has taken the lovely legend of Saint Elizabeth and treated it not as a Romish priest but a Christian man. He summons the world to see that, while Elizabeth was a noble woman, she was the dupe of a dreadful spiritual deceit, and that her loveliness was in the natural womanliness with which she endured her martyrdom, and not in the mistaken faith which imposed it. It is an improvement of the church tradition which the holy Romish See would hardly approve, but which every noble and thoughtful man, who loves God and his fellow-men must heartily hail.

If we turn to the remaining poems in the volume, we find that they have, through all their lyrical melody and

songful beauty, the same significance as the drama. There are several pure songs among them, like the following, which all our readers have probably read many times, and which they will be glad to read again:

I.

"O Mary, go and call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home
Across the sands of Dee;
The western wind was wild and dank with
foam,
And all alone went she.

II.

"The western tide crept up along the sand,
And o'er and o'er the sand,
And round and round the sand,
As far as eye could see.
The rolling mist came down and hid the
land—
And never home came she.

III.

"Oh! is it weed, or fish, or floating hair—
A tress o' golden hair,
A drowned maiden's hair
Above the nets at sea?
Was never salmon yet that shone so fair
Among the stakes on Dee.'

IV.

"They rowed her in across the rolling foam,
The cruel crawling foam,
The cruel hungry foam
To her grave beside the sea:
But still the boatmen hear her call the cattle
home
Across the sands of Dee!"

Here is the song of hearts that believe in the loveliness and devotion of Elizabeth, and not in the impious bigotry of Conrad:

A MYTH.

I.

"A floating, a floating
Across the sleeping sea,
All night I heard a singing bird
Upon the topmost tree.

II.

"Oh came you from the isles of Greece,
Or from the banks of Seine;
Or off some tree in forests free,
Which fringe the western main?"

III.

"I came not off the Old World
Nor yet from off the New—
But I am one of the birds of God
Which sing the whole night through.'

IV.

"Oh sing and wake the dawning—
Oh whistle for the wind;
The night is long, the current strong,
My boat it lags behind.'

v.

"The current sweeps the Old World,
The current sweeps the New;
The wind will blow, the dawn will glow,
Ere thou hast sailed them through."

Here is the song of the poet, who is
also a faithful Christian minister.

THE DEAD CHURCH.

I.

"Wild, wild wind, wilt thou never cease thy
sighing?
Dark, dark night, wilt thou never wear
away?
Cold, cold church, in thy death-sleep lying,
Thy Lent is past, thy Passion here, but not
thine Easter-day."

II.

"Peace, faint heart, though the night be dark
and sighing;
Rest, fair corpse, where thy Lord himself
hath lain.
Weep, dear Lord, where thy bride is lying;
Thy tears shall wake her frozen limbs to life
and health again."

And here the anti-strophe:

A PARABLE FROM LIEBIG.

I.

"The church bells were ringing, the devil sat
singing
On the stump of a rotting old tree;
'Oh faith, it grows cold, and the creeds they
grow old,
And the world is nigh ready for me.'"

II.

"The bells went on ringing, a spirit came sing-
ing,
And smiled as he crumbled the tree;

'Yon wood does but perish new seedlings to
cherish.
And the world is to live yet for thee.'"

The ballads are a series of half-dramatic lyrics, seven in number, having no titles but the date of the time of which they are illustrative. The first is a Saga of the Longbeards, "A. D. 415," and the last is "A. D. 1848," the ballad which was printed in "Yeast," and called "A Rough Rhyme on a Rough Matter," and which has no superior, in its way, anywhere. We like especially, also, "A. D. 1740," which is the ballad of an old mariner, who had been a buccaneer upon the Spanish main, and has now got back to starve in England. It is a very perfect ballad. The design of this series is admirable. They are social glimpses of the different epochs, and are profoundly suggestive.

The uneasy reader, who fears, in every new poet, an Alexander Smith, and in each new volume only more spasmodic obscurity, may take heart over this book. Every poem in it has the clearness of ripened thought, and the precision of thoughtful art. It is a book full of marrow, and will be sure, not only to win the admiration, but the hearty sympathy, of every intrepid intellect and loving heart.

THE DEMON OF MUSIC.

THERE'S a demon in music,
Whatever its tone;
He dwells in the crowd
Of its voices alone;
He moans when they laugh,
He laughs when they moan.

This demon of music
Hath some way been crossed:
He longs for what is not,
Or was, and is lost:
That life is a torture
He knows, to his cost

O, demon of music!
I pity your pain;
I have felt it myself
And shall feel it again:
Tis the riddle of living
This living in vain.

OUR RELATIONS WITH ENGLAND.

RUMORS of war with England befall the good people of the United States with about as much regularity as our learned friend, Mr. Meriam, brings on his "heated terms" in summer, and his "cold terms" in winter. They are periodical, and yet not of systematic periodicity; they come and go, like comets, whose orbits have not been precisely ascertained, rather than like planets, whose habitats, at all seasons, are well known. On this account, they always take us with somewhat of surprise. We are aware that once, at least, during every five years, or say during each new administration for precision's sake, everybody will be called upon to draw his sheathed sword, and furbish his rusty musket, preparatory to a defense of the land against a descent of the blood-thirsty Briton; but at what particular day or hour that duty is to be encountered, we are not aware, and so whenever the trumpets of alarm are blown, they are sure to find us quite unprepared. We are all pursuing our usual peaceful way, eating and drinking, and marrying and giving in marriage, when suddenly there is a grand flourish of drums, and a startling cry that the foe is coming!

It happened thus only a few months since, when, in the midst of our sweet dreams of increasing trade and cent. per cent., the London *Times* dropped a bomb-shell on our slumbers. All the world had gone quietly to sleep over night, not a man among them supposing but that he would wake in the morning to pleasant sunshine and an easy breakfast; but what was our astonishment, on taking up the early paper, to find that we were on the verge of a savage and sanguinary war with England. In vain we ran about and asked each other what it could mean; what had England done, or what had the United States done, that could not be reconciled, until they had taken each other by the throat, and strangled the life out of one or the other—never a man could tell: and yet there stood the fact, in the fair round type of the *Times*, and who dared dispute such an authority! An immediate war was impending—a war, too, provoked by the insolent audacity of the Yankees—and which the adroitness of diplomacy, usually so effective in stav-

ing off disagreeable results, was not likely to avert. Straightway, all the vehicles of opinion in both countries were set in motion; the journals of the metropolis groaned and hissed with terrible spite against the marauding republic, which knew no law and no shame; and the orators of Congress repelled the assault with all the blattant and fiery commonplaces for which congressional orators are famous, and which are so potent on such occasions.

War, however, did not come, and the *Times* was heartily laughed at; but it was laughed at rather prematurely: for, in the course of two or three months, after everything had settled down again into the humdrum *status ante bellum*, it appeared that there had been considerable excitement in the foreign bureaux; that Mr. Marcy and Mr. Buchanan, Lord Clarendon and Mr. Crampton had been busy writing to each other with ominous diligence, and that the English ambassador was about to be sent home, and our ambassador had asked his papers, while a formidable fleet was going to sail towards—the West Indies.

The publication of the diplomatic correspondence has put us in possession of the whole secret of these threatened hostilities. It seems that the governments disagree upon two simple points: first, as to the interpretation of the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty, which relates to certain parts of Central America; and, second, as to the kind and amount of reparation that Great Britain ought to offer for an attempt to infringe our municipal laws and sovereignty. No paramount interests are involved in either question; no strong popular feelings are likely to be aroused by either; and both are matters for diplomatic adjustment rather than national fisticuffs. We shall not discuss them, therefore, but leave them to the settlement of the officials who are appointed to that task. In themselves, they contain no war; and nothing but the most stupid bungling, on the part of the negotiators, or the most determined and malicious desire to go to war, on one side or the other, could extract a war out of such elements.

We have said that it was not our purpose to discuss these questions, and we shall not; but we cannot forbear one

or two passing remarks. With respect to both of them, it seems to us, that the United States is clearly in the right, or, at least, that, as the argument now stands in the correspondence, the force of fact and logic is on our side. It was certainly the distinct and universal understanding, in this country, when the treaty of 1850 was issued, that both nations had stipulated to relinquish forever the exercise of any right of dominion over the designated parts of Central America. The one thing in the treaty which commended it to the warm approval of all humane and peace-loving men was, this supposed removal of every cause of difference between two great civilized nations, in regard to one of the most important highways on the globe. Greater than any conquest, they said to each other, greater than any siege or battle, any Buena Vista, Waterloo, or storming of Sebastopol, is this voluntary and honorable agreement of two powerful governments to surrender ancient topics of dispute, and to unite in a vast and reciprocally beneficial scheme of commercial progress. Here are the words of the treaty :

"ART. 1. Neither party will ever obtain or maintain for itself any exclusive control over the contemplated canal.

"Neither will ever erect or maintain any fortification commanding the same, or the vicinity thereof.

"Neither will occupy, or fortify, or colonize, or assume, or exercise any dominion over Nicaragua, Costa Rica, the Mosquito coast, or any part of Central America.

"Neither will use any protection which either affords or may afford, or any alliance which either has or may have, to or with any state or people, for the purpose of erecting or maintaining any such fortifications, or of occupying or colonizing Nicaragua, Costa Rica, the Mosquito Coast, or any part of Central America, or of assuming or exercising any dominion over the same.

"Neither will take advantage of any intimacy, or use any alliance, connection, or influence, that either may possess with any state or people through whose territory the Canal may pass, for the purpose of acquiring or holding, directly or indirectly, for its own citizens or subjects, any unequal rights or advantages of commerce or navigation."

All this is frank, open, fair, and mutually honorable. The immediate and obvious meaning of the language is, that neither party will obtain or use, directly or indirectly, any right of occupation or domain over the Mosquito coast. But do such expressions cover the peculiar kind of influence exercised by Great Britain, under the name of a "Protectorate of the Mosquito King-

dom?" Great Britain says that they do not, and the United States claims that they do. What, then, is a protectorate? Does it involve the possession of any real, substantial, important political power—any right of political control or influence, which it would be advantageous for one nation to possess as against others? Or is it a simple formal alliance, in which a strong power guarantees to a weaker one its aid and protection against certain domestic or foreign enemies? If the former, then the exercise of such a protectorate is manifestly opposed to both the language and spirit of the treaty; if the latter, we do not see why Great Britain should be so tenacious of a point which is in itself, as Lord John Russell said in 1853, of no moment; for the Spanish control of Central America, against which this alleged protectorate was assumed, no longer exists. In either meaning, however, it is strange that no reservation of this pretended right was made at the time of the treaty. England was careful, in the addenda to it, presented by Mr. Bulwer, to except British Honduras from the operation of its clauses; but not a word was uttered as to the protectorate, or, as Lord Clarendon describes it, "her great and extensive influence with the Mosquito King." Mr. Bulwer must have been unusually forgetful of the interests of his country, in omitting every allusion to so "great and extensive" a possession. Or, what is more likely to have been the case, did not Mr. Bulwer know that this entire theory of a Mosquito king and a Mosquito kingdom was a sham, having no foundation in fact, unsustainable by any law, and, therefore, best kept out of the controversy?

Be this as it may, there is not a shadow of doubt that in the enlistment controversy, from beginning to end, Great Britain has been in the wrong. Against her own voluntary reminder, that our position in respect to the Allies and Russia was one of the strictest neutrality, she has, directly and indirectly, countenanced the efforts of her officials—those residing in this country, and accredited to this government, as well as her colonial agents—in raising troops for service against a friendly power; her enemy. In doing this she has infringed our municipal laws, invaded our national sovereignty, and contravened the policy which, for the wisest

reasons, we had determined to pursue. Yet, when the offense was brought to her attention, and brought, we are happy to say,* in a manner alike forbearing and respectful, it was not met, as such an offense should be, by a prompt and indignant denial, nor by a sincere apology (which would have been abundantly satisfactory to our government and people); but it was diplomatically shuffled away, half disclaimed and half extenuated; and the very fact of our asking redress for violated laws, was made the ground of our own arraignment on the score of laxity of principle. Lord Clarendon's replies were neither statesmanlike, manly, nor honest. A manifest wrong was laid before him—a wrong, about the nature of which, or the commission of which, there could not be, under the circumstances, two opinions—but, instead of frankly confessing it, and tendering the customary satisfaction, he went on refining, and accusing, and postponing, until there was no recourse for our government but the peremptory dismissal of the English representatives who had offended. All the while the British press was allowed to ring the changes of abuse on Brother Jonathan for his unconscionable obstinacy in refusing to be satisfied. "Between gentlemen," exclaimed Lord Palmerston, "when a real or fancied wrong is handsomely acknowledged or explained, there is an end"—leaving it to be inferred that Jonathan was no gentleman. But he concealed the important incident, that no apology had ever been offered to this government. Up to this time, as far as the correspondence has appeared, no such apology has been rendered. A good deal of the sinuosity of the British cause is to be excused on the ground of the traditional indirection of diplomacy, which allows it to say nothing plainly, that by any possibility can be disguised or twisted; but the world should understand, at the same time, that there has been nothing unreasonable, nor arrogant, nor headstrong, in the demands of the American government.

Leaving the details of these controversies, however, to the politicians, let

us proceed to remark upon one or two incidental matters connected with the main dispute. It is a favorite practice of the British writers, whenever one of these chronic disagreements occurs, to charge the American people with cherishing a rooted antipathy to England. Now, we emphatically repel the charge. We believe that the greater part of our people entertain the most friendly dispositions towards her. There is a considerable number of Irish citizens among us, who conceive that they have no love to lose on the British government, and who, being voters, influence a certain class of political men to the same way of thinking; but the majority of us do not share their prejudices, whether well or ill founded. We estimate the character of the English nation from a stand-point of our own. Its robust and sterling virtues we sincerely admire—its glorious literature has fed our hearts and minds with their best impulses and their best thoughts—and its grand example of political freedom, when compared with the condition of the rest of Europe, causes us to thank God that there is yet one mighty bulwark of constitutional government opposed to the encroaching despotisms of the Continent. Our extensive commercial relations, too, have knit innumerable lesser ties of friendship, which it would be hard to sever. Meanwhile, we are not insensible to the defects and weaknesses of our ancestral relatives. We perceive in them certain peculiarities of temperament, which it would not be wise to ignore. The same personal and national traits which have rendered them almost universally unpopular among French and Germans, are noted in this country. What those characteristics are, it were needless to specify; but we may hint, that the description given by Lord Bolingbroke, in his letters on the "Study of History," of the Romans in the days of Regulus, viz., that they were impelled by "an insatiable thirst of military fame, an unconfined ambition of extending their empire, an extravagant confidence in their own courage and force, an insolent contempt of their enemies, and an impetuous, overbear-

* Let us here echo the sentiment of the whole nation, in commending the ability, firmness, dignity, and moderation, with which Mr. Marcy has conducted this controversy. At a time when the heavens have seemed to rain the smallest order of officials upon us, it is some consolation that there is one man, at least, in the government who is truly a statesman.

ing spirit, with which they pursue all their enterprises,"—would be regarded by many as not untrue if applied to his own countrymen. The energy which has enabled the inhabitants of an insignificant island to extend their dominion to every part of the globe, until there is hardly a creek unploughed by their ships, or a land unspotted by their colonies, must ever be a theme of wonder and admiration to mankind; but it must also be a cause of unceasing solicitude and watchfulness.

In the genuine triumphs of British civilization, every American of advanced opinions takes an interest; but he does not feel called upon, on that account, to waste his friendly sympathies on schemes of British aggrandizement, or upon British political alliances, which reflect no honor. When England, for example, joins hands with the most unprincipled despot and usurper of modern times—when she compels that fair and lustrous queen to buckle on the garter of a foul upstart, whose hands reek with the blood of his countrymen, and whose lips are hot with perjuries—and all for no great or humanitarian purpose, as we can see, but with a problematic design of checking a power quite as good as either of her allies—this republic must stand aloof. When that alliance is further heralded by ominous outgivings of a general purpose to undertake the police of the world, strong as the ties of consanguinity may be with us, numerous and vital as are the bonds of interest and intercourse which influence us, we must beg to be excused from any active participation in the union. At least, we shall desire first a complete understanding of the objects it contemplates, with an assurance that the tremendous forces which are organized will not, sooner or later, direct their energies towards our own devoted heads. For it is scarcely possible to disguise the fact, that although the interests of the British people are substantially the same as the interests of the American people, the policy of their oligarchy, to which they have often exhibited such a servile devotion, is linked in, by the prejudices and prospects of caste, with the policy of more despotic rulers. Constitutionally, we may admit the government of England to be on the side of freedom, and that the tendency of opinion, among the middle and laboring classes, is favorable to democratic

rather than absolute institutions; but the actual control of affairs is in the hands of privileged gentlemen, whose love of the popular cause is not overweening or conspicuous. They associate with kings and their representatives; the perpetuity of their order depends very much upon the maintenance of the existing status, on the Continent as well as at home; and it is not to be supposed, that in the conflicts, which must inevitably arise, as the condition of society now is, between the few and the many, their sympathies will run in the same direction in which those of a large majority of our people must flow. It is with no unfriendly feeling, therefore, but under a paramount sense of what is due to our own security, and to that side of the great humanitarian cause to which we are committed, that we often withhold from England a too eager and spontaneous support.

Let it be remarked, at the same time, that if our feelings towards England were even acrimonious, which they are not, there has been much, in the habitual attitude of that nation towards us, to awaken ungenerous sentiments. On two occasions, it has waged aggressive wars upon us, which left deep traces of those unhappy passions incident to a state of war—deeper, in fact, than the enmities ordinarily aroused, by the mere or remote encounter of armies; because they were accompanied by an actual invasion of our soil. The hatreds engendered by a conflict between the regular forces of two nations, and on some distant field, perhaps, are not half so rancorous as those which are produced by a nearer and more immediate grapple, when one party molests the other in its very home, and excites, besides the usual animosities of patriotism, the keener malice of personal resentment. For a long while after our Revolution, and for a short while after our second war, the name of Englishman was a hissing and reproach among us, because the turf was yet green upon the graves of our relatives and friends, and the wounds of the battle yet unhealed; but these remembrances gradually passed away, until now few vestiges of them remain. Nor, we are persuaded, would there have been a single vestige remaining, had the writers of Great Britain pursued subsequently a more amicable course, in their discussions of our na-

tional peculiarities and manners. But their Fidlers, Halls, Trollopes, and Dickenses, have delighted in exposing us to the ridicule of the world. It is true that much of their banter has been richly deserved—it is true that our sensitiveness has been excessive and puerile—and that if we had possessed a genuine self-respect, we should have despised all their ill-natured flings, and been grateful for those which really disclosed our faults. But our society was immature and young, ambitious to stand well in the opinions of others, and conscious, in the midst of all its short-comings, of some desert—while it was less the special criticism of such writers, than the general *animus* in which that criticism was sure to find an echo, which disturbed our serenity. The jealous self-love of the popular body fancied that it saw in these incessant attacks—often quite regardless of justice—a foregone determination to abuse. It could laugh, with the rest of the world, at the amusing pictures of vulgarity, conceit, slave-driving, and what not, which were drawn at its own expense; but, as no large collection of men is ever wholly abandoned of the gods and graces, it did hope to discover, somewhere in the representation, some recognition of an energy which was fast redeeming a continent, and of a virtue which upheld a very grand social experiment. It looked, however, in vain for this solace; and it is only within the last ten years—since it has been shown that the United States has grown more rapidly in population and wealth than any other nation—since her productive industry has become immense, her tonnage superior to all, and her military power most formidable—that the exasperating tone of foreign remark has been somewhat modified. Even now, that quiet assumption of moral superiority, which accosts every American in England, even in the most refined and friendly circles—an assumption so ludicrous that it ought to provoke mirth rather than offense—is scarcely laid aside by men of intelligence and liberality, while it swells and bristles in the journals, in all its original insolence.

Another impression, common in England, which we desire to correct, is that which ascribes a decided warlike tendency to the American people. If the journalists of London are to be believed, the inhabitants of this country are

mainly intent on schemes for invading the territories of their neighbors, and provoking war at any and all hazards. There are certain effete maxims running through the speculations of some of the old publicists, as to the extreme restlessness and mobility of democratic society, which these writers appear to have adopted in full, and which they apply with so little thought, that they seem to have no other idea of a democracy, than of a horde of freebooters, whose chief occupation, when not quarreling among themselves, is making forays on all the rest of the world. The filibusterism of the United States, consequently, which is a mere sporadic symptom, confined to special places and men, they regard as a constitutional infection, under which the very government takes on a diseased action. As if the twenty-five millions of us had nothing else to do than to get up pleasant excursions to Cuba or the Sandwich Islands! As if the mad propagandism of a few noisy pro-slavery zealots were the accepted gospel of our faith! Did these apprehensive gentlemen know the real nature of democracy—were they well acquainted with the prevailing pursuits of our people, they would see, that of all the nations of the earth, the United States is that which least desires war, and whose glory most largely consists in peace.

Nine-tenths of the people in this country are engaged in industrial occupations, either as planters, farmers, merchants, or tradesmen, whose entire interests are identified with the maintenance of friendly relations with other people. Our professional classes are dependent upon these, having very much the same hopes and fears; while there is no single class, no body of men, in fact—except a few military heroes, and the floating militia of crime and poverty, who gather in the large cities, and to whom any change is desirable—who could reap any benefit from a state of hostility. But, in addition to these lower influences of trade, it is the peculiar tendency of a democratic condition of society, to inspire all its subjects with a love for the arts of peace, whereby their social circumstances are improved, their minds enlarged, and their future prospects expanded. Where the means of high social success is in everybody's reach, and where intelligence is almost universal,

the prevailing motives of the nation must be peaceful, and not warlike.

We think, therefore, that it is no exaggeration to say, that in this country, with the large majority of its people, the very whisper of war is always heard with a feeling of aversion and horror. The settled sentiment pronounces the state of war a state of such unmitigated evil, so fraught with injustice, cruelty, and rapine, and so fruitful of individual and national distress, that no sane mind can regard it as other than one of the greatest human curses. It is felt to be a curse alike to the commercial prosperity, the public honor, the domestic peace, and the moral integrity of nearly all who are engaged in it; while it has, few redeeming influences, and those of an incidental sort, more apparent among semi-barbarous nations, in which war is the alternative of despotism, than among more civilized people. For, as nations advance in knowledge and refinement, as their institutions grow more liberal and just, and the great ends of civil and religious liberty become more and more the pervading impulse of legislation and action, they must feel, all the more strongly, the inherent wickedness and folly of war, and the inestimable value of national concord. Now, it is the boast of our country that she is superior to all others in intelligence; that she has carried to the highest perfection, the practice of government, which is founded, not upon the advantage of any class, but the well-being of all classes; and, to be true to herself, she must maintain, that the noblest national aim, is not the triumph of her arms, but of her arts—not the manifestation of her power in deeds of violence, but in acts of beneficence—not the destruction of human life and happiness, but the elevation and the improvement of the masses of mankind.

Let no one imagine for a moment, however, because we are trained and addicted to peace, without defenses and without an army, that we are wholly unfitted for war; for it is not so. At the outset of any contest, it is true, that the smallest maritime power of Europe could inflict upon us immense injuries. Its fleets might batter our towns, set fire to our cities, sink our merchantmen, and destroy property to an incalculable amount. The arrest of trade,

consequent upon this, might drop thousands of our inhabitants into an abyss of misery. No one can well conceive how much the mechanics and traders of the sea-board cities, and of the nearer towns dependent upon them, would suffer. But the vast agricultural population of the interior would remain intact, the vast agricultural resources of the nation would soon repair the breaches in property, and, after the tremor of the first shock, our social system would recover itself with more than pristine vigor. There is such an elasticity in the energies of our democratic life—as it has been proved in many instances of serious calamity—such vivid force of recuperation, such readiness, quickness, fitness of action, that all disasters come before it as temporary. Famines, fires, bankruptcies, pestilences, which would leave great gaps in the development of other people, are here retrieved by the ever young life of the nation, almost as soon as they are felt. After the distresses of the first campaign, then, this nation, in any case of war, would show itself quite invincible. The victory, in protracted struggles, generally reverts to the side of money and men, and nowhere is there more available wealth, or more available muscle, than in the United States. Comparatively without debt, the two hundred millions of dollars which England, France, Austria, etc., each annually expend as the interest on past wars, and in preparations for future wars, we devote to the construction of rail-roads, and to the improvement of ships. Our very weakness, as some would consider it—the want of coast defenses and an established army—has been our strength. It has left us untouched and vast material resources, in place of staggering financial embarrassments, and a million of volunteer citizen-soldiers, easily fitted for battle, in place of unwilling and unwieldy mercenaries, raised by conscription, and impelled only by force. It is the distinction of democracies, that the national cause is the individual cause; and, in the event of a contest, it may be said of them universally, as Tacitus said of the old Batavians, that "others go to battle, but these go to war." They make the quarrel their own, and their enthusiasm, their endurance, their energy, once quickened, only slackens with the final triumph.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

AMERICAN LITERATURE AND REPRINTS.

It is with no small pleasure that we hear, from many booksellers, the announcement of a perceptible falling off in that class of books which go among the trade by the name of "sensation-books." They are generally of the sort advertised as "thrilling," "exquisite," "intensely interesting," and which are said to run through editions of twenty and thirty thousand copies in less than a month. We have so often, within the last year, taken occasion to let our readers know the character of these publications, that we have no need now to explain it at length. Suffice it to say, that they may be, for the most part, succinctly described as trash. Without original merit of any kind, and appealing merely to sensibilities and not to the reason and conscience, they were a species of debauched literature, and every one must be glad that the day for their disappearance has come. They engendered bad habits of writing among authors, and bad habits of thought and feeling among readers, and, unless something worse takes their place—a result which we do not anticipate—it will be a happy riddance.

But what is likely to take their place—ah! who can tell? What kind of reading will be furnished to that vast mass of readers who have been accustomed to waste their time on the wretched novels whose downfall we chronicle? It is impossible to say; the taste of the reading public is apt to be capricious, and, when it tires of one stimulant, readily looks about for another. But we can say what class of works ought to be advanced to the vacant niches; for the world already so abounds in good books, and men of genius, capable of writing good books, are so numerous, that no intellectual curiosity need be starved. There are capital novels extant, which, though not new, will prove, we warrant, a refreshment to those who undertake them—there are grand and exquisite poems in our English literature—there are histories, of all times, and almost all men, that have more interest than the most brilliant works of fiction—and there are innumerable essayists and travelers, whom to encounter, is to achieve a pleasure for life. Let the dis-

consolate lovers of the paper-covered nonsense, now demised, turn to these for solace. They will find them less easy reading, at first, but infinitely better, in the end. They will find that their taste improves and grows by what it feeds on, until, having acquired a true appreciation of what is really good in books, they will wonder that they could ever have fed upon the sentimental husks which had once been their nutriment.

Nor need our young writers despair of a field for the proper exercise of their talent. Our whole American life is a comparatively untrodden ground; and if they must write fiction, let them try their hands upon the rich and suggestive materials lying everywhere about them. Have we, as yet, besides Uncle Tom, a genuine novel of American life? Has anything like justice yet been done to the peculiarities of the several parts of the nation? Are not the experiences of the emigrant and the settler full of tragic incident, full of pathos, full of stirring adventure, and not without their humorous side? Besides, how much of human history is to be rewritten—from the new modern stand-points—with a new sense of its picturesque effects, and a new philosophy of its bearing and significance? In fact, there is no end to the topics, which a skillful writer may make both entertaining and instructive, if he will but give his mind and his time to the task. The same expenditure of labor and thought, which is now given to some ephemeral romance—to a work which will scarcely outlive the proverbial nine days of wonder—if devoted to a nobler undertaking, would not produce, perhaps, so profitable a work for the nonce, but it would lead to a greater work in the end, and acquire for the author, instead of a transient and hollow notoriety, a lasting fame. Be this as it may, however, we are sure that the public would gain a great advantage, in the possession of a sounder, purer, and more vigorous literature.

We throw out these few words simply as hints. Our experience in the magazines here convince us that there is an almost incredible amount of intellectual activity

in this country, which, rightly directed, would soon create a brilliant literature for us. The great defect in it, however, is want of maturity and haste. Our writers do not take time to learn the secret of their own powers, to husband them with discretion, and to apply them with the most effectiveness and concentration. As the general life of the nation, so the literary life, is hurried. A certain rawness and want of depth, a certain superficial elegance, in lieu of true beauty, marks too many of our efforts. But there is great strength at the bottom of us—a luxuriance of force even—which shows that there is no deficiency of genius, and only the absence of culture and care. We are an intense people, and intensity passes with us, often, for real vigor, for that calm and masterly control of the powers which is the sign of true greatness of mind. The mistake lies in supposing spasmodic violence an indication of strength, whereas it is rather an indication of disease.

—APPLETON'S *Cyclopædia of Biography*. This is really an English book, though Mr. Appleton, in consideration of a few additions, has put his name on the title-page. It was published in London, during the past year, under the editorship of Mr. Rich, assisted by several distinguished men, such as Alison, Professors Creasy, Nichols, Ferguson, Sir David Brewster, Charles Knight, and others. The American edition has been prepared by Dr. Hawks and others, whose names are judiciously not given. Like most other works of this kind, it has a great many merits, and a great many defects. There is nothing in literature, perhaps, more difficult to compile than a good biographical dictionary. It is especially difficult when there are several hands engaged upon it, and the supervising care of the editor is not very rigid. There are so many names to be treated within a short compass, that it is in the highest degree embarrassing to decide how much space should be given to one and how much to another; and whether facts, only, should be given, or comments on character also; while the disagreement of authorities, as to dates, is often quite desperate. Our own notion is, that a biographical dictionary, which aspires to be an every-day book of reference, should confine itself, as much as possible, to an actual record of events, excluding all attempts at the analysis of the

works of great writers, and all attempts at the characterization of great men. Readers, who wish to be minutely informed on the latter topics, will not search for the information in a hand-book, but will go to the more voluminous authorities. What they consult a hand-book for, is to get at a few of the more prominent facts in the lives of persons whose names they encounter in the course of their general reading, or hear in conversation. The biographical dictionary, therefore, ought to be an index of names and facts, rather than a repository of criticism.

The work before us errs in this respect. It aims beyond its proper mark; and, in the endeavor to describe systems of thought and men—the writers being necessarily restricted to a small space—it not only becomes superficial, but omits a vast deal of information which would, otherwise, have been embraced within its covers. Under the heads of Plato, Kant, and Swedenborg, for instance, we are told about the peculiarities of their philosophical schemes, with commendation and criticisms, whereas we only wished to know the essential facts of their lives. If anybody desired to enter into the former subject, he would go to more original sources. We have three solid columns of eulogy on Sir William Hamilton, without a single date, though Sir William, being alive, is not entitled to mention at all, even if his merits, which, we confess, seem to us greatly exaggerated, had warranted so conspicuous a treatment of him. The best parts of the volume are those which make no pretension, and do not bear the initials of the distinguished men whose names are so emblazoned on the title-page.

As to the American additions, they appear to have been hastily compiled. No uniform rule, as to the selection of names and length of notice, is apparent in the general execution. Men of no account are allowed more space than men of great account: Dr. Swett, whom nobody knows, has twice the attention of Fenimore Cooper, whom everybody knows; the late Governor Metcalfe, of somewhere out West, is more elaborately treated than Gen. Jackson, who was the foremost American of his day. Edgar Allen Poe, an extraordinary genius, has three lines; but Dr. Wainwright, who was not a genius in any way (though an excellent man), has half a column. The

Duke of Wellington fills seven columns and a half, and George Washington but two columns and a half. It is impossible, of course, to avoid these disparities altogether, but a careful editor may do much towards not rendering them too glaring.

In spite of occasional oversights and defects, we think this dictionary about the best of its kind. It is accurate, so far as we have been able to investigate it; it is full; and the memoirs, though brief, are, for the most part, well written. The numerous wood-cuts, representing men and their places of abode, add greatly to its value.

—*Literary Criticisms and other Papers*, by the late HORACE BINNEY WALLACE, of Philadelphia, is the title of a new volume, collected from the writings of the author, and published by Parry & McMillan, of Philadelphia. Upon the publication of the "Art, Scenery, and Philosophy in Europe," last year, we expressed our admiration of the remarkable powers of Mr. Wallace. In that volume they were mainly displayed in the most comprehensive and accurate, but also most delicate and poetic, criticisms of art. In the present collection, his themes are purely literary. It is impossible to read the two volumes without admiration of the rare and various scholarship, the clear, penetrating perception, the singularly rich, simple, and fascinating style, and the calm, comprehensive tone of the author; and equally impossible not to wonder that, with such powers, he had apparently addressed himself to no work which would give them adequate scope. But the contents of both volumes are strictly fragmentary, and were probably regarded, by Mr. Wallace, as merely studies towards some future achievement. His genius was evidently critical and analytical, not inventive; and he is an example, peculiarly precious in America, of that form of the modesty of genius which serves so lofty an ideal, that it will attempt nothing inadequate to its powers, or below its highest aspiration. Achievements which others might regard as victories, such a mind would consider only as preparatory steps, and, justly measuring its own scope, would scorn an inferior success. This was undoubtedly the case with Mr. Wallace; and, consequently, although he has left no single great work, the fragments which he did leave rank him among the most highly-

endowed of the best names in American literature.

The literary criticisms of the present volume are, in great part, devoted to American authors and subjects, and the statement of his age, at the time of the composition of the various papers, is a valuable assistance in the observation of his intellectual development. His enthusiasm, at the age of twenty, for Pope, is the key of his literary sympathies. He is eminently a conservative in literature; and the feeling for Pope indicates his own intellectual habit, which was clear and precise. This conservative literary tendency prevented him from doing justice to the dignity and value of modern literature. He praises modern individuals, and often with singular want of discrimination; but he was apparently unconscious of any vital power and significance in contemporary literature as a whole. He speaks ill of the whole modern school of poetry. He calls Milton the king of poets; and, making a remarkable combination of names, says that, by Milton's canons of poetry, Byron, Wordsworth, and Hemans would fare badly. He associates, in the same way, Spenser, Dryden, and Thomson. He says, however, the best things that have lately been written about Byron; and the reader pardons much to the critic's lofty requirement of superior literary and moral excellence in all his favorites. He gives the most comprehensive and accurate analysis of Irving—saying the truest things in the most felicitous manner. But he instantly vitiates our faith in his judgments, by declaring that American literature is more indebted to Dennie and General Morris than to any other two men; by extravagantly praising Fanny Forrester and Mrs. Lydia Peirson; by declaring that he who can understand Mr. Emerson may value Mr. Bancroft, and by saying that the Rev. Dr. Griswold is a man of genius. With all the various and remarkable worth of Mr. Wallace's criticisms, they have a total want of any just discrimination of relative literary excellence. His style is masterly. It is rich and choice, and perfectly lucid, with a wonderful power of plainly stating very subtle distinctions. It is colloquial and sparkling, but rises, upon occasion, into grave and stately music. Some of the descriptions of European cathedrals, in the first volume, are as superbly elaborated

as the most splendid rhetoric of Ruskin. In the last volume, we note several exquisite felicities of phrase. We quote two or three:

"In approaching the delicate creation of chaste imagination which Mr. Powers gives us in his Greek slave, after the first shock of delight, from the gentle rush of her beauty, wave-like, upon the spirit, is past, we are arrested and enchained by the profound and lofty interest of her countenance."

It would be impossible to convey more perfectly, in words, the peculiar completeness of quiet but intense pleasure occasioned by the first sight of a graceful sculpture. It is a criticism in itself. He describes Undine as follows:

"A child, to captivate the fancy; a woman, to move the heart: a spirit, to raise and awe the soul; with enchanting elegance she wears the drapery of a triple grace."

Of Moore, he says:

"He further corrupted it (his genius) by indulging his youthful appetency upon the luscious banquets of those amatory poets, sophists, and letter-writers, who were engendered of the soft decay of Greek civility, and whom the scholar fears even to touch with a momentary attention."

But our note is expanding into a review. We commend this volume as the work of a man whose death was a national loss. There has been no posthumous publication in our literature, indicative of so much power, since the extracts from a "Scholar's Journal," the diary of Charles Chauncey Emerson, a brother of Ralph Waldo Emerson, published, many years since, in the "Dial." It was he who said, of Shakespeare, that "he sits, pensive and alone, above the hundred-handed play of his imagination."

—The name of the Rev. Dr. GILMAN, of Charleston, is so well known in the literary world as to have received the compliment of a mendacious mention at the Publishers' Festival in this city, when the papers amiably assumed that everybody who *ought* to have been there was actually present.

And there are many persons, in all parts of our country, who will be glad to know that this estimable and accomplished divine has collected and published the most valuable productions of his pen, under the title of *Contributions to Literature*.

Cambridge honors, as a scholar and a poet, the man whom Carolina values as a preacher; and, in this goodly volume now

before us, the reader, curious in the literary history of his country, will recognize the style and temper of the generation which gave to Boston its long-admitted preëminence in the walks of style and scholarship, on this side the Atlantic. Yet Dr. Gilman is more than the type of a generation; he has original qualities of mind, as graceful as they are peculiar; his humor is fine and quaint; his feeling refined and gentle; he shows, not seldom, a curious felicity in expression, and a kind of reasonable oddity in speculation, altogether his own, and altogether indescribable. Two papers in this collection, the "Memoirs of a New England Village Choir," and "Some account of the Reverend Stephen Peabody," embody, more amusing and interesting details of the rural life of New England, fifty years since, than are to be elsewhere found, and are quite equal, in manner as well as in matter, to Mr. Irving's portraits of the ancestral New Yorker.

Dr. Gilman's muse is a well-bred lady, who only comes when she is bid; but his occasional pieces are among the happiest of their kind. Two of them, indeed, the "Union Ode," sung at Charleston, in the dreadful "Nullification Days," and the College hymn of "Fair Harvard," sung at the Cambridge Centennial, have achieved a local popularity which promises to be permanent.

At Home and Abroad.—The second volume of MARGARET FULLER's works contains her tour in the West, and the letters written from Europe, during her connection with the *Tribune*, with some notices of her death, and the poems which that event suggested. Sadder, to us, than her untimely fate, is the broken and fragmentary way in which she has always been brought before the public. Nothing, that remains of her, is complete. Her biography was written by three persons, instead of one, and gave no connected view of her activity. Her larger works are without unity, and her lesser ones are all more or less imperfect. The letters from the West, and these letters from abroad, are desultory—full of hints and suggestions—but with no thought worked out, and no pervading purpose. Her mind, indeed, even up to the hour of her death, was unsettled and growing, and had not attained that serenity of conviction, which springs from definite

views, or clear insight. Many noble impulses lived in it, many grand thoughts rolled up before its vision; but the assurance of satisfying truth it had not reached. In her earlier years, the intellect reigned supreme over the affections—and in that state no man or woman ever attains peace; but it is beautiful to note, as she became absorbed in the struggle of Italy, and the ties of wifehood and maternity gave her objects of love, how the womanly nature emerged, and her whole being was softened, concentrated, and raised. There is a touching and mournful eloquence in the enthusiasm with which she describes the first movements of the new life in Italy, followed, as it was, by such treacherous overthrow. Sympathizing sincerely in the hopes of the patriots, admitted to their councils, sharing their dangers, admiring their leader—that singularly pure and gentle, yet strong spirit, Mazzini—her letters on the progress of the Italian revolution are the best contemporary records that we have of it, and excite a profound regret that her more elaborate work on Italy cannot be recovered. Yet, it is to be doubted, whether the history, if completed, would have possessed certain charms, which we find in these letters, written amid the stir of the battle, in the gloom or glow of the moment, with the fresh feeling of the writer pervading every word. One follows the progress of the narrative, as he turns the leaves of some deep tragedy, too much absorbed in the story of grand and melancholy events to be able to criticize the art with which they are unfolded. But this fact is itself the highest praise that could be bestowed upon the writer.

The volume is carefully edited, and neatly printed, and will be gratefully received by all the admirers of this remarkable woman.

—*Liberty and Slavery.*—PROFESSOR BLEDSOE, of the University of Virginia, has published an argument, under this name, designed to show that the subjugation of one race of men by another is the very essence of human liberty, sanctioned explicitly by the moral law of the Bible, and amply sustained by the inductions of experience. Strange as it may seem, it is still a fact, that the interests involved in a particular culture, and the prejudices which it engenders, are able to mislead minds of some degree of original force, and of learning,

into such a systematic perversion of all the dictates of nature, good sense, and religion. All the world knows that slavery exists in this country, simply, because it is supposed to be the most efficient means of cultivating cotton, and that if, by the sudden disuse of that plant, or by the extensive raising of it elsewhere, the trade in it here should become unprofitable, slavery would be abandoned. Yet, inasmuch as the system has been violently attacked on moral grounds, it has been thought expedient to defend it on moral grounds; and we see accomplished professors devoting long and careful treatises to the overthrow of the accepted doctrines of politics and morals, and to the establishment of principles more compatible with this system. It is a sorry exemplification of the facility with which the mind will often persuade itself that what it wants to be right is right. Professor Bledsoe writes with earnestness, and, now and then, eloquently; but his logic is very much out at the heels.

—*List's National System of Political Economy.*—This volume is translated from the German of a very un-German authority. He was a practical man, who passed many years in this country, connected with important commercial enterprises, and his system is the result of his experiences, rather than of study. It differs from the ordinary English and French systems, in that it recommends a temporary adherence to the protective policy, in order to build up national welfare. Nations, as actually organized, and not an abstract humanity, is the true object of political-economical inquiry. The first part, which furnishes a kind of condensed history of the industrial progress of the nations, is very instructive, and some of the subsequent chapters no less so; but, as a whole, it is rather a dull work. It is called a system; but is, in reality, nothing better than a scheme, somewhat imperfectly worked out, and by no means systematically exhibited. The truth is, that political economy, as a science, is in such an inchoate state, that no system is yet possible, and all that is written about it is merely *contributions pour servir*. The volume before us is a proof of this; for the author of it often says one thing, the French editor, whose notes are appended, another, and the American editor a third. It would seem as if no two men could agree upon any of the more important topics of

political economy—a fact which should not disparage inquiry in that direction, but should certainly prevent any one from appropriating to it the name of science. Apart from its higher pretensions, this work of Mr. List is valuable, as it contains very many important suggestions, and is marked by great good sense. Like Mr. Carey, the author believes that the principles of national economy are not things to be invented, nor to be deduced from certain *a priori* moral maxims; but that they are to be generalized from the actual facts of human experience.

—TRAVELS.—IDA PFEIFFER has given us a second journey round the world. It is, of course, interesting in itself, because it is a narrative of strange adventures, and a description of strange scenes. But the chief interest of the book lies in the fact, that it is Madame Pfeiffer's. She is such an extraordinary person, that one would wish to read her impressions of men and things, though they were written in a style much inferior to that in which they are written, and though her judgments were less sagacious and candid than they are. A woman who is capable, after having reared a family, and attained an age when the ambitions are subdued, and the energies slackened, of conceiving and executing journeys, which may well appal the stoutest man, is a phenomenon, and curiosity stands on the *qui vive* to know what she thinks, and to hear her tell of what she has seen. It is not once in many centuries that such a person springs up. Even a robustious, stalwart fellow of a man, who should take his satchel in his hand, and, without much money, few letters of introduction, no acquaintance, and against the wishes of his family, visit successively the savages of Borneo, the Chinese, the Polynesians, Iceland, Mexico, California, the Great West, and Canada, would be esteemed a considerable fellow, in his day. Bayard Taylor, with half that travel, is a famous man, the elect of lyceums, and the pride of booksellers; but when we see a woman do all this, we are lost in surprise. We are tempted to believe her an Amazon, at least—or one of those masculine creatures, who, with the form of a woman, have the spirit of monsters; but when we come to find that she is a frail, delicate, and gentle person, with every womanly sentiment and sensibility, our surprise grows into wonder and incredulity.

Madame Pfeiffer's present volume is scarcely so agreeable as that which recorded her sojourn in Iceland. It covers so much ground, that she is not able to dwell with sufficient particularity on the parts to render her descriptions adequate. Besides, we find such mistakes in what relates to our own country, as to beget the suspicion that other parts are equally uncertain. She is quite indignant, for instance, because the government of the United States does not do something to ameliorate the condition of the slaves, instancing the passage of the Maine Law, as a proof of its power to act in that direction! She characterizes the American women for want of culture, having seen only the women in and about St. Paul's, or a few other places in the extreme west. There are other such *ntaiseries*, and still the book contains a great deal of instruction, and is admirable in spirit. Though Madame Pfeiffer has, herself, wandered so far from the domestic sphere of women, she seems to be a great stickler for it. We excuse her own course, on the ground that she had previously discharged all her household duties.

—The *Madeira* of Mr. MARCH is a pretty thorough account of the life in that island, with some glimpses into Spanish life in general. It is, for the most part, amusing, and appears to be authentic. His opportunities for studying the character, both personal and social, of the inhabitants, the higher, as well as the lower, classes, could not have been better, and he has availed himself of them to the best of his abilities. His wit is not always of the purest Attic, and his phraseology, at times, smells of the newspaper, but he has a strong animal life in him, a relish for good things, an eye for the picturesque, and no little sense. These are all taking qualities in the traveler, and help to make an entertaining volume.

—Lieutenant BREWERTON's account of *Kansas* is lively, running over with westernisms, and western adventures, and giving some droll narratives of frontier life, especially of riding and sleeping, which may warrant one in passing an hour or two over its pages, but otherwise it has no attractions, and very little value. We ought to except the documents relating to the present war in Kansas, which are appended, and which throw a great deal of light upon the existing controversy.

—*Bohn's Libraries*.—We have before spoken of the general excellence of the books included in the several series of Bohn's Libraries; but the incessant appearance of new additions calls for new remark. Among the most recent works of value which have been put forth, is—SMYTH'S *Lectures on the French Revolution*, which is not a history, so much as an indispensable guide to history. As in his *Lectures on Modern History*, the author does not furnish us with a detailed narrative of events, but a general outline, filled in with judicious criticisms, and indicating the best authorities to be consulted on different points. Smyth is somewhat of a conservative in his opinions, and not a remarkably vivacious writer, but he is a man of good judgment and the most various learning.—Another volume, is an expurgated edition of *Beaumont and Fletcher*, by LEIGH HUNT, or, rather, a collection of all the fine and brilliant things which occur in Beaumont and Fletcher, arranged under their appropriate heads, and without the offensive accompaniments of the complete editions. A pleasant introduction to the whole is given by the editor—an essay on the characteristics and beauties of those old playwrights, in his most genial vein. A third incorporation into the library is a sixth volume of the sterling old DANIEL DEFOE'S *Works*, which we trust will be continued till it shall have embraced all the writings of that true and noble Briton. It is curious that no complete edition of the writings of the author of *Robinson Crusoe*, and of the *Plague in London*, should now be in print.—The *Memoirs of Philip de Comines* is also to be found here.

—*MOTLEY'S Dutch Republic*.—We take pleasure in welcoming to the list of American historians the author of a new and elaborate history of the *Rise of the Dutch Republic*. It is a real acquisition to our literature. Beginning with the earliest outbreaks of dissatisfaction in the Netherlands, with the government of Philip the Second, it carries the narrative outward to the death of the Prince of Orange; and, while it covers, substantially, the same ground as Mr. Prescott's recent life of that monarch, it is more full and detailed. The troubles in the Netherlands are rather an episode in the work of Mr. Prescott, and are, therefore, not treated with that com-

pleteness of which the subject admitted. But, with Mr. Motley, they are the main topic, and he has devoted to them the most careful research, patient study, sound sense, and a true sympathy. As we propose reviewing his work at length, in a succeeding number of the Magazine, we do not dwell upon it in this place, further than to say that it is a most elaborate enterprise, undertaken with great boldness, and executed with no less skill. Mr. Motley has availed himself of all the information to be found in the Belgian, Dutch, French, and Spanish archives, and, in spite of a little too much ambition in the style, has constructed out of them a most eloquent and absorbing narrative. A more significant selection of a period, for us Americans, could not have been made. It is handled, too, from a proper American stand-point, and we earnestly commend the work to all lovers of history. It is destined, we think, as a first impression, to become a standard in its department.

—The Messrs. HARPER have given us two more volumes of their *Classical Library*. Mr. Dale has translated Thucydides very carefully, very literally, very faithfully, but not very elegantly. Yet, as he has steadily followed the capital text of Arnold's edition, his version is to be preferred to any other that we have. The notes, however, are too exclusively philological to be of much use to the general reader, and hardly numerous enough to give the scholar any material help.

The few notes appended by Mr. Cary to his translation of Herodotus, are rather illustrative than critical, and the version itself is more readable than Mr. Dale's Thucydides. It is a much more faithful translation of the Greek text than Beloe's very pleasant and popular volumes; and as Mr. Taylor's admirable version (upon which Mr. Cary makes what we think an unfounded criticism) has never been printed in a very accessible form, this new work will probably meet the demands of the public more fully than its predecessors have done. There is really no reason why Herodotus should not be a favorite with modern readers. He unites with a quite Homeric candor and freshness of feeling certain qualities of style nearly akin to those most popular in our own day, and which no ancient writer, except Josephus, seems to us to possess in an equal degree.

THE WORLD OF NEW YORK.

Who has not sung the praise of May? From jovial Horace, smiling under the trees of his Sabine farm, to see the snow gone from Soracte's crested height, down to pensive Wordsworth, plucking primroses within the murmuring sound of Rydal Falls, all the poets have piped their best to honor her. To honor "her," we say; for it is the chief honor of May, that we personify the month in the shape of a woman. Our instincts do reverence to the sovereignty of beauty, and give to the loveliest seasons the guise which is loveliest upon earth. Frore December, January chill, feverish February, and blustering March—these we call male fellows all. They have neither charm nor caprice, but are mere sullen, unamiable masculines. April, that thing of smiles and tears, of soft sunshine and sharp winds; and May, the poet's month; and June, that lovers love—these are the Graces of the year. For these we have a tenderness, that not the best of the male months, no, not hearty October, nor warm July, can awaken.

Let May, then, be welcomed with songs and smiles. Let her be welcomed in the country; in forest and field; for to them she brings flowers and the song of birds. She unbinds the last brook in the recesses of the wood, and tinges with green the bleak hillside. Let her be welcomed, not with the ancient holiday indeed, the *Bel-tane* of our forefathers, the May-day of sweeps and Sunday-schools; for there is no rustic dancing now, and to polk on a greensward is a purgatorial pain; and to sit under the trees, eating sandwiches, insures rheumatism. We must leave the "due observance of the May" where it hangs, a beauteous tapestry upon the chambers of the past. Think upon Puseyism and the Eglinton tournament, and abstain from rash revivals of an antique form. But keep the rustic May in some sweet modern fashion. If, as old Chaucer sings, the season

"pricketh at thy gentle heart,
And maketh thee out of thy sleep to start,
And saith, 'Arise and do thy obeisance;'"

why then, arise, gather rose-buds if you will, and lay them beneath your lady-love's window, if you be a bachelor—on your wife's breakfast-table, if you be a Benedict.

Or, if you be a slug-a-bed, and love to lie late o' mornings, and want your world well aired before you enter it, then give the sweet month greeting in some lazier, but still honorable wise. Read the Song of Solomon, and fancy "the voice of the turtle" out yonder in those thickets, whence the oriole pipes; or let Chaucer be your morning-star, and light you to the goodly vision of Arcite, and Emilia; Emilia, that

"fairer was to be seen
Than is the lily upon his stalk green,
And fresher than the May with flowers now,"

and Arcite, the gallant, gay, and handsome creature, that

"On his courser, starting as the fire,
Is ridden to the fieldes, him to play
Out of the court, were it a mile or tway;
To maken him a garland of the greves,
Were it of woodbine or of hawthorn leaves.
As loud he sang against the sunny sheen:
'O May, with all thy flowers, and thy green,
Right welcome be thou faire freshe May.'"

What a picture is in that line. "As loud he sang against the sunny sheen!" How the gay knight rides before you, right on into the floods of light—a glad voice and a glittering shape merrily cantering over the new-breathed fields, and through the blithesome morning air!

Rustic May! no better homage can be done to you than this! But for an urban May—for the pleasant morning that ushers in the summer and the furniture-vans—that sets the blood dancing in young veins, and chokes the streets with carts, what welcome shall we find?

May in the city no poet has sung. And yet, how worthy to be sung she is! Not May-day, absolutely. We cannot wholly praise May-day in New York. It is a day of the payment of rents, and of tribute rendered to carmen—a day of household uproar and public confusion—each street beholds its exodus—on every side the Israelites are fleeing, nor seldom bearing with them the spoils of the Egyptians—and the whole city seems engaged in playing one great game of tag, each household scampering with all possible speed from its outmost corner to obtain a new post. Who pursues the scampering household we have never been able to discover, nor why they should not allow themselves a month or so of removing-time, as people do in Paris. But marvel-

ous is the spectacle of this metropolitan Hegira—marvelous, vociferous, and well fitted to scare away the gentle May.

But the gentle May remains; and, when the hubbub is over, what lovely sights she shines upon! The rustic May sees a beautiful world; but her urban sister is happier still: for does not Dan Chaucer himself admit that Emilia, "arisen and all ready dight," was "fairer to be seen than is the lily upon his stalk green," and was not Dan Chaucer right?

You will not find many lilies on Broadway, when you go out a-Maying there—but lovely Emilias not a few, and "dight" as never that beauteous princess was! The spring flowers are fair to see; but are not the fashions charming, too? Can you walk up and down the thronged street, in these bright spring mornings, and look without a cheery smile on all these gay and glancing creatures that float by you, sweet clouds of color daintily perfumed? Shake your head, cynic, if you dare, and slap your pockets, crusty curmudgeon, and growl out your dispraise of frivolities, and your wrath against milliners and their bills; but are *your* pursuits so very solemn and majestic—your expenses so very wise and well-regulated, that you should sneer at these flights of fair and costly wonders? *You* are not an agreeable sight to the eyes, we admit—and are you, therefore, commendable? Do you fancy yourself a useful and serious person, because you spend your nights and days in making money, or drawing up deeds? Your money and your deeds will turn to dust one day, just as surely as all these silks, and barèges, and laces that you flout; and when you awake in the world to come, and rub the dust of your long dreary mortal life out of your spiritual eyes, do you think you will find yourself amid familiar or congenial scenes? Does it never occur to you that, to the beings who people those mysterious realms, you may one day find yourself just as frivolous and uninteresting a human soul as any of the idlest devotees of fashion may at last be revealed to be? Take the word of a friend for it, the folly of Wall street may be uglier than the folly of the Fifth avenue, without being, therefore, any the less monstrous a folly; and as for extravagance and the bills of milliners, if your money only buys more money, friend, is that money well or wisely spent, think you?

No, no! Cease shaking your head, put your hands in your pockets, if you cannot walk comfortably otherwise, and let your countenance expand in the sunshine, and rejoice to see so many pretty creatures so prettily arrayed, and own that May in the city is a very pleasant month, and rejoice at her coming! Rejoice! and yet, not without an alloy of sadness.

For though the winter was wild and dreary, though the snows were chill, and the winds were keen, who can think without a sigh upon its passing away? It brought with it so much—so much of sorrow—so much of joy—so much of life, that precious gift, which every year makes more precious to every breathing man and woman. Another winter gone! Who can rejoice in this thought save those who can rejoice no more in anything but utter oblivion and the approaching silence of the grave! For all who still find existence dear and profitable, it cannot but be a solemn thing to feel that another winter, with all its experiences and all its emotions, has been taken from the short term of their mortal days. And so the merry May weaves pansies in her crown—pansies, "that's for thoughts"—happy most, if from the winter's failing hand she takes an amaranth, too, to hide among her flowers!

Well, these are "gruesome thoughts," perhaps, for us to indulge in, who have no mission to be pathetic here. Let us rather see what remains to us of social pleasure and of amusement still to be enjoyed. For even our balls have not yet come to an end, and till the last lady-month has flitted away, there will still be music at midnight, and the rolling of carriage-wheels and the shriek of the whistle of Brown shall still startle the silent neighborhoods.

And is not a ball a good thing, after all? To go to many balls, to adore balls, to *depend* on balls, yes, that is very bad, no doubt, and very weak, which is worse than bad. But who, that has a glimmer of imagination left in his much-worked brain, can look, without emotion, upon a ball-room? For the mere pleasure of it, how good the first glimpse of a gay ball-room is! The soft lustrous atmosphere, the mingling of beautiful colors, the rustling of the most delicate and the richest stuffs that the cunning looms of man have wrought—the perfume of rare flowers, the whirl of brilliant music; how dull, or dreary, or discontented

must the man be who can take no satisfaction in the mere splendor of such a show! Somebody tells a good story of Lord Melbourne to this effect:—The Premier (in whom politics spoiled a poet) went one night with Mrs. Norton and her sister to the opera in company with a dashing young man about town, more remarkable for the correctness of his coats than for the brilliancy of his wits. When Lord Melbourne the next morning called to pay his respects to the ladies, he inquired after their companion. "Oh! he had a dreadful time," said Mrs. Norton, "he was so bored to death that it was really painful to hear his complaints." "Bored to death!" exclaimed the Premier, "bored to death! Why, had the fellow no eyes? Could't he see the great red lobsters lying in the windows in St. James's street, and the gas-light flaming on their backs? What more did he want?"

What more, truly? The man who has never possessed, or has wholly lost the capacity of being pleased by mere sight and sound, by the splendors of gas-light on the red backs of lobsters, or the glitter of jewels in a ball-room, really does not deserve to live in a world where so much beauty and movement is lavished upon the senses through every turn of every season.

Not that we mean to put lobsters' backs on a par with ladies' jewelry! Both are fine, yet we do think the jewels the finer of the two, and the wearers of the jewels decidedly finer than either, or both.

And so we like to go to balls, holding the mere spectacle excuse enough for us, whose years and sex may seem to demand an excuse which is not to be required of young damsels. For them the ball-room is a play-ground, or a battle-field. Their interest is deeper than ours, yet, on the whole, perhaps not more satisfactory. For while nature rarely exacts of us any penalty but a headache for our indulgence in these recreations, she forces those who take more from the game, to pay a higher price—sometimes in aches of the heart as well. And if we should begin to anatomize—if we should descend to the supper-room, empty and trampled, and strewn with fragmentary flowers, and dabbled with the gore of oysters—or if we should pause in the dressing-room and pierce the secrets folded at midnight under cloaks and mantillas, shawls and furs—or——. But we will do no such

thing. The ball-room was bright and beautiful. That trouble, and disappointment, and envy, and malice will sometimes come away in satin slippers and patent-leathers from scenes so gorgeous is a sad thing, yes, a very sad thing; but we have met them too, alas! in goloshes and double-soled boots at the door of the lecture-room and the chapel; and we will not, for their foul sakes, turn off the gas-lights of the saloon, or stifle the whistle of Brown. Least of all, when it is benevolence who bids the musicians sound their instruments, and leads off the dance in a minuet with fashion.

The ball "for the nurses" at the Academy was a very fine and animated spectacle. The gorgeous building, all a-blaze with light, was filled with people, upon whose appearance and behavior no American could look without a glow of patriotic pride. For though the charity, in behalf of which all this array was assembled, claims the special support of Japonicadom, and though Japonicadom was very well represented, yet, a vast proportion of the spectators, and a still larger proportion of the dancers, belonged to the unfortunate class of those "whom nobody knows." Surprising and satisfactory, in a high degree, therefore, to the philosophic mind, was the discovery that "nobody's" acquaintances were just as good-looking, just as well-behaved, and almost as well-dressed as if they had enjoyed the benignant influences of "everybody's" society.

We, the experienced editor, have seen many balls, on both sides of the Atlantic, bachelor-balls and leap-year-balls, court-balls and country-balls, balls in the drawing-room and balls in the public garden, masked balls and—yet what balls are *unmasked* balls?—ah! who can shut out the fancy, that, of all imaginable balls, those are the least truly masquerades, where the mask hides the face, but leaves the heart free to its own emotions!

But of such fancies we have this day resolved to take no heed—let them come or let them go—we will not enter into the metaphysics of masking; we return to our muttons—we take up the dropped thread—we go on to aver, that we have never, at any time, nor in any country, seen so large and miscellaneous a company conduct themselves with so much propriety, and make so creditable an appearance

as did the five thousand persons who gave their presence and their pence to the support of the *Crèche* on the night of the 27th March. *Crèche* we call it, not in the vain desire to astonish the country members, but because Paris deserves the credit of an institution which she was the first to found.

When one thinks what the homes of the poor were and are in the Old World, and for the matter of that, in the New World, too, the heart instinctively rises up to do honor to the man or city whose charity first considered the wretchedness of the little children of the poor. Think how many a mother's heart must have been wrung, year after year, by the sad necessity which took her to earn her daily bread, and left her child alone, or worse than alone, in some bestial hovel beyond the reach of pity, wisdom, or love!

In the *Crèches* a thousand children may find, through the working hours of the day, a care even more precise, and comforts more abundant than their poor mothers could give them, and certainly an atmosphere more wholesome than the foul air which broods among the crowded dens of the indigent in great cities.

"To Paris, what a blessing must such an institution be!" we all exclaim, shuddering at our recollections of the Isle St. Louis, or of the Faubourg St. Marceau. "And how with New York?" Have you read the report of the Legislative Committee appointed to examine the condition of our tenement houses? If you have not, then we counsel you to do so at once. Read it, and shudder no more over the vile abodes which disgrace the saintliest names of France! Read it, and, when you pass at night the gorgeous front of the St. Nicholas or the Metropolitan, a-blaze with light, and pouring from stately doorways throngs of well-dressed, well-fed, well-lodged men and women, remember, that within the sound of a strong man's voice, the stars look down upon houses more crowded still, where not one man, not one woman is to be found well-dressed, well-fed, well-lodged—houses where filth and vice swarm in hives, and lay up store, not of honey, but of deadly, rancorous poison for the city's use—poison which you shall taste, and your children—you, and we, and all of us. Remember these things, then—not now—for we have no mind to overcast

our pleasant May with such sad clouds. Only in the day when the sun shines, and the blue laughs overhead, we cannot quite forget the myriads for whom the sunshine and the blue are as if they were not—the myriads for whom the balls are given—but upon whose hearts falls never a strain of all the sweet, enchanting music, never a breath of the vague perfumes that make the ball-room a Persia.

"If only all the balls *were* given for the poor," do you say?

Well, even for the ball's sake, it would be a goodly and a pleasant thing, we answer. "Beauty is its own excuse for being," and all that is gay, and cheerful, and gorgeous, has uses finer than the heedless mind can apprehend. How strangely we lame and limit that great word of "uses!"

You that laugh at the lovely show of fair women and flowers, in the banker's mansion, aver that the great railway the banker builds is a useful thing, and bow down before it and do it homage—do you not? And why? Of what use is a railway? "To bring the sections of the country nearer together," do you answer, "to multiply exchanges, to foster industry, to increase the numbers and the wealth of the people?" All these things your railway will, doubtless, do; but, again, we ask what is the use of all these things? Of what use is it, that there should be three thousand people this year, where, last year, there were but two; that this year a million dollars should pass, where, last year, only half a million flowed in the tide of trade? Is mere growing, is mere getting, a good final and supreme for man or nation? There is no good in such good things, save as they minister to a higher good, in the flowering of the human soul and heart. Which should you prefer, the lot of Shakespeare, living in little Stratford, or the lot of a mandarin, fattening in big Pekin? All things are good that lead to good, that feed the brain and cheer the heart, and so all social gayety, well and wisely enjoyed, is a good, and a great good, not unworthy the attention of the gravest Panjandrum among all the philosophers.

At another time, dear reader, we will reason together of these things, of the mystery and the meaning, the weakness and the worth of balls and parties in our modern world. Let us go back, now, to

our opera house—but not to our ball. The splendid *salle* is as brilliant as before; the boxes are as thronged, and the air as full of music. New music, too, it is. Jones, here, on my right hand, takes off his hat, and says he recognizes a theme of a familiar opera; he can't precisely recall the theme, nor, indeed, the opera—but, still, he is quite sure of the resemblance. Perhaps so, Jones! but admit that this is a fine opening chorus, and bear with the encore upon which the infatuated public insist! Truly, Signor Arditi, you have done well, and, if the "Spy" is not a grand success, it is a decided and brilliant success. A better subject might have made a better opera—for what is an opera without a love duel between the tenor and the baritone? The baritone is the natural enemy of the tenor, and it is impossible to be enthusiastic about any opera in which the baritone, aided and encouraged by the powers of darkness, does not unremittingly vex, and pursue, and harass the heaven-defended tenor.

Still, though Harvey Birch and Harvey Birch's mother do not even enchain our attention so strongly as John of Leyden, and Fides in "Le Prophète," yet we listen, willingly, to the graceful and effective music in which Signor Arditi tells their story, and we desire for the "Spy" a long and lustrous life.

How *could* the "Spy" have been a failure? Signor Arditi is a master in the management of his own musical sentiment and science; his fancy and his memory are quite affluent enough to supply him with material, which he selects and applies with exquisite tact and genuine feeling. If his best chorus recalls the lovely *Sonnambula*, his sweetest *aria* is quite his own; what he had composed so well, he conducted himself, with admirable talent; the scenery was nearly perfect; nothing was left to be desired from the orchestra and the choruses. Brignoli sang his best, the fair Hensler outdid her past self, and Madame Lagrange was what she always is, inimitable, charming, worthy the laurel crowns she received, and worthy, too, of a support which (we say it with shame and sorrow) she never has received from us.

And even, as we write, our brave *impresario*, Mr. Paine, after a last and brilliant charge, has given up the field, and retires without victory, indeed, yet not without

honor. He has borne the brunt of one of the most trying seasons through which the opera has passed in New York; and it is sad that he should be obliged to draw off his forces just at the moment when the tide of fortune seemed turning in his favor. The indomitable Maretzek, who seems to revel in risk and ruin, as a true sailor delights in storms, has seized the fleeting opportunity, and we are still to keep an opera. Let us resolve to astonish Maretzek with a success brilliant enough to encourage some adventurous spirit to a fresh and a grander effort for the next season. Had we built unto ourselves a less ambitious temple, we should have an opera without so many trials and troubles. But, having the temple we have, we must make the best of it.

That the opera should die out in a city which still pours gold into the pockets of the Ravels, after twenty years of tumbling and turning, is not to be thought of. The poetry of sound must not pass unhonored, where pantomime and mummery can make the whole year one long Christmas eve, and turn a community of adults into children.

Not that we mean to jeer our old friends. Far from it! but, if you should ask old Gabriel or Antoine his private opinion of a community which slights the higher arts of the stage to serve the lower, we fancy you would receive a very direct and judicious, if not a very complimentary answer! And, being thereby rebuked, and finding the Academy closed, of course, you would hurry to the Broadway or to Burton's, to Laura Keane's or to Wallack's, in order to justify yourself against such implied imputations, by publicly giving your support to the legitimate drama. And what would be your reward?

Have we a theatre among us? That is a question more important just now than the great inquiry into the fate of Louis XVII.

If we have not, who is to blame? We are very willing—nay, we are even anxious to have a theatre. Wherever dinner ends the day, there the theatre is sure to flourish. The mind reposing upon a good dinner is always dramatically disposed. This is an axiom which we have derived both from observation and experience, and we defy any man to controvert it. So long as New York dines between five and six, so long

New York will be inclined to encourage a good theatre, where digestion can be quietly and profitably carried on under the agreeable stimulus of a mental excitement. The lecture never can replace the theatre, because the most immitigable lecturer dare not exceed an hour and a half of oratory, and a session of an hour and a half only breaks the evening up uncomfortably into two unequal sections. Moreover (but we whisper this in confidence), the lecturers themselves are beginning to suspect their function, and there are symptoms that the best of them meditate—no matter what! At all events, whether it be or be not a dignified and durable thing for a man of letters to perambulate the land, with a manuscript in his pocket, and placards borne before him, it is certain that we must have a good theatre in New York.

Will Miss Keene give it us? If energy, talent, and industry quite appalling, could achieve it, she certainly would. That charming actress has toiled for us tremendously. Whatever she has touched with her own light hand, has sparkled from the contact; she made the tawdry morality of "Camille" touching, and the fustian sentiment of the "King's Rival" genuine. Her pathos is deep and sincere; her gayety always leaves upon the mind a vague sense of sadness, which enhances its fine effect. She is a true actress, and of a very high rank; but her coadjutors are—what they are, and that is not just what we wish, nor even what we want.

Mr. Wallack more nearly meets our demand. But for the last month Mr. Wallack has devoted himself to reviving old plays, and an old actor. A capital old actor he is, to be sure; but we could never bear a wrinkled Romeo. No! not if that Romeo were Macready himself! Fancy Benedict with the air of a grandfather, or a frisking Dazzle of sixty-five! One new actress, however, Mr. Wallack has given us, in the person of Miss Louisa Howard, who is pretty, piquant, clever, and promising. She rattled off the rôle of Lady Gay Spanker in a quite fascinating way, and made a very arch and dashing Rosalind, "caparisoned like a man, but with no doublet and hose in her disposition."

Mr. Burton has given us no new actor, but three or four new plays—a philanthropic play, a satirical play, and a snobbish play, none of which can claim from the

amiable critic other than a mild and modified approval. The decisive critic would calmly damn them all as detestable. Yet one of them, the "Blessed Baby," has made a remarkable hit, and worthy citizens crowd the theatre in Chambers street to laugh over the degradation of paternity and infanticide made funny, just as gold-laced generals and ambassadors crowd to the Tuileries of Paris to bow, and smirk, and stare obsequiously about the cradle of another "Blessed Baby," whose father they hate, and whose future they will do their best to cloud and to confuse.

After all, what theatre in Paris, or in New York, can hope to match upon its boards the sad or the humorous dramas of the world's great stage? Think of that "Imperial Prince of the French," the very opening of whose life brings all the shapes of tragedy and of farce about his silver cradle! The sufferings of his beautiful mother drew all hearts to her; and all hearts rose with her in the grateful exultation of the moment which atoned for all her pains, and banished all her anxieties; even the father claimed our sympathy in that hour, pregnant with fate for him and his; and the child himself, welcomed with many a loud-roaring cannon, welcomed too, alas! with many a low-muttered curse, to his *layette* of laces, and his couch of cloth of gold—who can think, unmoved, of him who may live to see the whole world tremble at his name, or to envy, at least, the least and lowest of the thousand babes, his namesakes, born upon one day with him into his father's magnificent realm of France!

And yet, shake off, for a moment, the inevitable solemnities which that scene suggests, and tell us where we are to look for matter riper to the satirist's hand? Strip the facts of their future, and what do you see? An expected babe, on the subject of whose sex some natural uncertainty prevails, must be provided for against its advent to the world. A *layette* (that is, baby-clothes) must be prepared. Shall it be a *layette* of pink, for a girl, or a *layette* of blue, for a boy? Important question! And wisely resolved by the purchase of two *layettes*; and such *layettes*! Thousands of dollars, wrung from tax paying France, must be lavished to provide dozens on dozens of utterly superfluous things, of which at least one-half will certainly

be thrown away by the coming child, as soon as the child is come. And so miracles of linen caps and socks, long-coats and short-coats, ruffles and bibs, and a myriad things by us, a bachelor, unnamable as inconceivable, having been brought together at last, are arrayed and exhibited to a curious world. And dukes and dignitaries, bronzed soldiers, and republican citizens, throng to see the show, and to extol the grandeur of the imperial mind which permitted or commanded it! And all this takes place in Paris, the capital of civilization! The wretched, frivolous Frenchmen! Of course there were no Americans who followed in this wake of a cradle, to do homage to a baby's cap? You and we, reader, had we been in Paris, would have stood proudly aloof from these imbecile servilities. Nor should we have countenanced, by our presence, that ball in honor of the greatest American, from which literature was excluded to make way for lackeydom! Not in such festivities do our hearts delight, but rather in such genial overflow of cordial good feeling as one witnesses at great dinners, where the lively and the learned meet to honor the arts. So the lively and the learned met, and dined, and smiled in behalf of the Dramatic Fund, but the other day, in this our good city. The bar, that hath ever loved the stage, was not wanting there, but, warmed with cheer and champagne, uttered much eloquence and not a little sense. Specially commendable, in this particular, was the speech of our esteemed Judge Daly, who dwelt largely and luminously upon our beloved Shakespeare, vindicating, well and wisely, the immortal bard, from the imputations of those who, knowing that he had "small Latin and less Greek," have assumed that he was, therefore, as one of the ignorant. Although one of our own contributors came under the Judge's condemnation, we own that we rejoiced and were glad to find so much learning and so much feeling devoted to the explanation and justification of that life of which the world knows less than of the career of any other of its greatest men, yet which has borne the richest and most immortal fruits of all.

Do our friends, the painters, begin to fancy that we have forgotten them in our walks about this teeming city-world of ours? A sad mistake, if they do so—yet what can we say of them? The Academy

exhibition is always creditable to the vitality of art amongst us, in this respect, at least, that it proves how pertinaciously our painters persevere with their studies, in the face of public indifference the most disheartening. Year after year, the best efforts of our best men are thrust away, almost out of sight, in small, inaccessible rooms; the current of life in the city drifts heedlessly by them; the critics growl more than they praise, and when a few connoisseurs have bought a few of the really good works, and the warm weather empties the town, the gilded frames are taken down, and, for a year, hardly a sign is given that we possess an artist in the land. A painter of the first rank hardly receives as much recognition among us as we give to a novelist or a poet, decidedly his inferior.

Yet our people are not indifferent to art. You cannot hang a good picture in a Broadway shop window without attracting a crowd, renewed each hour. Why does not some one of our millionaires immortalize himself by building a gallery of the fine arts, to be to us what the Luxembourg is to Paris? This year's Academy exhibition, imperfect as it is, suffices to show what promise the American pencil gives.

We do not speak mainly of the landscapes; for, though our most distinguished living artists are landscapists, we cannot consider landscape-painting the richest department of the art. Notwithstanding the examples of Nebuchadnezzar and Wordsworth, we do not believe man to be a ruminating animal. Not that we *disrespect* either the Assyrian king or the English poet. Wordsworth was a true poet as Claude was a true painter, but we hold the Avon dearer than Rydal, and the name of Urbino is more musical of meaning to us than that of Lorraine.

So we sit but a little while before this grand opening of mountain scenery, in which Mr. Kensett has missed the foreground, to seize the dim, delicious vistas of the distant blue; nor does Mr. Church detain us, though his pencil, dipped in light, brings back to us the tropic morning purpling over palms, and mountain ridge, and broad red-roofed Spanish towns; and we glance, but for a moment, over Mr. Cropsey's shoulder, at the glorious sunset flooding Paestum's temples left alone, forever, with the roses and the sea; glance

but for a moment, yet long enough to wish the thoughtful artist a happy voyage back again to those divine shores, and a pencil ever more and more faithful to reproduce their beauty. Had we more time, this sunset poem, by Casilear, would tempt us, it is so full of the true feeling, so accurate in drawing, so warm in color; nor should we slight these graceful, genuine studies which prefigure distinction for the names of Coleman and Shattuck.

But it is by other pictures of another promise that our eyes and minds are chiefly charmed; by these small sketches into which Darley has thrown the fire of a true imagination, controlled by a master's knowledge, sketches where every line has a meaning, and the spirit of a poet interprets, with equal force, the temper of the patriot Yankee, and the passions of the unfettered savage; or by these fine canvases of William Hunt. In works like these we recognize a future for painting. Realism in art has been pushed to its last term in our day, and we have been summoned to surrender our old-fashioned faith, that it was the artist's highest function to add a new creation to the world. It is true, the student, who reproduces with fidelity and feeling what he sees, adds his way of seeing it to our experiences, and in so far exerts the faculty of creation, which is the prerogative of genius. But is it not a higher function which he discharges when he finds within himself a vision of beauty never seen "on land or sea," and by his shaping spirit of imagination guides his skillful pencil or his skillful pen to give that vision permanence, and a place on earth? Do you suppose Shakespeare formed Portia or Desdemona, Othello or Falstaff, Lear or Hamlet, in Fleet street, or at the Mermaid Tavern, or in the pit of the Globe Theatre? Life gave him a thousand hints, but each character he drew, came new-coined, individual from his glorious brain. As with poets, so with painters—the age of realism is but the dawn of the greater age of imagination; Giotto is the morning-star who precedes Raphael. And the men to whom we must look for the future of art in our own day, are the men who give us signs of a revival of the imagination.

Is not our young Parisian one of these men? See his "Marguerite"—a simple

composition, thoughtfully studied, disagreeably *couturesque* in the conventional character of the sky and the backgrounds, but full of feeling—that girl, plucking to pieces the sybil-flower in her hand, is a poetic shape, and you will remember her as if you had met her walking in among the "bearded barley."

Or look at the "Fortune-Teller." Might not Scott have imagined that keen, dark face portentous in every line? And how full of vague awe are the features of the child—how painfully earnest those of the mother! For the force of this group, where shall we find a rival? Shall we call upon Mr. Ehninger, whose picture of the "Sword" reminds you of a sonnet by Milton; whose "Gamblers," if a trifle melo-dramatic in treatment, is Byronic in intensity of expression? Or if, while seeking imagination, you desire its happier exercise, why should you not pause awhile before these works of Mr. Johnson, whose name you do not know, but in whose "Card Players" and "Savoyard" you recognize the spirit and the patient power of a true artist. Call them German if you must, but admit the sincerity of the feeling, the skill of the design, the softened harmony of the coloring. Is it not worth while to encourage men who can and will paint as these men do?

Or, do you prefer the style of that vast portrait of a governor going down stairs with his hat in his hand, which is as much like a work of art as Dr. Johnson's famous doggel was like a ballad? If you do, you deserve to be married to that conscious young lady yonder in turquoise green, and to have the portraits of your children painted after the manner of that chalk-legged infant astraddle of a red chair. But you will not invite so dark a fate. You will agree with us in hoping less and less from the art which mere vanity nourishes, more and more from the art which respects itself, creates in the passion of creation, and waits quietly to receive the meed of honor and of wealth, which shall one day be accorded, even in our material money-making America. We are not so very bad, all things considered; at least, not so very much worse than our neighbors. How long is it since Haydon cut his throat in London, and David Scott died of despair in Edinburgh, and Leopold Robert blew out his brains in Venice?